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MICROFILMED

THE

CANADIAN BROTHERS;

OR,

THE PROPHECY FULFILLED.

A TALE OF THE LATE AMERICAN WAR.

BY

MAJOR RICHARDSON,

KNIGHT OF THE MILITARY ORDER OF SAINT FERDINAND,

AUTHOR OF "ECARTÉ," "WACOUSTA," &c. &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

MONTREAL:

A. H. ARMOUR AND H. RAMSAY.

1840.

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BE it remembered, that on the Second day of January, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and forty, Major RICHARDSON, now resident in the City of Montreal, in the said District of Montreal, Esquire, hath deposited in our Office the Title of a Book, in the following words :—"The Canadian Brothers ; or, the Prophecy Fulfilled. A Tale of the late American War, by Major Richardson, Knight of the Military Order of Saint Ferdinand, Author of "Ecarté," "Wacousta," &c. &c. in Two Volumes," the right of which he claims as Author.

Enregistered, according to the Act of the Provincial Parliament, by Major RICHARDSON, in the Office of the Prothonotary of the Court of King's Bench for the said District of Montreal.

MONK & MORROGH, P. K. B.

JOHN LOVELL, PRINTER.

TO

HIS EXCELLENCY

MAJOR GENERAL SIR JOHN HARVEY, K. C. B.: K. C. H.

LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR OF NEW BRUNSWICK,

WHO BORE A CONSPICUOUS PART IN THE WAR OF

1812,

AND WHO CONTRIBUTED SO ESSENTIALLY

TO THE SUCCESS OF THE BRITISH ARMS

DURING THE CAMPAIGNS OF

1813 AND 1814,

AND PARTICULARLY AT STONEY CREEK IN UPPER CANADA,

ON THE NIGHT OF THE

5TH JUNE 1813,

WHEN, ENTRUSTED WITH THE EXECUTION OF HIS OWN DARING PLAN,

HE, AT THE HEAD OF FIVE HUNDRED MEN

OF THE 8TH AND 49TH REGIMENTS,

(The former the Author's Corps,)

SURPRISED AND COMPLETELY ROUTED

AT THE POINT OF THE BAYONET,

A DIVISION OF THE AMERICAN ARMY,

(UNDER GENERALS WINDER AND CHANDLER,)

THREE THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED STRONG,

CAPTURING THEIR LEADERS,

WITH MANY OTHER INFERIOR PRISONERS,

AND SEVERAL PIECES OF CANNON;

THE CANADIAN EDITION OF THIS HISTORICAL TALE

IS INSCRIBED, WITH SENTIMENTS

OF HIGH PUBLIC AND PERSONAL ESTEEM,

BY HIS FAITHFUL AND OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

WINDSOR CASTLE, *October* 29, 1832.

DEAR SIR,—I have received your letter of the 27th instant, and beg to reply that there cannot be the least objection to your sending a copy of your work, with the autograph addition; and that if you will send it to me, I will present it to His Majesty.

I do not presume you wish to apply for permission to dedicate the work to His Majesty, which is not usually given for works of fiction.

I remain, Dear Sir, your faithful Servant,

(Signed,) H. TAYLOR.

Lieut. RICHARDSON, &c. &c. &c.
H. P. 92nd Regt.

BRIGHTON, *December* 18, 1832.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 14th instant, and of the copy of your work, WACOUSTA, for the King, which I have had the honor of presenting to His Majesty, who received it very graciously.

I remain, Dear Sir, your faithful Servant,

(Signed,) H. TAYLOR.

Lieut. RICHARDSON, &c. &c. &c.
H. P. 92nd Regt.

WINDSOR CASTLE, *August* 7, 1833.

DEAR SIR,—I have to acknowledge your letter of the 1st instant, together with its enclosure, and beg to express the deep gratification I have felt in the perusal of that chapter of your new work which treats of the policy of employing the Indians in any future war we may have with the United States. Should you be desirous of dedicating it to His Majesty I can foresee no difficulty.

Permit me to avail myself of this opportunity of assuring you of the deep interest with which your WACOUSTA has been read by the whole Court.

I remain, Dear Sir, your faithful Servant,

(Signed,) H. TAYLOR.

Lieut. RICHARDSON, &c. &c. &c.
H. P. 92nd Regt.

WINDSOR CASTLE, *August* 12, 1833.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 9th, and to acquaint you that His Majesty acquiesces in your wish to be permitted to dedicate your new work to him.

I remain, Dear Sir, your faithful Servant,

(Signed,) H. TAYLOR.

Lieut. RICHARDSON, &c. &c. &c.
H. P. 92nd Regt.

By the above letters, two material points are established. The first is that, although works of fiction are not usually dedicated to the Sovereign, an exception was made in favour of the following tale, which is now for the first time submitted to the public, and which, from its historical character, was deemed of sufficient importance not to be confounded with mere works of fiction. The exception was grounded on a chapter of the book, which the seeker after incident alone will dismiss hastily, but over which the more serious reader may be induced to pause.

The second, and not least important, point disposed of, is one which the manner in which the principal American characters have been disposed of, renders in some degree imperative.

The Author has no hesitation in stating, that had it not been for the very strong interest taken in their appearance, by a portion of the American public in the first instance, these volumes never would have been submitted to the press of this country. Hence, to a corresponding feeling might, under other circumstances, have been ascribed the favorable light under which the American character has been portrayed. From the dates of the above letters from the principal Aid-de-Camp and Private Secretary to His late Majesty, it will, however, be seen, that the work was written in England, and therefore before there could have existed the slightest inducement to any undue partiality.

That this is the case, the Author has reason to rejoice; since in eschewing the ungenerous desire of most English writers on America, to convey a debasing impression of her people, and seeking, on the contrary, to do justice to their character, as far as the limited field afforded by a work, pre-eminently of fiction, will admit, no interested motive can be ascribed to him. Should these pages prove a means of dissipating the slightest portion of that irritation which has —and naturally—been engendered in every American heart, by the perverted and prejudiced statements of disappointed tourists, whose acerbity of stricture, not even a recollection of much hospitality could repress; and of renewing that healthy tone of feeling which it has been endeavoured to show had existed during the earlier years of the present century, the Author will indeed feel that he has not written in vain.

One observation in regard to the tale itself. There is a necessary anachronism in the book, of too palpable a nature *not to be detected at a glance* by the reader. It will, however, *be perceived,* that such anachronism does not in any

way interfere with historical fact, while it has at the same time facilitated the introduction of events, which were necessary to the action of the story, and which have been brought on the scene before that which constitutes the anachronism, as indispensable precursors to it. We will not here mar the reader's interest in the story, by anticipating, but allow him to discover and judge of the propriety of the transposition himself.

Tecumseh, moreover, is introduced somewhat earlier than the strict record of facts will justify; but as his presence does not interfere with the general accuracy of the detail, we trust the matter of fact reader, who cannot, at least, be loth to make early acquaintance with this interesting Chieftain, will not refuse us the exercise of our privilege as a novelist, in disposing our characters, in the manner most pleasing to the eye.

We cannot conclude without apology for the imperfect Scotch, which we have (to use a homely phrase,) put into the mouth of one of our characters, our apology for which is that we were unaware of the error, until the work had been so far printed as not to admit of our remedying it. We are consoled, however, by the reflection that we have given the person in question so much of the national character that he can well afford to lose something in a minor particular.

THE AUTHOR.

THE CANADIAN BROTHERS;

OR,

THE PROPHECY FULFILLED.

CHAPTER I.

At the northern extremity of the small town which bears its name, situated at the head of Lake Erie, stands, or rather stood—for the fortifications then existing were subsequently destroyed—the small fortress of Amherstburg.

It was the summer of 1812. Intelligence had been some days received at that post, of the declaration of war by the United States, the great aim and object of which was the conquest, and incorporation with her own extensive territories, of provinces on which she had long cast an eye of political jealousy, and now assailed at a moment when England (fighting the battles of the, even to this moment, recreant and unredeemed Peninsula, could ill spare a solitary regiment to the rescue of her threatened, and but indifferently defended transatlantic possessions.

Few places in America, or in the world, could, at the period embraced by our narrative, have offered more delightful associations than that which we have selected for an opening scene. Amherstburg was at that time one of the loveliest spots that ever issued from the will of a beneficent and gorgeous nature; and were the world-disgusted wanderer to have selected a home in which to lose all memory of artificial and conventional forms, his choice would assuredly have fallen here. And *insensible, indeed, to the* beautiful realities of the sweet

wild solitude that reigned around, must that man have been, who could have gazed unmoved, from the lofty banks of the Erie, on the placid lake beneath his feet, mirroring the bright starred heavens on its unbroken surface, or throwing into full and soft relief the snow white sail, and dark hull of some stately war-ship, becalmed in the offing, and only waiting the rising of the capricious breeze, to waft her onward on her *then* peaceful mission of dispatch. Lost indeed to all perception of the natural must he have been, who could have listened, without a feeling of voluptuous melancholy, to the plaintive notes of the whip-poor-will, breaking on the silence of night, and harmonising with the general stillness of the scene. How often have we ourselves, in joyous boyhood, lingered amid these beautiful haunts, drinking in the fascinating song of this strange night-bird, and revelling in a feeling we were too young to analyze, yet cherished deeply—yea, frequently, even to this hour, do we in our dreams revisit scenes no parallel to which has met our view, even in the course of a life passed in many climes; and on awaking, our first emotion is regret that the illusion is no more.

Such was Amherstburg, and its immediate vicinity, during the early years of the present century, and up to the period at which our story commences. Not, be it understood, that even *then* the scenery itself had lost one particle of its loveliness, or failed in aught to awaken and fix the same tender interest. The same placidity of earth, and sky, and lake remained, but the whip-poor-will, driven from his customary abode by the noisy hum of warlike preparation, was no longer heard, and the minds of the inhabitants, hitherto disposed, by the quiet pursuits of their uneventful lives, to feel pleasure in its song, had eye nor ear for aught beyond what tended to the preservation of their threatened homes.

Let us, however, introduce the reader more immediately to the scene. Close in his rear, as he stands on the elevated bank of the magnificent river of Detroit, and about a mile from its *point of junction* with Lake Erie, is the fort of Amherstburg,

its defences consisting chiefly of stockade works, flanked, at its several angles, by strong bastions, and covered by a demi lune of five guns, so placed as to command every approach by water. Distant about three hundred yards on his right is a large, oblong square building, resembling in appearance the red low roofed blockhouses peering above the outward defences of the fort. Surrounding this, and extending to the skirt of the thinned forest, the original boundary of which is marked by an infinitude of dingy half blackened stumps, are to be seen numerous huts or wigwams of the Indians, from the fires before which arises a smoke that contributes, with the slight haze of the atmosphere, to envelope the tops of the tall trees in a veil of blue vapour, rendering them almost invisible. Between these wigwams and the extreme verge of the thickly wooded banks, which sweeping in bold curvature for an extent of many miles, brings into view the eastern extremity of Turkey Island, situated midway between Amherstburg and Detroit, are to be seen, containing the accumulated Indian dead of many years, tumuli, rudely executed it is true, but picturesquely decorated with such adornments as it is the custom of these simple mannered people to bestow on the last sanctuaries of their departed friends. Some three or four miles, and across the water, (for here it is that the river acquires her fullest majesty of expansion,) is to be seen the American Island of Gros Isle, which, at the period of which we write, bore few traces of cultivation—scarcely a habitation being visible throughout its extent—various necks of land, however, shoot out abruptly, and independently of the channel running between it and the American main shore, form small bays or harbours in which boats may always find shelter and concealment.

Thus far the view to the right of the spectator, whom we assume to be facing the river. Immediately opposite to the covering demi lune, and in front of the fort, appears, at a distance of less than half a mile, a blockhouse and battery, crowning the western extremity of the Island of Bois

Blanc, which, one mile in length and lashed at its opposite extremity by the waters of Lake Erie, at this precise point, receives into her capacious bosom the vast tribute of the noble river connecting her with the higher lakes. Between this island and the Canadian shore lies the only navigable channel for ships of heavy tonnage, for although the waters of the Detroit are of vast depth every where above the island, they are near their point of junction with the lake, and, in what is called the American channel, so interrupted by shallows and sandbars, that no craft larger than those of a description termed "Durham boats" can effect the passage—on the other hand the channel dividing the island from the Canadian shore is at once deep and rapid, and capable of receiving vessels of the largest size. The importance of such a passage is obvious; but although a state of war necessarily prevented aid from armed vessels to such forts of the Americans as lay to the westward of the lake, it by no means effectually cut off their supplies through the medium of the Durham boats already alluded to. In order to intercept those, a most vigilant watch was kept by the light gun boats despatched into the lesser channel for that purpose.

A blockhouse and battery crowned also the eastern extremity of the island, and both, provided with a flag staff for the purpose of communication by signal with the fort, were far from being wanting in picturesque effect. A subaltern's command of infantry, and a bombardiers of artillery, were the only troops stationed there, and these were there rather to look out for, and report the approach of whatever American boats might be seen stealing along their own channel, than with any view to the serious defence of a post already sufficiently commanded by the adjacent fortress. In every other direction the island was thickly wooded—not a house—not a hut arose to adversify the wild beauty of the scene. Frequently, it is true, along the margin of its sands might be seen a succession of Indian wigwams, and the dusky and sinewy forms *of men gliding* round their fires, as they danced to the mono-

tonous sound of the war dance ; but these migratory people, seldom continuing long in the same spot, the island was again and again left to its solitude.

Strongly contrasted with this, would the spectator, whom we still suppose standing on the bank where we first placed him, find the view on his left. There would he behold a neat small town, composed entirely of wooden houses variously and not inelegantly painted ; and receding gradually from the river's edge to the slowly disappearing forest, on which its latest rude edifice reposed. Between the town and the fort, was to be seen a dockyard of no despicable dimensions, in which the hum of human voices mingled with the sound of active labour—there too might be seen, in the deep harbour of the narrow channel that separated the town from the island we have just described, some half-dozen gallant vessels bearing the colours of England, breasting with their dark prows the rapid current that strained their creaking cables in every strand, and seemingly impatient of the curb that checked them from gliding impetuously into the broad lake, which some few hundred yards below, appeared to court them to her bosom. But although in these might be heard the bustle of warlike preparation, the chief attention would be observed to be directed towards a large half finished vessel, on which numerous workmen of all descriptions were busily employed, evidently with a view of preparing for immediate service.

Beyond the town again might be obtained a view of the high and cultivated banks, sweeping in gentle curve until they at length terminated in a low and sandy spot, called from the name of its proprietor, Elliott's Point. This stretched itself toward the eastern extremity of the island, so as to leave the outlet to the lake barely wide enough for a single vessel to pass at a time, and that not without skilful pilotage and much caution.

Assuming our reader to be now as fully familiar with the scene as ourselves, let him next, in imagination, people it, as on the occasion we have chosen for his introduction. It was a

warm, sunny, day in the early part of July. The town itself was as quiet as if the glaive of war reposed in its sheath, and the inhabitants pursued their wonted avocations with the air of men who had nothing in common with the active interest which evidently dominated the more military portions of the scene. It was clear that among these latter some cause for excitement existed, for, independently of the unceasing bustle within the dock yard—a bustle which however had but one undivided object—the completion and equipment of the large vessel then on the stocks—the immediate neighbourhood of the fort presented evidence of some more than ordinary interest. The encampment of the Indians, on the verge of the forest, had given forth the great body of their warriors, and these clad in their gayest apparel, covered with feathers and leggings of bright colours, decorated with small tinkling bells that came not inharmoniously on the ear, as they kept tune to the measured walk of their proud wearers, were principally assembled around and in front of the large building we have described as being without, yet adjacent to, the fort. These warriors might have been about a thousand in number, and amused themselves variously—(the younger at least)—with leaping—wrestling—ball playing—and the foot race—in all which exercises they are unrivalled. The elders bore no part in these amusements, but stood, or sat cross legged, on the edge of the bank, smoking their pipes, and expressing their approbation of the prowess or dexterity of the victors in the games, by guttural, yet rapidly uttered exclamations. Mingled with these were some six or seven individuals, whose glittering costume of scarlet announced them for officers of the garrison, and elsewhere disposed, some along the banks and crowding the battery in front of the fort, or immediately round the building, yet quite apart from their officers, were a numerous body of the inferior soldiery.

But although these distinct parties were assembled, to all appearance, with a view, the one to perform in, the other to *witness, the* active sports we have enumerated, a close ob-

server of the movements of all would have perceived there was something more important in contemplation, to the enactment of which these exercises were but a prelude. Both officers, and men, and even the participators in the sports, turned their gaze frequently up the Detroit, as if they expected some important approach. The broad reach of the wide river, affording an undisturbed view, as we have stated, for a distance of some nine or ten miles, where commenced the near extremity of Turkey Island, presented nothing, however, as yet, to their gaze, and repeatedly were the telescopes of the officers raised only to fall in dissappointment from the eye. At length a number of small dark specks were seen studding the tranquil bosom of the river, as they emerged rapidly, one after the other, from the cover of the island. The communication was made, by him who first discovered them, to his companions. The elder Indians who sat near the spot on which the officers stood, were made acquainted with what even their own sharp sight could not distinguish unaided by the glass. One sprang to his feet, raised the telescope to his eye, and with an exclamation of wonder at the strange properties of the instrument, confirmed to his followers the truth of the statement. The elders, principally chiefs, spoke in various tongues to their respective warriors. The sports were abandoned, and all crowded to the bank with anxiety and interest depicted in their attitudes and demeanor.

Meanwhile, the dark specks upon the water increased momentarily in size. Presently they could be distinguished for canoes, which, rapidly impelled, and aided in their course by the swift current, were not long in developing themselves to the naked eye. These canoes, about fifty in number, were of bark, and of so light a description, that a man of ordinary strength might, without undergoing serious fatigue, carry one for miles. The warriors who now propelled them, were naked in all save their leggings and waist cloths, their bodies and faces begrimed with paint: and as they drew nearer, fifteen was observed to be the complement of each. They sat by

twos on the narrow thwarts; and, with their faces to the prow, dipped their paddles simultaneously into the stream, with a regularity of movement not to be surpassed by the most experienced boat's crew of Europe. In the stern of each sat a chief guiding his bark, with the same unpretending but skilful and efficient paddle, and behind him, drooping in the breezeless air, and trailing in the silvery tide, was to be seen a long pendant, bearing the red cross of England.

It was a novel and beautiful sight to behold that imposing fleet of canoes, apparently so frail in texture that the dropping of a pebble between the skeleton ribs might be deemed sufficient to perforate and sink them, yet withal so ingeniously contrived as to bear safely not only the warriors who formed their crews, but also their arms of all descriptions, and such light equipment of raiment and necessaries as were indispensable to men who had to voyage long and far in pursuit of the goal they were now rapidly attaining. The Indians already encamped near the fort, were warriors of nations long rendered familiar by personal intercourse, not only with the inhabitants of the district, but with the troops themselves; and these, from frequent association with the whites, had lost much of that fierceness which is so characteristic of the North American Indian in his ruder state. Among these, with the more intelligent Hurons, were the remnants of those very tribes of Shawanees and Delawares whom we have recorded to have borne, half a century ago, so prominent a share in the confederacy against England, but who, after the termination of that disastrous war, had so far abandoned their wild hostility, as to have settled in various points of contiguity to the forts to which they, periodically, repaired to receive those presents which a judicious policy so profusely bestowed.

The reinforcement just arriving was composed principally of warriors who had never yet pressed a soil wherein civilization had extended her influence—men who had never hitherto beheld the face of a white, unless it were that of the

Canadian trader, who, at stated periods, penetrated fearlessly into their wilds for purposes of traffic, and who to the bronzed cheek that exposure had rendered nearly as swarthy as their own, united not only the language but so wholly the dress—or rather the undress of those he visited, that he might easily have been confounded with one of their own dark blooded race. So remote, indeed, were the regions in which some of these warriors had been sought, that they were strangers to the existence of more than one of their tribes, and upon these they gazed with a surprise only inferior to what they manifested, when, for the first time, they marked the accoutrements of the British soldier, and turned with secret, but unacknowledged awe and admiration upon the frowning fort and stately shipping, bristling with cannon, and vomiting forth sheets of flame as they approached the shore. In these might have been studied the natural dignity of man. Firm of step—proud of mien—haughty yet penetrating of look, each leader offered in his own person a model to the sculptor, which he might vainly seek elsewhere. Free and unfettered in every limb, they moved in the majesty of nature, and with an air of dark reserve, passed, on landing, through the admiring crowd.

There was one of the number, however, and his canoe was decorated with a richer and a larger flag, whose costume was that of the more civilized Indians, and who in nobleness of deportment, even surpassed those we have last named. This was Tecumseh. He was not of the race of either of the parties who now accompanied him, but of one of the nations, many of whose warriors were assembled on the bank awaiting his arrival. As the head chief of the Indians, his authority was acknowledged by all, even to the remotest of these wild but interesting people, and the result of the exercise of his all-powerful influence had been the gathering together of those warriors, whom he had personally hastened to collect from the extreme west, passing in his course, and with impunity, the several American posts that

lay in their way. In order more fully to comprehend the motives and character of this remarkable man, it may not be impertinent to recur summarily to events that took place prior to the declaration of war by the United States against England.

It being a well established—and even by themselves uncontradicted—fact, we can have no hesitation in stating (what we trust no American will conceive to be stated in illiberality of spirit, since such feeling we utterly disclaim) that the government of the United States, bent on the final acquisition of all the more proximate possessions of the Indians, had for many consecutive years, waged a war of extermination against these unfortunate people, and more especially those residing on the Wabash, to which the eye of interest or preference, or both, had directed a jealous attention. For a series of years the aggression had been prosecuted with fearful issue to the Indians, when, at length, one of those daring spirits, that appear like meteors, few and far between, in the horizon of glory and intelligence, suddenly started up in the person of Tecumseh, who, possessed of a genius, as splendid in conception, as it was bold in execution, long continued to baffle the plans and defeat the measures of his most experienced enemies. Whether the warrior owed his original influence, or rather the opportunity for development of his extraordinary talents, both diplomatic and warlike, to the fact of his being the brother of the Prophet—a similar, and rather mean looking person, whom a deep reading of the prejudices of his followers had bound to him in an enthusiasm of superstitious credence—whether, we repeat, Tecumseh owed his elevation to this circumstance in part, or wholly to his own merit, it is difficult to determine with certainty, but it is matter of history, that plausible and powerful as the Prophet had rendered himself, his more open and generous brother, while despising in his heart the mummeries practised by his wily relative, was not long in supplanting him in the affections, as he rapidly superseded him in authority and influen

s people—All looked up to him as the defender and of their race, and so well did he merit the confidence l in him, that it was not long after his first appearance ıder in the war-path, that the Americans were made ė, by repeated defeat, of the formidable character of the vho had thrown himself into the breach of his nation's ıg fortunes, resolved rather to perish on the spot on he stood, than to retire one foot from the home of their ıers. What self-ennobling actions the warrior per-, and what talent he displayed during that warfare, the ɔf American history must tell. With the spirit to e against, and the subsequent good fortune to worst the ːans in many conflicts, these latter, although beaten, ot been wanting in generosity to admire their formida-ːmy while living, neither have they failed to venerate ːmory when dead. If they have helped to bind the around his living brow, they have not been the less ; to weave the cypress that encircles his memory.

lmost every encounter with them, Tecumseh was more successful; but, like the conqueror of other days, he have exclaimed, "another such victory and I am lost." ːned in a constant succession of engagements, the s, and the Shawanees in particular, now presented but ːton of their former selves, while the Americans, on the ːy, with an indefatigability that would have done credit ːtter cause, kept pouring in fresh forces to the frontier, in the end, opposition to their purpose seemed almost ss. It is doubtful, however, what would have been the ːsult of a contest against a warrior of such acknowledged and resource as Tecumseh, had it not unfortunately ıed that the Americans, taking advantage of the per-ıce of some of those mummeries by which the Prophet ɔught to uphold his fast declining power, managed to ɐ the Shawanee encampment in the dead of night, favoured by circumstances, they committed fearful , nearly *annihilating* their enemies.

Finding every effort to preserve his situation on the Wabas unavailing, Tecumseh, accompanied by the remnant of hi followers, fell back on the Ohio, Miami, and Detroit, wher his first object was to enter into a treaty, offensive and defen sive, with the formidable nations of the Delawares, Hurons, etc An alliance with the English, then momentarily apprehendin a rupture with the United States, was, moreover renewed, an then with the hope strong at his heart of combating hi enemies once more, with success, he had with exulting spiri and bounding step, set out to win to the common interest, th more distant tribes of the Sioux, Minouminies, Winnebagoes Kickapoos, etc., of whom he had secured the services of th warriors just arrived.

It was amidst the blaze of an united salvo from the dem lune crowning the bank, and from the shipping, that the nobl chieftain, accompanied by the leaders of those wild tribes leaped lightly, yet proudly to the beach ; and having ascende the steep bank by a flight of rude steps cut out of the earth finally stood amid the party of officers waiting to receive them It would not a little have surprised a Bond street exquisite o that day to have witnessed the cordiality with which the dar hand of the savage was successively pressed in the faire palms of the English officers, neither would his astonishmen have been abated, on remarking the proud dignity of carriag maintained by the former, in this exchange of courtesy, a though, while he joined heart to hand wherever the latter fell he seemed rather to bestow than to receive a condescension.

Had none of those officers ever previously beheld him, th fame of his heroic deeds had gone sufficiently before the war rior to have insured him their warmest greeting an approbation, and none could mistake a form that, even ami those who were a password for native majesty, stood alone i its bearing: but Tecumseh was a stranger to few. Since hi defeat on the Wabash he had been much at Amherstburg where he had rendered himself conspicuous by one or two ani mated and highly eloquent speeches, having for their object th

consolidation of a treaty, in which the Indian interests were subsequently bound in close union with those of England; and, up to the moment of his recent expedition, had cultivated the most perfect understanding with the English chiefs.

It might, however, be seen that even while pleasure and satisfaction at a reunion with those he in turn esteemed, flashed from his dark and eager eye, there was still lurking about his manner that secret jealousy of distinction, which is so characteristic of the haughty Indian. After the first warm salutations had passed, he became sensible of the absence of the English chief; but this was expressed rather by a certain outswelling of his chest, and the searching glance of his restless eye, than by any words that fell from his lips. Presently, he whom he sought, and whose person had hitherto been concealed by the battery on the bank, was seen advancing towards him, accompanied by his personal staff. In a moment the shade passed away from the brow of the warrior, and warmly grasping and pressing, for the second time, the hand of a youth—one of the group of junior officers among whom he yet stood, and who had manifested even more than his companions the unbounded pleasure he took in the chieftain's re-appearance—he moved forward, with an ardour of manner that was with difficulty restrained by his sense of dignity, to give them the meeting.

The first of the advancing party was a tall, martial looking man, wearing the dress and insignia of a general officer. His rather florid countenance was eminently fine, if not handsome, offering, in its more Roman than Grecian contour, a model of quiet, manly beauty; while the eye, beaming with intelligence and candour, gave, in the occasional flashes which it emitted, indication of a mind of no common order. There was, notwithstanding, a benevolence of expression about it that blended (in a manner to excite attention) with a dignity of deportment, as much the result of habitual self command, as of the proud eminence of distinction on which he stood. The sedative character of middle age, added to long acquired

military habits, had given a certain rigidity to his fine form, that might have made him appear to a first observer even older than he was, but the placidity of a countenance beaming good will and affability, speedily removed the impression, and, if the portly figure added to his years, the unfurrowed countenance took from them in equal proportion.

At his side, hanging on his arm and habited in naval uniform, appeared one who, from his familiarity of address with the General, not less than by certain appropriate badges of distinction, might be known as the commander of the little fleet then lying in the harbour. Shorter in person than his companion, his frame made up in activity what it wanted in height, and there was that easy freedom in his movements which so usually distinguishes the carriage of the sailor, and which now offered a remarkable contrast to that rigidity we have stated to have attached (quite unaffectedly) to the military commander. His eyes, of a much darker hue, sparkled with a livelier intelligence, and although his complexion was also highly florid, it was softened down by the general vivacity of expression that pervaded his frank and smiling countenance. The features, regular and still youthful, wore a bland and pleasing character; while neither, in look, nor bearing, nor word could there be traced any of that haughty reserve usually ascribed to the "lords of the sea." There needed no other herald to proclaim him for one who had already seen honorable service, than the mutilated stump of what had once been an arm: yet in this there was no boastful display, as of one who deemed he had a right to tread more proudly because he had chanced to suffer, where all had been equally exposed, in the performance of a common duty. The empty sleeve, unostentatiously fastened by a loop from the wrist to a button of the lappel, was suffered to fall at his side, and by no one was the deficiency less remarked than by himself.

The greeting between Tecumseh and these officers, was such as might be expected from warriors bound to each other by mutual esteem. Each held the other in the highest honor,

but it was particularly remarked that while the Indian Chieftain looked up to the General with the respect he felt to be due to him, not merely as the dignified representative of his "Great Father," but as one of a heart and actions claiming his highest personal admiration, his address to his companion, whom he now beheld for the first time, was warmer, and more energetic; and as he repeatedly glanced at the armless sleeve, he uttered one of those quick ejaculatory exclamations, peculiar to his race, and indicating, in this instance, the fullest extent of approbation. The secret bond of sympathy which chained his interest to the Commodore, might have owed its being to another cause. In the countenance of the latter there was much of that eagerness of expression, and in the eye that vivacious fire, that flashed, even in repose, from his own swarthier and more speaking features; and this assimilation of character might have been the means of producing that preference for, and devotedness to, the cause of the naval commander, that subsequently developed itself in the chieftain. In a word, the General seemed to claim the admiration and the respect of the Indian—the Commodore, his admiration and friendship.

The greeting between these generous leaders was brief. When the first salutations had been interchanged, it was intimated to Tecumseh, through the medium of an interpreter, then in attendance on the General, that a war-council had been ordered, for the purpose of taking into consideration the best means of defeating the designs of the Americans, who, with a view to offensive operations, had, in the interval of the warrior's absence, pushed on a considerable force to the frontier. The council, however, had been delayed, in order that it might have the benefit of his opinions, and of his experience in the peculiar warfare which was about to be commenced.

Tecumseh acknowledged his sense of the communication with the bold frankness of the inartificial son of nature, scorning to conceal his just self-estimate beneath a veil of affected modesty. He knew his own worth, and while he over-

valued not one iota of that worth, so did he not affect to disclaim a consciousness of the fact—that within his swarthy chest and active brain there beat a heart and lived a judgment, as prompt to conceive and execute as those of the proudest *he* that ever swayed the destinies of a warlike people. Replying to the complimentary invitation of the General, he unhesitatingly said he had done well to await his (Tecumseh's) arrival, before he determined on his course of action, and that he should now have the full benefit of his opinions and advice.

If the chief had been forcibly prepossessed in favour of the naval commander, the latter had not been less interested. Since his recent arrival, to assume the direction of the fleet, Commodore Barclay had had opportunities of seeing such of the chiefs as were then assembled at Amherstburg; but great as had been his admiration of several of these, he had been given to understand they fell far short, in every moral and physical advantage, of what their renowned leader would be found to possess, when, on his return from the expedition in which he was engaged, fitting opportunity should be had of bringing them in personal proximity. This admission was now made in the fullest sense, and as the warrior moved away to give the greeting to the several chiefs, and conduct them to the council hall, the gallant sailor could not refrain from expressing, in the warmest terms to General Brock, as they moved slowly forward with the same intention, the enthusiastic admiration excited in him by the person, the manner, and the bearing, of the noble Tecumseh.

Again the cannon from the battery and the shipping pealed forth their thunder. It was the signal for the commencement of the council, and the scene at that moment was one of the most picturesque that can well be imagined. The sky was cloudless, and the river, no longer ruffled by the now motionless barks of the recently arrived Indians, yet obeying the action of the tide, offered, as it glided onward to the lake, the image of a flood of quick-silver; while, in the distance, that

lake itself, smooth as a mirror, spread far and wide. Close under the bank yet lingered the canoes, emptied only of their helmsmen (the chiefs of the several tribes,) while, with strange tongues and wilder gestures, the warriors of these, as they rested on their paddles, greeted the loud report of the cannon—now watching with eager eye the flashes from the vessel's sides, and now upturning their gaze, and following with wild surprise, the deepening volumes of smoke that passed immediately over their heads, from the guns of the battery, hidden from their view by the elevated and overhanging bank. Blended with each discharge arose the wild yell, which they, in such a moment of novel excitement, felt it impossible to control, and this, answered from the Indians above and borne in echo almost to the American shore, had in it something indescribably startling. On the bank itself the effect was singularly picturesque. Here were to be seen the bright uniforms of the British officers, at the head of whom was the tall and martial figure of General Brock, furthermore conspicuous from the full and drooping feather that fell gracefully over his military hat, mingled with the wilder and more fanciful head dresses of the chiefs. Behind these again, and sauntering at a pace that showed them to have no share in the deliberative assembly, whither those we have just named were now proceeding amid the roar of artillery, yet mixed together in nearly as great dissimilarity of garb, were to be seen numbers of the inferior warriors and of the soldiery, while, in various directions, the games recently abandoned by the adult Indians, were now resumed by mere boys. The whole picture was one of strong animation, contrasting as it did with the quiet of the little post on the Island, where some twelve or fifteen men, composing the strength of the detachment, were now sitting or standing on the battery, crowned, as well as the fort and shipping, and in compliment to the newly arrived Indians, with the colours of England.

Such was the scene, varied only as the numerous actors in it varied their movements, when the event occurred, with which we commence our next chapter.

CHAPTER II.

SEVERAL hours had passed away in the interesting discussion of their war plans, and the council was nearly concluded, when suddenly the attention both of the officers and chiefs was arrested by the report of a single cannon. From the direction of the sound, it was evident the shot had been fired from the battery placed on the southern or lakeward extremity of the Island of Bois Blanc, and as the circumstance was unusual enough to indicate the existence of some approaching cause for excitement, several of the younger of both, who, from their youth, had been prevented from taking any active share in the deliberations of the day, stole, successively and unobservedly, through the large folding doors of the building, which, owing to the great heat of the weather, had been left open. After traversing about fifty yards of sward, intersecting the high road, which, running parallel with the river, separated the council hall from the elevated bank, the officers found, collected in groups on the extreme verge of this latter and anxiously watching certain movements in the battery opposite to them, most of the troops and inferior Indians they had left loitering there at the commencement of the council. Those movements were hasty, and as of men preparing to repeat the shot, the report of which had reached them from the opposite extremity of the Island. Presently the forms, hitherto intermingled, became separate and stationary—an arm of one was next extended—then was seen to rise a flash of light, and then a volume of dense smoke, amid which the loud report found its sullen way, bellowing like thunder through some blackening cloud, while, from the peculiar nature of the sound, it was recognized, by the experienced in those matters, to have proceeded from a shotted gun.

The war in Canada had its beginning in the manner thus described. They were the first shots fired in that struggle, and although at an object little calculated to inspire much alarm, still, as the first indications of an active hostility, they were proportionably exciting to those whose lot it was thus to "break ground," for operations on a larger scale.

Although many an eager chief had found it difficult to repress the strong feeling of mingled curiosity and excitement, that half raised him from the floor on which he sat, the first shot had been heard without the effect of actually disturbing the assembly from its fair propriety; but no sooner had the second report, accompanied as it was by the wild yell of their followers without, reached their ears, than, wholly losing sight of the dignity attached to their position as councillors, they sprang wildly up, and seizing the weapons that lay at their side, rushed confusedly forth, leaving Tecumseh, and two or three only of the more aged chiefs, behind them. The debate thus interrupted, the council was adjourned, and soon afterwards General Brock, accompanied by his staff, and conversing, through his interpreter, with the Shawanee chieftain as they walked, approached the groups still crowded along the bank of the river.

Meanwhile, after the discharge of the last gun, the battery on the Island had been quitted by the officer in command, who, descending to the beach, preceded by two of his men, stepped into a light skiff that lay chained to the gnarled root of a tree overhanging the current, and close under the battery. A few sturdy strokes of the oars soon brought the boat into the centre of the stream, when the stout, broad built, figure, and carbuncled face of an officer in the uniform of the ——— regiment, were successively recognised, as he stood upright in the stern.

"What the deuce brings Tom Raymond to us in such a hurry? I thought the order of the General was that he should on no account leave his post, unless summoned by signal," observed one of the group of younger officers who had first

quitted the council hall, and who now waited with interest for the landing of their companion.

"What brings him here, can you ask?" replied one at the side of the questioner, and with a solemnity of tone and manner that caused the whole of the group to turn their eyes upon him, as he mournfully shook his head.

"Aye, *what* brings him here?" repeated more than one voice, while all closed inquiringly around for information.

"Why, the thing is as clear as the carbuncles on his own face—the boat to be sure." And the truism was perpetrated with the same provokingly ludicrous, yet evidently forced, gravity of tone and manner.

"Execrable, Middlemore—will you never give over that vile habit of punning?"

"Detestable," said another.

"Ridiculous," repeated a third.

"Pshaw, the worst you ever uttered," exclaimed a fourth, and each, as he thus expressed himself, turned away with a movement of impatience.

"That animal, Raymond, grows like a very porpoise," remarked a young captain, who prided himself much on the excessive smallness of his waist. "Methinks that, like the ground hogs that abound on his Island, he must fatten on hickory nuts. Only see how the man melts in the noon-day sun. But as you say, Villiers, what can bring him here without an order from the General? And then the gun last fired. Ha! I have it. He has discovered a Yankee boat stealing along through the other channel."

"No doubt there is *craft* of some description *in the wind*," pursued the incorrigible Middlemore, with the same affected unconsciousness; "and that may account for poor Raymond being *blown* here."

"Ha! severe, are you," returned Captain Molineux, the Officer who had commented so freely upon the appearance of the fat Lieutenant in the boat. "But your pun, infamous as it would be at the best, is utterly without point now, for there

has not been a breath of wind stirring during the whole morning."

"Pun, did you say?" exclaimed Middlemore, with well affected surprise at the charge. "My dear fellow, I meant no pun."

Further remark was checked by an impatience to learn the cause of Lieutenant Raymond's abrupt appearance, and the officers approached the principal group. The former had now reached the shore, and, shuffling up the bank as fast as his own corpulency and the abruptness of the ascent would permit, hastened to the General, who stood at some little distance awaiting the expected communication of the messenger.

"Well, Mr. Raymond, what is it—what have you discovered from your post?" demanded the General, who, with those around him, found difficulty in repressing a smile at the heated appearance of the fat subaltern, the loud puffing of whose lungs had been audible before he himself drew near enough to address the chief—"something important, I should imagine, if we may judge from the haste with which you appear to have travelled over the short distance that separates us?"

"Something very important, indeed, General," answered the officer, touching his undress cap, and speaking huskily from exertion; "there is a large bark, sir, filled with men, stealing along shore in the American channel, and I can see nothing of the gun boat that should be stationed there. A shot was fired from the eastern battery, in the hope of bringing her to, but, as the guns mounted there are only carronades, the ball fell short, and the suspicious looking boat crept still closer to the shore—I ordered a shot from my battery to be tried, but without success, for, although within range, the boat hugs the land so closely that it is impossible to distinguish her hull with the naked eye."

"The gun boat not to be seen, Mr. Raymond?" exclaimed the General; "how is this, and who is the officer in command of her?"

"One," quickly rejoined the Commodore, to whom the last query was addressed; "whom I had selected for that duty for the very vigilance and desire for service attributed to him by my predecessor—of course I have not been long enough here, to have much personal knowledge of him myself."

"His name ?" asked the General.

"Lieutenant Grantham."

"Grantham ?" repeated the General, with a movement of surprise; "It is indeed strange that *he* should forego such an opportunity."

"Still more strange," remarked the Commodore, "that the boat he commands should have disappeared altogether. Can there be any question of his fidelity ? the Granthams are Canadians, I understand."

The General smiled, while the young officer who had been noticed so particularly by Tecumseh on his landing, colored deeply.

"If," said the former, "the mere circumstance of their having received existence amid these wilds can make them Canadians, they certainly are Canadians; but if the blood of a proud race can make them Britons, such they are. Be they which they may however, I would stake my life on the fidelity of the Granthams—still, the cause of this young officer's absence must be inquired into, and no doubt it will be satisfactorily explained. Meanwhile, let a second gunboat be detached in pursuit."

The Commodore having given the necessary instructions to a young midshipman, who attended him in the capacity of an aid-de-camp, and the general having dismissed Lieutenant Raymond back to his post on the island, these officers detached themselves from the crowd, and, while awaiting the execution of the order, engaged in earnest conversation.

"By Jove, the Commodore is quite right in his observation," remarked the young and affected looking officer, who had been so profuse in his witticisms on the corpulency of Lieutenant

Raymond; "the General may say what he will in their favour, but this is the result of entrusting so important a command to a Canadian."

"What do you mean, sir?" hastily demanded one even younger than himself—it was the youth already named, whose uniform attested him to be a brother officer of the speaker. He had been absent for a few minutes, and only now rejoined his companions, in time to hear the remark which had just been uttered.

"What do you mean, Captain Molineux?" he continued, his dark eye flashing indignation, and his downy cheek crimsoning with warmth. "Why this remark before me, sir, and wherefore this reflection on the Canadians?"

"Why really, Mr. Grantham," somewhat sententiously drawled the captain; "I do not altogether understand your right to question in this tone—nor am I accountable for any observations I may make. Let me tell you, moreover—" this was said with the advising air of a superior in rank—"that it will neither be wise nor prudent in you, having been received into a British regiment, to become the Don Quixotte of your countrymen."

"*Received* into a British regiment, sir! do you then imagine that I, more than yourself, should feel this to be a distinction," haughtily returned the indignant youth. "But, gentlemen, your pardon," checking himself and glancing at the rest of the group, who were silent witnesses of the scene; "I confess I do feel the distinction of being admitted into so gallant a corps—this in a way, however, that must be common to us all. Again I ask, Captain Molineux," turning to that officer, "the tendency of the observation you have publicly made in regard to my brother."

"Your question, Mr. Grantham, might, with as much propriety, be addressed to any other person in the full enjoyment of his senses, whom you see here, since it is the general topic of conversation; but, as you seem to require an answer from me particularly, you shall have it. My remark referred

to the absence of the officer in charge of the gun boat, from the station allotted to him, at a moment when an *armed* vessel of the enemy is in sight. Is this the fact, or is it not?"

"By which remark," returned the other, "you would imply that officer is either guilty of gross neglect or—"

"I draw no inferences, Mr. Grantham, but, even if I did, I should be more borne out by circumstances than you imagine."

"It is plain you would insinuate that my brother shuns the enemy, Captain Molineux—You shall answer to me for this insult, sir."

"As you please, Mr. Grantham, but on one condition only."

"Name it, sir, name it," said the younger officer quickly.

"That it is satisfactorily proved your brother has *not* shunned the enemy."

Bitter feelings swelled the heart of the enthusiastic Grantham, as, unconsciously touching the hilt of his sword, he replied: "If your hope of avoidance rest on this, sir, it will be found to hang upon a very thread indeed."

The attention of the group where this unpleasant scene had occurred, and indeed of all parties, was now diverted by the sudden appearance of the American boat, as, shooting past the head of the Island, which had hitherto concealed her from the view of the assembled crowds, her spars and white sails became visible in the far distance. A slight and favorable breeze, blowing off the shore which she still closely hugged, had now apparently sprung up, and, spreading all her canvass, she was evidently making every effort to get beyond the reach of the battery, (whither Lieutenant Raymond had returned) under whose range she was unavoidably impelled by the very wind that favored her advance. Owing to some temporary difficulty, the gun boat, just ordered by the Commodore to follow in pursuit, was longer than suited the emergency in getting under way, and when she had succeeded *in so doing, nearly* half an hour elapsed, before, owing to the

utter absence of wind (which was partial and wholly confined to the opposite shore) as well as the rapidity of the current, she could be brought by the aid of her long and cumbrous sweeps to clear the head of the Island. The American, now discovered to be full of troops, had by this time succeeded in getting out of the range of a fire, which although well directed had proved harmless, and, using every exertion of oar and sail, bade fair, favored as she was by the breeze which reached not the canvass of her enemy, to effect her escape.

Concern sat on every brow, and was variously expressed—loud yells marking the fierce disappointment of the Indians, and undisguised murmurs that of the more disciplined troops. Coupled with this feeling, among the officers at least, naturally arose the recollection of him to whose apparent neglect this escape of the enemy was to be attributed, until at length the conduct of Lieutenant Grantham was canvassed generally, and with a freedom little inferior to that which, falling from the lips of Captain Molineux, had so pained his sensitive brother; with this difference, however, that, in this instance they were the candidly expressed opinions of men arraigning the conduct of one of their fellows apparently guilty of a gross dereliction from duty, and not, as in the former they had seemed to be, with any ungenerous allusion to his fidelity.

Warmly, and therefore audibly, commented on as was the unaccountable absence of the officer, by individuals of almost every rank, it was impossible that many of those observations could escape the attention of the excited Henry Grantham. Mortified beyond measure at the fact, yet unable, as he had done before, to stand forth the champion of his brother's honor, where all (with a very few exceptions, among whom he had the consolation to find the General) were united in opinion against him, his situation was most painful. Not that he entertained the remotest doubt of his brother bearing himself harmlessly through the ordeal, but that his generous, yet haughty spirit, could ill endure the thought of any human be-

ing daring to cherish, much less to cast the slightest aspersion on his blood.

Finding it vain to oppose himself to the torrent of openly expressed opinion, the mortified youth withdrew to a distance, and, hastening among the rude tumuli we have described, as being scattered about the edge of the bank, stood watching, with folded arms and heaving chest, the gradually receding bark of the enemy. Alternately, as he thus gazed, his dark eye now flashed with the indignation of wounded pride, now dilated with the exulting consciousness of coming triumph. The assurance was strong within him, not only that his brother would soon make his appearance before the assembled groups who had had the cruelty to impugn his conduct, but that he would do so under circumstances calculated to change their warm censure into even more vehement applause. Fully impressed with the integrity of his absent relative, the impetuous and generous hearted youth paused not to reflect that circumstances were such as to justify the belief—or at least, the doubt—that had been expressed, even by the most impartial of those who had condemned him. It seemed to him that others ought to have known and judged him as he himself did, and he took a secret delight in dwelling on the self-reproach which (measuring the feelings of others by the standard of his own,) he conceived would attach to them, when it should be found how erroneous had been the estimate formed of his character.

While he thus gazed, with eyes intently bent upon the river, and manifesting even a deeper interest as the fleeing bark drew momentarily nearer to one particular point in the distance, the young officer heard footsteps approaching him. Hastily dashing away a tear which had been called up by a variety of emotions, he turned and beheld the Chieftain Tecumseh, and with him one, who, in the full uniform of the British Staff, united, in his tall and portly figure, the martial bearing of the soldier to the more polished graces of the *habitual courtier.*

"Henry, my noble boy," exclaimed the latter, as he pressed the hand of the youth, "you must not yield to these feelings. I have marked your impatience at the observations caused by Gerald's strange absence, but I have brought you one who is too partial to you both, to join in the condemnation. I have explained every thing to him, and he it was who, remarking you to be alone and suspecting the cause, first proposed coming to rouse you from your reverie."

Affectionately answering the grasp of his noble looking uncle, (such was the consanguinity of the parties,) Henry Grantham turned at the same time his eloquent eye upon that of the chieftain, and, in a few brief but expressive sentences, conveyed, in the language of the Warrior, (with which the brothers were partially conversant,) the gratification he experienced in his unchanged confidence in the absent officer.

As he concluded, with a warmth of manner that delighted him to whom he addressed himself, their hands met for the third time that day. Tecumseh at length replied, by pointing significantly to the canoes which still lay floating on the river, unemptied of their warriors, stating at the same time, that had not his confidence in his young friend been unbounded, he would long since have dispatched those canoes in pursuit; but he was unwilling the officer should lose any of the credit that must attach to the capture. "I know," he concluded, "where he is lying like the red skin in ambush for his enemy. Be patient, and we shall soon see him."

Before Henry Grantham could find time to inquire if the place of ambush was not the same to which his own hopes, induced by his perfect knowledge of localities, had, throughout, pointed as the spot most likely to conceal the hitherto invisible gun boat, his attention, and that of his immediate companion, was drawn to a scene that carried a glow of exultation to the bosoms of them all.

The American boat, long since out of range of the battery, and scudding with a speed that mocked the useless exertions of those on board of the second gun boat, who could with

difficulty impel her through the powerful eddy, formed by th Island, had been gradually edging from her own shore into th centre of the stream. This movement, however, had the ef fect of rendering her more distinguishable to the eye, breast ing, as she did, the rapid stream, than while hugging the land even when much nearer, she had been confounded with th dark outline of brushwood which connected the forest with th shore. She had now arrived opposite a neck of land beyon which ran a narrow, deep creek, the existence of which wa known only to few, and here it chanced that in the exultatio of escape, (for they were not slow to perceive the difficultie opposed to the progress of their pursuer,) they gave a cheer tha was echoed back from either shore, hoisting at the same mo ment the American colours. Scarcely, however, had this chee been uttered, when a second and more animating, was hear from a different point, and presently, dashing into the river and apparently issuing from the very heart of the wood, wa to be seen the gun boat which had been the subject of s much conversation, every stitch of her white canvass belly ing from the masts, and her dark prow buried in a wreath o foam created by her own speed. As she neared the American a column of smoke, followed a second or two later, by a dul report, rose from her bows, enveloping her a moment from the view, and when next visible she was rapidly gaining on the chase. The yells of the Indians, and the hurrahs of the soldiers gave an indescribable animation to the scene.

This was, indeed, a moment of proud triumph to the heart of Henry Grantham. He saw his brother not only freed from every ungenerous imputation, but placed in a situation to win to himself the first laurels that were to be plucked in the approaching strife. The "Canadian" as he imagined he had been superciliously termed, would be the first to reap for Britain's sons the fruits of a war in which those latter were not only the most prominent actors, but also the most interested. Already in the enthusiasm of his imagination, he pictured to *himself the* honor and promotion, which bestowed upon his

gallant brother, would be reflected upon himself, and, in the deep excitement of his feelings he could not avoid saying aloud, heedless of the presence of his uncle :

" Now, Captain Molineux, your own difficulty is removed —my brother has revenged himself. With me you will have an account to settle on my own score."

" What do you mean, Henry ?" seriously inquired Colonel D'Egville ; " surely you have not been imprudent enough to engage in a quarrel with one of your brother officers."

Henry briefly recounted the conversation which had taken place between Captain Molineux and himself.

" Far be it from my intention to check the nice sense of honor which should be inherent in the breast of every soldier," returned his uncle impressively, " but you are too sensitive, Henry ; Captain Molineux, who is, moreover, a very young man, may not have expressed himself in the most guarded manner, but he only repeated what I have been compelled to hear myself—and from persons not only older, but much higher in rank. Take my advice, therefore, and let the matter rest where it is ; Gerald, you see, has given the most practical denial to any observations which have been uttered of a nature derogatory to his honor."

" True," quickly returned the youth, with a flushing cheek, " Gerald is sufficiently avenged, but you forget the taunt he uttered against Canadians."

" And if he did utter such taunt, why acknowledge it as such," calmly rejoined Colonel D'Egville, " are you ashamed of the name ? I too am a Canadian, but so far from endeavoring to repudiate my country, I feel pride in having received my being in a land where every thing attests the sublimity and magnificence of nature. Look around you, my nephew, and ask yourself what there is in the wild grandeur of these scenes to disown ? But ha !" as he cast his eyes upon the water ; " I fear Gerald will lose his prize after all—that cunning Yankee is giving him the Indian double.

During the foregoing short conversation, an important change had been effected in the position of the adverse boats. The shot fired, apparently with the view of bringing the enemy to, had produced no favorable result; but no sooner had the gun boat come abreast with the chase, than the latter, suddenly clewing up her sails, put her helm about, and plying every oar with an exertion proportioned to the emergency, made rapidly for the coast she had recently left. The intention of the crew was, evidently to abandon the unarmed boat, and to seek safety in the woods. Urged by the rapidity of her own course, the gun boat had shot considerably ahead, and when at length she also was put about, the breeze blew so immediately in her teeth that it was found impossible to regain the advantage which had been lost. Meanwhile, the American continued her flight, making directly for the land, with a rapidity that promised fair to baffle every exertion on the part of her pursuer. The moment was one of intense interest to the crowd of spectators who lined the bank. At each instant it was expected the fire of the gun boat would open upon the fugitives; but although this was obviously the course to be adopted, it being apparent a single shot was sufficient to sink her, not a flash was visible—not a report was heard. Presently, however, while the disappointment of the spectators from the bank was rising into murmurs, a skiff filled with men was seen to pull from the gun boat in the direction taken by the chase, which was speedily hidden from view by the point of land from which the latter had previously been observed to issue. Behind this, her pursuer, also disappeared, and after the lapse of a few minutes pistol and musket shots were distinguished, although they came but faintly on the ear. These gradually became more frequent and less distinct, until suddenly there was a profound pause—then three cheers were faintly heard—and all again was still.

CHAPTER III.

A FULL half hour had succeeded to these sounds of conflict, and yet nothing could be seen of the contending boats. Doubt and anxiety now took place of the confidence that had hitherto animated the bosoms of the spectators, and even Henry Grantham—his heart throbbing painfully with emotions induced by suspense—knew not what inference to draw from the fact of his brother's protracted absence. Could it be that the American, defended as she was by a force of armed men, had succeeded, not only in defeating the aim of her pursuer, but also in capturing her? Such a result was not impossible. The enemy against whom they had to contend yielded to none in bravery; and as the small bark which had quitted the gun boat was not one third of the size of that which they pursued, it followed of necessity, that the assailants must be infinitely weaker in numbers than the assailed. Still no signal of alarm was made by the gun boat, which continued to lie to, apparently in expectation of the return of the detached portion of her crew. Grantham knew enough of his brother's character to feel satisfied that he was in the absent boat, and yet it was impossible to suppose that one so imbued with the spirit of generous enterprise should have succumbed to his enemy, after a contest of so short duration, as, from the number of shots heard, this had appeared to be. That it was terminated, there could be no doubt. The cheers, which had been followed by an universal silence, had given evidence of this fact; yet why, in that case, if his brother had been victorious, was he not already on his return? Appearances, on the other hand, seemed to induce an impression *of his* defeat. The obvious course of the

enemy, if successful, was to abandon their craft, cut off from escape by the gun boat without, and to make the best of their way through the woods, to their place of destination—the American fort of Detroit,—and, as neither party was visible, it was to be feared this object had been accomplished.

The minds of all were more or less influenced by these doubts, but that of Henry Grantham was especially disturbed. From the first appearance of the gun boat, his spirits had resumed their usual tone, for he had looked upon the fleeing bark as the certain prize of his brother, whose conquest was to afford the flattest denial to the insinuation that had been breathed against him. Moreover, his youthful pride had exulted in the reflection that the first halo of victory would play around the brow of one for whom he could have made every personal sacrifice; and now, to have those fair anticipations clouded at the very moment when he was expecting their fullest accomplishment, was almost unendurable. He felt, also, that, although his resolution was thus made to stand prominently forth, the prudence of his brother would assuredly be called in question, for having given chase with so inferior a force, when a single gun fired into his enemy must have sunk her. In the impatience of his feelings, the excited young soldier could not refrain from adding his own censure of the imprudence, exclaiming as he played his foot nervously upon the ground: "Why the devil did he not fire and sink her, instead of following in that nutshell?"

While he was yet giving utterance to his disappointment, a hasty exclamation met his ear, from the chieftain at his side, who, placing one hand on the shoulder of the officer with a familiar and meaning grasp, pointed, with the forefinger of the other, in the direction in which the boats had disappeared. Before Grantham's eye could follow, an exulting yell from the distant masses of Indians announced an advantage that was soon made obvious to all. The small dark boat of the pursuing party was now seen issuing from behind the point, *and pulling* slowly towards the gun boat. In the course of a

ninute or two afterwards appeared the American, evidently ollowing in the wake of the former, and attached by a tow line o her stern. The yell pealed forth by the Indians, when the econd boat came in view, was deafening in the extreme; nd every thing became commotion along the bank, while the ittle fleet of canoes, which still lay resting on the beach, put ff one after the other to the scene of action.

Meanwhile, both objects had gained the side of the gun oat, which, favored by a partial shifting of the wind, now ursued her course down the river with expanded sails. At- ached to her stern, and following at quarter cable distance, vas to be seen her prize, from which the prisoners had been emoved, while above the American flag was hoisted, in all he pride of a first conquest, the Union-Jack of England.

Informed of the success which had crowned the enterprise f their officer, the crews of the several vessels in the harbour welled the crowd assembled on the bank near the fort, to vhich point curiosity and a feeling of interest had moreover rought many of the town's people, so that the scene finally ecame one of great animation.

The gun boat had now arrived opposite the fort, when the mall bark, which had recently been used in pursuit, was gain drawn up to the quarter. Into this, to the surprise of ll, was first lowered a female, hitherto unobserved; next fol- owed an officer in the blue uniform of the United States egular army; then another individual, whose garb announced im as being of the militia, and whose rank as an officer was nly distinguishable from the cockade surmounting his round at, and an ornamented dagger thrust into a red morocco belt ncircling his waist. After these came the light and elegant orm of one, habited in the undress of a British naval officer, vho, with one arm supported by a black silk handkerchief, vidently taken from his throat, and suspended from his neck, nd with the other grasping the tiller of the rudder, stood pright in the boat, which, urged by six stout rowers, now lew at his *command* towards the landing place, above which

lingered, surrounded by several officers of either service, General Brock and Commodore Barclay.

"Well, Commodore, what think you of your Lieutenant now?" observed the former to his friend; "the young Canadian, you must admit, has nobly redeemed my pledge. On the score of his fidelity there could exist no doubt, and as for his courage, you see," pointing to the young man's arm, "his conquest has not been bloodless to himself, at least."

"With all my soul do I disclaim the wrong I have done him," was the emphatic and generous rejoinder. "He is, indeed, a spirited youth; and well worthy of the favorable report which led me to entrust him with the command—moreover he has an easy grace of carriage which pleased and interested me in his favor, when first I saw him. Even now, observe how courteously he bends himself to the ear of his female prisoner, as if to encourage her with words of assurance, that she may sustain the presence and yells of these clamorous beings."

The boat had now reached the beach, but the difficulty of effecting a passage, through the bands of wild Indians that crowded, yelling, in every direction, to take a nearer view of the prisoners, would, perhaps, have proved insurmountable, had it not been for the interference of one who alone possessed the secret of restraining their lawlessness. Tecumseh had descended to the beach, eager to be the first to congratulate his young friend. He pressed the hand promptly extended to receive his, and then, at a single word, made those give way whose presence impeded the landing of the party.

Pursuing their way up the rude steps by which Lieutenant Raymond had previously descended, the little band of prisoners soon stood in the presence of the group assembled to receive them. On alighting from the boat, the youthful captor had been seen to make the tender of his uninjured arm to the lady, who, however, had rejected it, with a movement, seemingly of indignant surprise, clinging in the same moment to *her more* elderly companion. A titter among the younger

officers, at Gerald Grantham's expense, had followed this somewhat rude rejection of his proffered arm.

The young sailor was the first to gain the summit of the bank. Respectfully touching his hat, and pointing to the captives, who followed a few paces as in his rear:

"General—Commodore," he observed, his cheek flushing with a consciousness of the gratifying position in which he stood, "I have the honor to present to you the first fruits of our good fortune. We have taken thirty soldiers of the American regular regiment, now in garrison at Detroit, besides the boat's crew. This gentleman," pointing to the elder officer, "is the commander of the party, and the lady I believe is——"

"Certainly a non-combatant on this occasion," interrupted the General, raising his plumed hat, and bowing to the party alluded to; "Gentlemen," he pursued, addressing the two officers, "I am sorry we do not meet exactly on the terms to which we have so long been accustomed; but, although the fortune of war has made you rather unwilling guests in the present instance, the rites of hospitality shall not be the less observed. But, Mr. Grantham, you have forgotten to introduce these officers by name."

"I plead guilty, General, but the truth is I have neglected to make the inquiry myself."

"Major Montgomerie, sir, of the United States infantry," interposed the elderly officer, completely set at his ease by the affable and attentive manner of the British leader. "This young lady is my niece."

Again the general slightly, but courteously, bowed. "I will not, Major Montgomerie, pay you the ill timed compliment of expressing pleasure in seeing you on an occasion like the present, since we must unquestionably consider you a prisoner of war; but if the young lady your niece, has any desire to continue her journey to Detroit, I shall feel pleasure in forwarding her thither under a flag of truce."

"I thank you much, General, for this mark of your attention," returned the American; "but I think I may venture to

answer for my niece, that she will prefer remaining with me."

"Not so, sir;" said a voice deep but femininely soft. "General," she continued, throwing aside her veil, which had hitherto concealed features pale even to wanness, "I have the strongest—the most urgent reasons—for the prosecution of my journey, and gladly do I accept your offer."

The earnest manner of her address struck every hearer with surprise, contrasting as it did, with the unchanging coldness of her look; but the matter was a source of serious concern to her uncle. He regarded her with an air of astonishment, not unmixed with displeasure.

"How is this, Matilda," he asked; "after having travelled thus far into the heart of this disturbed district would you now leave me?"

"Major Montgomerie," she pursued, somewhat impatiently, "we are in the presence of strangers, to whom this discussion must be uninteresting—My mind is fully made up, and I avail myself of the British General's offer."

"Certainly, certainly," observed that officer, somewhat disconcerted by the scene; "and I can do it the more readily, as it is my intention to send an instant summons to the garrison of Detroit. Miss Montgomerie will, however, do well to consider before she decides. If the summons be not obeyed, another week will see our columns marching to the assault, and she must be prepared for all the horrors of such an extremity, aided, as I am compelled to be, (and he glanced at the groups of Indians who were standing around, but at some distance, looking silently yet eagerly at the prisoners,) by these wild and ungovernable warriors. Should she, on the contrary, decide on remaining here with her uncle, she will be perfectly safe."

"General," emphatically returned Miss Montgomerie, "were I certain that the columns to which you allude would not be repulsed whenever they may venture upon that assault, *and were I* as certain of perishing beneath the tomahawk

and scalping knife of these savages"—and she looked fearlessly towards them—"still would my determination remain the same."

As she concluded a hectic spot rose to either cheek, lingered there a moment, and then left it colorless as before.

"Be it so, Miss Montgomerie, my word is pledged, and you shall go—Grantham, I had intended sending one of my personal staff with the summons, but, on reflection, you shall be the bearer. As the captor of the lady, to you should be awarded the charge of delivering her over to her friends."

"Friends!" involuntarily repeated the fair American, her cheek becoming even paler than before, and her lips compressed in a way to indicate some deep and painful emotion. Again she dropped her veil.

No other notice was taken of the interruption than what the surprised manner of Major Montgomerie manifested, and the General proceeded:

"I would ask you, Major Montgomerie, to become my guest, while you remain with us, but fear that, as a bachelor, I have but indifferent accomodation to offer to your niece."

"If Miss Montgomerie will accept it," said Colonel D'Egville, interposing, "I shall be most happy to afford her the accomodation of a home until she finally departs for the opposite coast. If the attention of a family of daughters," he continued, more immediately addressing himself to the young lady, "can render your temporary sojourn among us less tedious, you have but to command them."

So friendly an offer could not well be refused. Miss Montgomerie inclined her head in acquiescence, and Colonel D'Egville drew her arm within his own.

"It were unkind," remarked the General good humouredly, "to separate Major Montgomerie altogether from his niece. Either the young lady must partake of our rude fare, or we shall consider ourselves included in your dinner party."

"You *could not confer* on me a greater pleasure, General—

and indeed I was about to solicit it. Commodore Barclay, may I hope that so short and unceremonious an invitation will be excused by the circumstances? Good—I shall expect you. But there is yet another to be included among our guests. Gerald, you will not fail to conduct this gentleman, whose name I have not yet had the pleasure of hearing"—and he looked at the latter, as if he expected him to announce himself.

"I fear sir," observed the young officer pointedly, "that your dinner party would be little honored by such an addition. Although he wears the uniform of an American officer, this person is wholly unworthy of a seat at your table."

"Every eye was turned with an expression of deep astonishment on the speaker, and thence upon the form of the hitherto scarcely noticed militia officer; who, with his head sunk sullenly upon his chest, and an eye now and then raised stealthily to surrounding objects, made no attempt to refute, or even to express surprise at, the singular accusation of his captor.

"This is strong language to apply to a captive enemy, and that enemy, apparently, an officer," gravely remarked the General: "yet I cannot believe Mr. Grantham to be wholly without grounds for his assertion."

Before Grantham could reply, a voice in the crowd exclaimed, as if the utterer had been thrown off his guard, "what, Phil!"

On the mention of this name, the American looked suddenly up from the earth on which his gaze had been rivetted, and cast a rapid glance around him.

"Nay, nay, my young friend, do not, as I see you are, feel hurt at my observation," resumed the General extending his hand to Gerald Grantham; "I confess I did at one moment imagine that you had been rash in your assertion, but from what has this instant occurred, it is evident your prisoner is known to others as well as to yourself—No doubt *we shall have* every thing explained in due season. By the

bye, of what nature is your wound? Slight I should say, from the indifference with which you treat it.

"Slight, General—far slighter," he continued, coloring, "than the wound that was sought to be affixed to my fair name in absence."

All looked at the speaker, and at each other with surprise, for, as yet, there could have been no communication to him of the doubts which had been entertained.

"Who is it of you all, gentlemen," pursued the young man, with the same composedness of voice and manner, and turning particularly to the officers of the —— Regiment, who were grouped around their Chief; "Who is it, I ask, on whom has devolved the enviable duty of reporting me as capable of violating my faith as a subject, and my honor as an officer?"

There was no reply, although the same looks of surprise were interchanged; but, as he continued to glance his eye around the circle, it encountered, either by accident or design, that of Captain Molineux, on whose rather confused countenance the gaze of Henry Grantham was at that moment bent with an expression of much meaning.

"No one answers," continued the youth; "then the sting has been harmless. But I crave your pardon, General—I am claiming an exemption from censure which may not be conceded by all. Commodore, how shall I dispose of my prisoners?"

"Not so, Mr. Grantham; you have sufficiently established your right to repose, and I have already issued the necessary instructions. Yet, while you have nobly acquitted yourself of *your* duty, let me also perform *mine*. Gentlemen," he continued, addressing the large circle of officers, "I was the first to comment on Mr. Grantham's supposed neglect of duty, and to cast a doubt on his fidelity. That I was wrong I admit, but right I trust will be my reparation, and whatever momentary pain he may experience in knowing that he has been thus unjustly judged, it will I am sure be more

than compensated for, when he hears that by General Brock himself his defence was undertaken, even to the pledging of his own honor—Mr. Grantham," concluded the gallant officer, "how you have obtained your knowledge of the conversation that passed here, during your absence, is a mystery I will not now pause to inquire into, but I would fain apologize for the wrong I have done. Have I your pardon?"

At the commencement of this address, the visible heaving of his full chest, the curling of his proud lip, and the burning flush of his dark cheek, betrayed the mortification Gerald felt, in having been placed in a position to be judged thus unjustly; but, as the Commodore proceeded, this feeling gradually passed away, and when the warm defence of his conduct, by the General, was alluded to, closed as the information was with a request for pardon, his temporary annoyance was banished, and he experienced only the generous triumph of one who is conscious of having won his way, through calumny and slander, to the well merited approbation of all right minded men.

"Come, come," interposed the General, more touched than he was willing to appear by the expressive manner in which the only hand of the Commodore now grasped that of his Lieutenant, and perceiving that the latter was about to reply; "We will defer all further explanation until a later period. But, before we depart, this person must be disposed of—Major Montgomerie, excuse my asking if you will be personally responsible for your fellow prisoner?"

"Certainly not," returned the Major quickly, and with something like alarm at the required responsibility; "that is to say, he does not belong to the United States regular service, and I know nothing of him. Indeed, I never saw him before last night, when he joined me with a verbal message from Detroit."

Hitherto the individual spoken of had preserved an unbroken silence, keeping, as we have already shown, his gaze

rivetted on the ground, except at intervals when he seemed to look around, with an eye of suspicion, as if to measure the distance that separated him from the groups of Indians in the background. The disclaimer of the Major had, however, the effect of restoring to him the use of his tongue. Casting his uncertain eye on the gentlemanly person of the latter he exclaimed, in a tone of insufferable vulgarity;

"I'll tell you what it is, Mister Major—you may think yourself a devilish fine feller, but I guess as how an officer of the Michigan Militia is just as good and as spry as any blue coat in the United States rig'lars; so there's that (snapping his fingers) for pretendin' not to know me."

"An ill suppressed titter pervaded the group of British officers—the General alone preserving his *sérieux*.

"May I ask your name?" he demanded.

"I guess, Giniril, it's Paul, Emilius, Theophilus, Arnoldi; Ensign in the United States Michigan Militia," was answered with a volubility strongly in contrast with the preceding silence of the speaker.

"Then, Mr. Arnoldi, as an officer in the American Militia, you shall enjoy your liberty on parole. I need not, I presume, sir, point out to you the breach of private honor and national faith consequent on any violation of that parole."

"I guess not, Giniril, for, I take it, the word of a Michigan Militia officer is as good as that of any United States rig'lar, as ever stepped in shoe leather."

Another very pardonable disposition, on the part of the younger officers to indulge in mirth, was interrupted by the General, desiring a young aid-de-camp to procure the necessary billet and accomodation for Ensign Arnoldi.

These two individuals having moved away in search of the required lodging, the General, with his staff and prisoner guests, withdrew towards the fort. Their departure was the signal for the breaking up of the groups; and all dispersed to their several homes, and in pursuit of their various duties. The recently *arrived Indians* were distributed throughout the

encampment, already occupied as we have described, and the prisoners taken in the morning were provided with suitable accommodation.

As Colonel D'Egville was about to enter the gate of the fort, with his fair charge leaning on his arm, Gerald Grantham approached the party, with the intention of addressing the General in regard to the prisoner Arnoldi; but finding him engaged in close conversation with Major Montgomerie, he lingered, as if awaiting a fitting opportuuity to open the subject.

While he yet loitered the eye of Miss Montgomerie met his. What it expressed we will not venture to describe, but its effect upon the young officer was profound. The moment before, discouraged by her apparent reserve, he had stood coldly by, but now startled into animation, he bent upon her an earnest and corresponding look; then with a wild tumult at his heart, which he neither sought to stifle nor to analyze, and wholly forgetting what had brought him to the spot, he turned and joined his brother, who, at a short distance, stood awaiting his return.

CHAPTER IV.

At the garrison mess table that evening the occurrences of the day naturally formed a chief topic of conversation; and a variety of conjectures, more or less probable, regarding the American lady, were hazarded by the officers, to some of whom she had become an object of curiosity, as she had to others of interest. This conversation, necessarily *parenthèsed* with much extraneous matter, in the nature of rapid demands for solids and liquids, during the interesting period devoted to the process of mastication, finally assumed a more regular character when the cloth had been removed, and the attendants retired.

"If a am at all a joodge of pheesogs, and a flatter meself a am," said a raw-boned Scotch Captain of Grenadiers, measuring six feet two in his stockings, "yon geerl has a bit of the deevil in her ee, therefor, me lads, tak heed that nane o' ye lose yer heerts to her."

"Why not, Cranstoun?" asked a young officer.

"Becoose, Veelliers, she seems to have art enoof, and, to gi' the witch her due, beauty enoof to mak' a mon play the fule, an' she tak it into her heed.

"By George, you are right, Cranstoun," said a remarkably bow-legged, shoulder-of-mutton-fisted, Ensign, whose sharp face, glowing as a harvest moon, made one feel absolutely hot in his presence—a sensation that was by no means diminished by his nasal tone and confident manner; "I have no fancy for your pale faced people who, even while their eyes are flashing anger upon all around, show you a cheek as cold and as pale as a turnip—they're alway so cursed deep. Don't you think so *Granville*, old fellow?

"Too deep for you I dare say, Mr. Langley," observed the officer last named, (a Captain of Light Infantry) with a slight degree of sarcasm, for he liked not the vulgar familiarity of the recently-joined Ensign's address; "however, be that as it may, I will wager a score of flour barrels, or even pork barrels, if you prefer them, that you cannot show me a finer girl. Were I a marrying man," he continued addressing his companions generally, "I do not know a woman I would sooner choose to share my barrack room with me."

"Bravo! bravo! propose to her Granville propose! propose!" shouted two or three young and joyous voices, amid the loud clapping of hands; "but what do you mean by offering Langley so singular a bet?"

"Ask himself," replied Captain Granville drily? "he knows the value of these things, if you do not. Besides we live in a country where most dealings are in produce. But," he continued, adverting to the first remark, and without seeming to notice the flush upon the red face of Ensign Langley, which momentarily increased until it finally assumed a purple hue—"What the devil should I do with a wife. Nay, even if I felt so inclined, I saw her give Gerald Grantham a look that would carry disappointment to the hopes of any other man—What say you, Henry," addressing his subaltern. "How would you like her for a sister-in-law?"

"Not at all," was the grave reply.

"Apropos," continued Captain Granville, who filled the president's chair—"we ought to have toasted your brother's gallant exploit—Gentlemen, fill your glasses—all full?—Then I will give you the health of Lieutenant Grantham of the squadron."

The toast was responded to by all but Captain Molineux—His glass had been filled and raised, but its contents remained untasted.

The omission was too marked not to be noticed by more than one of the party, Henry Grantham, whose eye had been *fixed upon Cap*tain Molineux at the time, of course detected

the slight—He sat for some minutes conversing with an unusual and evidently forced animation, then, excusing his early departure under the plea of an engagement with his brother, rose and quitted the mess room.

"What ha' ye doon wi' the oogly loot ye took chairge of, De Courcy?" inquired Captain Cranstoun, interrupting the short and meaning pause which had succeeded to Grantham's departure.

"Why, I calculate Captain," returned the lively aid-de-camp, imitating the nasal drawl and language which had called up so much mirth, even in presence of the General—"I calculate as how I have introduced Ensign Paul, Emilius, Theophilus, Arnoldi, of the United States Michigan Militia, into pretty considerable snug quarters—I have billeted him at the inn, in which he had scarcely set foot, when his first demand was for a glass of "gin sling," wherewith to moisten his partick'lar damn'd hot, baked clay."

"What a vulgar and uncouth animal," observed St. Clair, a Captain of Engineers—"I am not at all surprised at Major Montgomerie's disinclination to acknowledge him as a personal acquaintance."

"It is to be hoped," said De Courcy, "we shall not encounter many such during the approaching struggle, for, since we have been driven into this war, it will be a satisfaction to find ourselves opposed to an enemy rather more chivalrous than this specimen seems to promise."

"Nay, nay, De Courcy," remarked Captain Granville, "you must not judge of the American officers of the line by the standard of their backwoodsmen; as, for example, Major Montgomerie and the person just alluded to. Last winter," he continued, "there was a continued interchange of hospitality between the two posts, and, had you been here to participate in them, you would have admitted that, among the officers of Detroit, there were many very superior men indeed."

"Pleasant ball that last they gave," said Lieutenant Villiers with a malicious laugh, and fixing his eyes on the Captain of Grenadiers.

"The deevil tak' the ball," impatiently retorted Cranstoun, who did not seem to relish the allusion; "doont talk aboot it noo, mon."

"What was it, Villiers? do pray tell us. Something good, I am sure from Cranstoun's manner," eagerly asked the aid-de-camp, his curiosity excited by the general titter that followed the remark.

"Shall I tell him, Cranstoun?" asked Villiers in the same bantering tone.

"Hoot mon, doon't bother me," petulantly returned the other, as thrusting his long legs under the table, and turning his back upon the questioner he joined, or affected to join, in a conversation that was passing, in a low tone, at his end of the room.

"I must premise," began Villiers, addressing himself to the attentively listening De Courcy, "that such is the mania for dancing in this country, scarcely any obstacle is sufficient to deter a Canadian lady, particularly a French Canadian, from indulging in her favorite amusement. It is, therefore, by no means unusual to see women drawn in sleighs over drifting masses of ice, with chasms occasionally occurring of from fifteen to twenty feet; and that at a moment when, driven by wind and current, the huge fragments are impelled over each other with a roar that can only be likened to continuous thunder, forming, in various directions, lofty peaks from which the sun's rays are reflected in a thousand fantastic shades and shapes. On these occasions the sleighs, or carioles, are drawn, not as otherwise customary, by the fast trotting little horses of the country, but by expert natives whose mode of transport is as follows: A strong rope is fastened to the extremity of the shafts, and into this the French Canadian, buried to the chin in his blanket coat, and provided with a long pole terminating in an iron hook, harnesses himself, by first drawing the loop of the cord over the back of his neck, and then passing it under his arms—In this manner does he traverse the floating ice, stepping from mass to mass with a *rapidity* that affords no time for the detached fragment to

ık under the weight with which it is temporarily laden— : the iron-shod runners obey the slightest impulsion, the ıught is light; and the only fatigue encountered is in the t of bringing the detached bodies together. Wherever an ening intervenes, the Canadian throws forward his pole, d, securing the pointed hook in some projection of the float- g ice, drags it towards that on the extreme verge of which stands. In like manner he passes on to the next, when the me operation remains to be performed, until the passage is ıally effected. Sometimes it happens that a chasm of more an ordinary extent occurs, in which case the pole is unavail- le, and then his only alternative is to wait patiently until me distant mass, moving in a direction to fill up the inter- ice, arrives within his reach. In the meanwhile the ice on hich he stands sinks slowly and gradually, until sometimes quite disappears beneath the surface of the water."

"And the women, all this time?" demanded De Courcy, ith something of the nervousness, which might be att:- ıted to such a situation.

"Sit as quietly and as unconcernedly, wrapped in their furs, ı if they were merely taking their customary drive on terra ma," continued Villiers, "nay, I am persuaded that if they ver entertain an anxiety on those occasions, it is either least ıe absence of one of these formidable masses should compel ıem to abandon an enterprize, the bare idea of entering upon hich would give an European woman an attack of nerves, : that the delayed aid should be a means of depriving them f one half minute of their anticipated pleasure."

"Why," interrupted Middlemore, despite of a dozen ohs nd ahs—"why, I say, is Villiers like a man of domestic abits? Do you give it up? Because he is fond of dwel- ng on his own premises."

"Middlemore, when will you renounce that vile habit of unning?" said De Courcy with an earnestness of adjuration hat excited a general laugh at his end of the table—"Come, 'illiers, never *mind his nonsense*, for your premises, although

a little long, are not without deep interest—but what has all this to do with our good friend above?"

"You shall hear. After a succession of balls last winter, to which the ladies on either shore were invariably invited, the concluding one was given by the officers in garrison at Detroit. This was at the very close of the season, and it chanced that, on the preceding night, the river had broken up, so that the roar and fracas of crashing ice, might have been likened, during forty eight hours afterwards, to some terrible disorganization of nature. Nothing daunted, however, by the circumstance, many of the Canadian ladies made the usual preparations, and amongst others the Miss D'Egvilles."

Here Villiers paused a moment, and with a significant "hem," sought to arouse the attention of the Grenadier; but Cranstoun, insensible to the appeal, and perhaps unwilling to listen to a story that occasioned so much mirth whenever it was repeated continued with his back immovably turned towards the speaker.

"All very well," pursued Villiers:—"but we know the adage—'none so deaf as those who will not hear'—I have said," again turning to De Courcy, while those who were near, listened not without interest to the story, familiar even as it was to them all, "that the Miss D'Egvilles were of the party—At that time our friend was doing the amiable to the lively Julia, although we never could persuade him to confess his penchant; and, on this occasion, he had attached himself to their immediate sleigh. Provided, like the Canadians, with poles terminated by an iron hook at one end and a spike at the other, we made our way after their fashion, but in quicker time than they possibly could, harnessed as they were in the sledges. With the aid of these poles, we cleared, with facility, chasms of from ten to twelve feet, and, alighting on our moccasined feet, seldom incurred much risk of losing our hold—Our ball dresses were taken in charge by the ladies, so that our chief care was the safe passage of our own persons. We all arrived without accident,

and passed a delightful evening, the American officers exerting themselves to give the *coup d'éclat* to the last ball of the season."

"Yes," interrupted the incorrigible Middlemore, as he cracked a hickory nut, "and the balls reserved for us this season will also carry with them the *coup de grass*."

"The night," pursued Villiers, no one noticing the interruption save by an impatient 'pish,' "gave every indication of a speedy break up. The ice yet floated along in disjoined masses, but with even greater rapidity than on the preceding day. Two alternatives remained—either to attempt the crossing before further obstacle should be interposed, or to remain in Detroit until the river had been so far cleared of the ice as to admit of a passage in canoes. With our leaping poles, we were not so much at a loss, but the fear entertained was principally for the safety of the sleighs. Nothing dismayed, however, by the dangerous appearance of the river, the ladies, after due deliberation, courageously resolved on returning without delay, and we accordingly set out on our somewhat hazardous expedition.

"Notwithstanding it was, as I have already remarked, the close of winter, the cold was intense, and we were warmly clad. I do not know if you have ever seen Cranstoun's huge bear skin coat, (an affirmative nod was given by De Courcy,) well: in this formidable covering had he encased himself, so that when he quitted the town, surmounted as his head was moreover with a fur cap, he presented more of the appearance of a dancing bear than of a human creature. In this guise he attached himself to the sleigh of the D'Egvilles, which, in crossing, happened to be the farthest down the river, of the group."

"What a domn'd loong time ye are teelling that stoopid stoory Veelliers," at length noticed Cranstoun, wheeling round and regarding the narrator with a look of ill assumed indifference, "a coold a toold it mysel in half the time."

"I am afraid you would not tell it so faithfully" replied

Lieutenant Villiers, amid the loud laugh which was now raised at Cranstoun's expense. "You see it is so good a thing I like to make the most of it."

Here Cranstoun again turned his back upon the party, and Villiers pursued,

"The main body of the expedition had got nearly half way across the river, when suddenly our ears were assailed by moanings, resembling those of some wild beast, mingled with incessant and ungovernable laughter. Checking our course, and turning to behold the cause, we observed, about a hundred yards below us, the sledge of the D'Egvilles, from which the almost convulsive laughter proceeded, and at a considerable distance beyond this again, an object the true character of which we were some time in discovering.

"It appeared, on subsequent explanation, that Cranstoun, who had been whispering soft nothings in the ear of Julia D'Egville, (here the Captain was observed to prick his ear without materially altering his position) hem! Cranstoun, I say, it appeared had also taken it into his head to give her a specimen of his agility, by an attempt to clear a space between two masses of ice of somewhat too great a breadth for a heavy grenadier, buttoned up to the chin in a ponderous bear skin coat. He succeeded in gaining the opposite piece of ice, but had no sooner reached it, than he fell, entangled in such a manner in his covering that he found it impossible to extricate himself. To add to his disaster, the force of his fall broke off, from the main body, the section of ice on which he rested. Borne down by the current, in spite of his vain struggles to free himself, he was unable even to call for aid, his fingers moreover being so benumbed with cold that he found it impossible to unbutton the straps which confined his mouth. In this emergency he could only utter the strange and unintelligible moan which had reached our ears, and which, mingled with the bursts of laughter from Julia D'Egville, formed a most incongruous melange.

"*The best* of the adventure remains, however, to be told.

Numbers of the peasantry from either shore, provided with poles, guns, and ropes, were now to be seen rushing towards the half congealed Cranstoun, fully imagining—nay exclaiming—that it was a wild bear, which, in an attempt to cross the river, had had its retreat cut off, and was now, from insensibility, rendered harmless. Disputes even arose in the distance as to whom the prize should belong, each pursuer claiming to have seen it first. Nay, more than one gun had been levelled with a view of terminating all doubt by lodging a bullet in the carcase, when, fortunately for the subject in dispute, this proposal was overruled by the majority, who were more anxious to capture than to slay the supposed bear. Meanwhile the Canadian, harnessed to the sleigh of the D'Egvilles, roared out with all his lungs for the two parties to hasten to the assistance of the drowning British officer. In the confusion produced by their own voices, however, they did not appear to hear or understand him; yet all pursued the aim they had in view. Cranstoun's body was so doubled up that it was impossible for any one, who had not witnessed the accident, to imagine it any thing in nature but a bear; and this impression, the strange moaning he continued to make, tended to confirm.

"The party of Canadians, favored by the nature of their floating ice-bridges, were the first to come up to him. A desperate effort of his cramped muscles had enabled Cranstoun to extend one of his legs, at the moment when they were about to throw a noose round his neck, and this was the first intimation the astonished peasantry had of their supposed prize being a human being, instead of the fat bear they had expected. Poor Cranstoun was of course liberated from his 'durance vile,' but so chilled from long immersion, that he could not stand without assistance, and it was not until one of their companions had approached with a sleigh that he could be removed. He kept his bed three days, as much I believe from vexation as illness, and has never worn his unlucky bear skin since; neither has he for-

given Julia D'Egville the laugh she enjoyed at his expense. Cranstoun," he concluded, "you may turn now, the story is told."

But Cranstoun, apparently heedless of the laugh that followed this—as indeed it did every—narration of the anecdote, was not to be shaken from his equanimity. He continued silent and unmoved, as if he had not heard a word of the conclusion.

"Poor Cranstoun," exclaimed the joyous De Courcy, in a strain of provoking banter, "what an unfortunate leap that was of yours; and how delighted you must have felt when you again stepped on terra firma."

"I don't wonder at his leap being unfortunate," observed Middlemore, all eyes fixed upon him in expectation of what was to follow, "for Julia D'Egville can affirm that, while paying his court to her, he had not chosen a *leap year*."

While all were as usual abusing the far strained pun, a note was brought in by the head waiter and handed to the punster. The officer read it attentively, and then, with an air of seriousness which in him was remarkable, tossed it across the table to Captain Molineux, who, since the departure of Henry Grantham, had been sitting with his arms folded, apparently buried in profound thought, and taking no part either in the conversation or the laughter which accompanied it. A faint smile passed over his features, as, after having read, he returned, it with an assentient nod to Middlemore. Shortly afterwards, availing himself of the opportunity afforded by the introduction of some fresh topic of conversation, he quitted his seat, and whispering something in the ear of Villiers, left the mess room. Soon after, the latter officer disappeared from the table, and in a few moments his example was followed by Middlemore.

CHAPTER V.

THE dinner party at Colonel D'Egville's was composed in a manner to inspire an English exclusive with irrepressible horror. At the suggestion of General Brock, Tecumseh had been invited, and, with him, three other celebrated Indian chiefs, whom we beg to introduce to our readers under their familiar names—Split-log—Round-head—and Walk-in-the-water—all of the formidable nation of the Hurons. In his capacity of superintendant of Indian affairs, Colonel D'Egville had been much in the habit of entertaining the superior chiefs, who, with a tact peculiar to men of their sedate and serious character, if they displayed few of the graces of European polish, at least gave no manifestation of an innate vulgarity. As it may not be uninteresting to the reader to have a slight sketch of the warriors, we will attempt the portraiture.

The chief Split-log, who indeed should rather have been named Split-ear, as we shall presently show, was afflicted with an aldermanic rotundity of person, by no means common among his race, and was one, who from his love of ease and naturally indolent disposition, seemed more fitted to take his seat in the council than to lead his warriors to battle. Yet was he not, in reality, the inactive character he appeared, and more than once, subsequently, he was engaged in expeditions of a predatory nature, carrying off the customary spoils. We cannot impart a better idea of the head of the warrior, than by stating, that we never recal that of the gigantic Memnon, in the British Museum, without being forcibly reminded of Split-log's. The Indian, however, was notorious for a peculiarity which the Egyptian had not. So enormous a head,

seeming to require a corresponding portion of the several organs, nature had, in her great bounty, provided him with a nose, which, if it equalled not that of Smellfungus in length, might, in height and breadth, have laughed it utterly to scorn. Neither was it a single, but a double nose—two excrescences, equalling in bulk a moderate sized lemon, and of the spongy nature of a mushroom, bulging out, and lending an expression of owlish wisdom to his otherwise heavy features. As on that of the Memnon, not a vestige of a hair was to be seen on the head of Split-log. His lips were, moreover, of the same unsightly thickness, while the elephantine ear had been slit in such a manner, that the pliant cartilage, yielding to the weight of several ounces of lead which had for years adorned it, now lay stretched, and coquetting with the brawny shoulder on which it reposed. Such was the Huron, or Wyandot Chief, whose cognomen of Split-log had, in all probability, been derived from his facility in "suiting the action to the word;" for, in addition to his gigantic nose, he possessed a fist, which in size and strength might have disputed the palm with Maximilian himself: although his practice had chiefly been confined to knocking down his drunken wives, instead of oxen."

The second Chief, Round-head, who, by the way, was the principal in reputation after Tecumseh, we find the more difficulty in describing from the fact of his having had few or none of those peculiarities which we have, happily for our powers of description, been enabled to seize hold of in Split-log. His name we believe to have been derived from that indispensable portion of his frame. His eye was quick, even penetrating, and his stern brow denoted intelligence and decision of character. His straight, coal black, hair, cut square over the forehead, fell long and thickly over his face and shoulders. This, surmounted by a round slouched hat, ornamented with an eagle's feather, which he ordinarily wore and had not even now dispensed with, added to a *blue capote* or hunting frock, produced a *tout ensemble*, which

cannot be more happily rendered than by a comparison with one of his puritanical sly-eyed namesakes of the English Revolution.

Whether our third hero, Walk-in-the-water, derived his name from any aquatic achievement which could possibly give a claim to its adoption, we have no means of ascertaining; but certain it is that in his features he bore a striking resemblance to the portraits of Oliver Cromwell. The same small, keen, searching eye—the same iron inflexibility of feature, together with the long black hair escaping from beneath the slouched hat, (for Walk-in-the-water, as well as Round-head, was characterized by an unconscious imitation of the Roundheads of the revolution)—all contributed to render the resemblance as perfect, as perfection of resemblance can be obtained where the physical, and not the moral, man, forms the ground of contrast.

Far above these in nobleness of person, as well as in brilliancy of intellect, was the graceful Tecumseh. Unlike his companions, whose dress was exceedingly plain, he wore his jerkin or hunting coat, of the most beautifully soft and pliant deer skin, on which were visible a variety of tasteful devices exquisitely embroidered with the stained quills of the porcupine. A shirt of dazzling whiteness was carefully drawn over his expansive chest, and in his equally white shawl-turban was placed an ostrich feather, the prized gift of the lady of the mansion. On all occasions of festivity, and latterly in the field, he was wont thus to decorate himself; and never did the noble warrior appear to greater advantage than when habited in this costume. The contrast it offered to his swarthy cheek and mobile features, animated as they were by the frequent flashing of his eagle eye, seldom failed to excite admiration in the bosoms of all who saw him.

The half hour that elapsed between the arrival of the several guests and the announcement of dinner, was passed under the influence of feelings almost as various in kind as the party itself. Messieurs Split-log, Round-head, and Walk-

in-the-water, fascinated by the eagles on the buttons of Major Montgomerie's uniform, appeared to regard that officer, as if they saw no just cause or impediment why certain weapons dangling at their sides should not be made to perform, and that without delay, an incision in the cranium of their proprietor. True, there was a difficulty. The veteran Major was partially bald, and wanted the top knot or scalping tuft, which to a true warrior was indispensable ; not that we mean to insinuate that either of these chiefs would so far have forgotten the position in which that gentleman stood, as to have been tempted into any practical demonstration of their hostility : but there was a restlessness about the eye of each that, much like the instinct of the cat, which regards with natural avidity the bird that is suffered to go at large within his reach, without daring openly to attack it, betrayed the internal effort it cost them to lose sight of the enemy in the prisoner and friend of their superintendant. The Major, on the other hand, although satisfied he was under the roof of hospitality, did not at first appear altogether at his ease, but, while he conversed with the English officers, turned ever and anon an eye of distrust on the movements of his swarthy fellow guests. On the arrival of Tecumseh, who, detained until a late hour by the arrangements he had been making for the encampment and supplies of his new force, was the last to make his appearance, the Major's doubts passed entirely away. It was impossible to be in the presence of this chieftain, and fail, even without any other index to his soul than what the candour of his expression afforded, to entertain all the security that man may repose on man. He had in him, it is true, too much of the sincerity of nature to make any thing like a friendly advance to one of a people to whom he owed all the misfortunes of his race, and for whom he had avowed an inextinguishable hostility of heart and purpose; but, unless when this might with strict propriety be exercised, the spirit of his vengeance extended not; and not only would

e have scorned to harm a fallen foe, but his arm would have been the first uplifted in his defence.

Notwithstanding the glance of intelligence which Captain Granville had remarked, and which we had previously stated to have been directed by Miss Montgomerie to her captor a few hours before, there was nothing in her manner during dinner to convey the semblance of a prepossession. True, that in the tumultuous glow of gratified vanity and dawning love, Gerald Grantham had executed a toilet into which, with a view to the improvement of the advantage he imagined himself to have gained, all the justifiable coquetry of personal embellishment had been thrown; but neither the handsome blue uniform with its glittering epaulette, nor the beautiful hair on which more than usual pains had been bestowed, nor the sparkling of his dark eye, nor the expression of a cheek, rendered doubly animated by excitement, nor the interestingly displayed arm *en écharpe*—none of these attractions, we repeat, seemed to claim even a partial notice from her they were intended to captivate. Cold, colourless, passionless, Miss Montgomerie met him with the calmness of an absolute stranger; and when, with the recollection of the indescribable look she had bestowed upon him glowing at his heart, Gerald again sought in her eyes some trace of the expression that had stirred every vein into transport, he found there indifference the most complete. How great his mortification was we will not venture to describe, but the arch and occasional raillery of his lively cousin, Julia D'Egville, seemed to denote most plainly that the conqueror and the conquered had exchanged positions.

Nor was this surprising; Miss Montgomerie's travelling habit had been discarded for the more decorative ornaments of a dinner toilet, in which, however, the most marked simplicity was preserved. A plain white muslin dress gave full developement to a person, which was of a perfection that no dress could have disguised. It was the bust of a Venus, united to a form, *to create which would* have taxed the imaginative

powers of a Praxiteles—a form so faultlessly moulded that every movement presented some new and unpremeditated grace. What added to the surpassing richness of her beauty was her hair, which, black, glossy, and of eastern luxuriance, and seemingly disdaining the girlishness of curls, reposed in broad Grecian bands, across a brow, the intellectual expression of which they contributed to form. Yet, never did woman exhibit in her person and face, more opposite extremes of beauty. If the one was strikingly characteristic of warmth, the other was no less indicative of coldness. Fair, even to paleness, were her cheek and forehead, which wore an appearance of almost marble immobility, save when, in moments of oft recurring abstraction, a slight but marked contraction of the brow betrayed the existence of a feeling, indefinable indeed by the observer, but certainly unallied to softness. Still was she beautiful—coldly, classically, beautiful—eminently calculated to inspire passion, but seemingly incapable of feeling it.

The coldness of Miss Montgomerie's manner was no less remarkable. Her whole demeanour was one of abstraction. It seemed as if heedless, not only of ceremony, but of courtesy, her thoughts and feelings were far from the board of whose hospitality she was partaking. Indeed, the very few remarks she made during dinner referred to the period of departure of the boat, in which she was to be conveyed to Detroit, and on this subject she displayed an earnestness, which, even Grantham thought, might have been suppressed in the presence of his uncle's family. Perhaps he felt piqued at her readiness to leave him.

Under these circumstances, the dinner was not, as might be expected, particularly gay. There was an *embarras* among all, which even the circulating wine did not wholly remove. Major Montgomerie was nearly as silent as his niece. Mrs. D'Egville, although evincing all the kindness of her really benevolent nature—a task in which she was assisted by her amiable daughters, still felt that the reserve of her

uest insensibly produced a corresponding effect upon herself, vhile Colonel D'Egville, gay, polished, and attentive, as he sually was, could not wholly overcome an apprehen- ion that the introduction of the Indian Chiefs had given ffence to both uncle and niece. Still, it was impossible to ave acted otherwise. Independently of his strong personal ttachment to Tecumseh, considerations involving the safety f the Province, threatened as it was, strongly demanded hat the leading Chiefs should be treated with the respect ue to their station; and moreover, while General Brock, and ommodore Barclay were present, there could be no ground or an impression that slight was intended. Both these of- cers saw the difficulty under which their host laboured, and ought by every gentlemanly attention, to remove whatever npleasantness might lurk in the feelings of his American uests.

The dessert brought with it but little addition to the anima- ion of the party, and it was a relief to all, when, after a toast roposed by the General, to the "Ladies of America," Mrs.)'Egville made the usual signal for withdrawing.

As soon as they had departed, followed a moment or two fterwards by Tecumseh and Gerald Grantham, Messieurs plit-log, Round-head, and Walk-in-the-Water, deliberately aking their pipe-bowl tomahawks from their belts, pro- eeded to fill them with kinni-kinnick, a mixture of irginia tobacco, and odoriferous herbs, than which no erfume can be more fragrant. Amid the clouds of smoke uffed from these at the lower end of the table, where had een placed a supply of whiskey, their favorite liquor— id Colonel D'Egville and his more civilized guests quaff heir claret; more gratified than annoyed by the savoury at- osphere wreathing around them, while, taking advantage f the early departure of the abstemious Tecumseh, they iscussed the merits of that Chief, and the policy of employ- ng the Indians as allies, as will be seen in the following hapter:—

CHAPTER VI.

"What a truly noble looking being," observed M
Montgomerie, as he followed with his eye the receding f
of the athletic but graceful Tecumseh. "Do you kr
Colonel D'Egville, I could almost forgive your nephew
success of this morning, in consideration of the pleasur
has procured me in this meeting."

Colonel D'Egville looked the gratification he felt at
avowal. "I am delighted, Major Montgomerie, to hear
say so. My only fear was that, in making those Chiefs
my guests, at the same moment with yourself and niec
might have unconsciously appeared to slight, where sl
was certainly not intended. You must be aware, howe
of the rank held by them among their respective
tions, and of their consequent claim upon the attention of
to whom the Indian interests have been delegated."

"My dear sir," interrupted the Major, eager to disch
"I trust you have not mistaken me so far, as to have imp
a reserve of speech and manner during dinner, to whi
cannot but plead guilty, to a fastidiousness which, situ
as I am, (and he bowed to the General, and Commod
would have been wholly misplaced. My distraction,
donable perhaps under all the circumstances, was prod
entirely by a recurrence to certain inconveniences wh
I felt might arise to me from my imprisonment. The c
tive bird," he pursued, while a smile for the first time
imated his very fine countenance, "will pine within its c
however gilded the wires which compose it. In every se
my experience of to-day only leads me to the expressio

a hope, that all whom the chances of war may throw into a similar position, may meet with a similar reception."

"Since," observed the General, "your private affairs are of the importance you express, Major Montgomerie, you shall depart with your niece. Perhaps I am rather exceeding my powers in this respect, but, however this may be, I shall take the responsibility on myself. You will hold yourself pledged, of course, to take no part against us in the forthcoming struggle, until you have been regularly exchanged for whatever officer of your own rank, may happen to fall into the hands of your countrymen. I shall dispatch an express to the Commander-in-Chief, to intimate this fact, requesting at the same time, that your name may be put down in the first list for exchange."

Major Montgomerie warmly thanked the General for his kind offer, of which he said he should be glad to avail himself, as he did not like the idea of his niece proceeding without him to Detroit, where she was an entire stranger. This, he admitted, determined as she had appeared to be, was one of the unpleasant subjects of his reflection during dinner.

With a view of turning the conversation, and anxious moreover, to obtain every information on the subject, the General now inquired in what estimation Tecumseh was generally held in the United States.

"Among the more intelligent classes of our citizens, in the highest possible," was the reply; "but by those who are not so capable of judging, and who only see, in the indomitable courage and elevated talents of the patriot hero, the stubborn inflexibility of the mere savage, he is looked upon far less flatteringly. By all, however, is he admitted to be formidable without parallel, in the history of Indian warfare. His deeds are familiar to all, and his name is much such a bugbear to American childhood, as Marlborough's was in France, and Napoleon's is in England. It is a source of much regret to our Government never to have been enabled to conciliate this extraordinary man."

"What more feasible," remarked the General, but with a tone and manner that could not possibly give offence; "had not the difficulty been of its own creation? Treaty after treaty, you must admit, Major, had been made and violated under various pretexts, while the real motive—the aggrandizement of territories already embracing a vast portion of their early possessions—was carefully sought to be concealed from these unfortunate people. How was it to be expected then that a man, whom the necessities of his country had raised up to itself in the twofold character of statesman and warrior—one gifted with a power of analyzing motives which has never been surpassed in savage life—how, I ask, was it to be expected that he, with all these injuries of aggression staring him in the face, should have been won over by a show of conciliation, which long experience, independently of his matured judgment, must have assured him was only held forth to hoodwink, until fitting opportunity should be found for again throwing off the mask."

"To the charge of violating treaties," returned Major Montgomerie, who took the opposite argument in perfectly good part, "I fear, General, our Government must to a certain extent plead guilty—much, however, remains to be said in excuse. In the first place, it must be borne in mind that the territory of the United States, unlike the kingdoms of Europe, has no fixed or settled boundary whereby to determine its own relative bearing. True it is, that we have the Canadas on one portion of our frontier, but this being a fixed line of demarcation, there can exist no question as to a mutual knowledge of the territorial claims of both countries. Unlike that of the old world, however, our population is rapidly progressing, and where are we to find an outlet for the surplus of that population unless, unwilling as we are to come into collision with our more civilized neighbours, we can push them forward into the interior. In almost all the contracts entered into by our Government with the Indians, large sums have been given for the lands ceded by the latter. This was at

once, of course, a tacit and mutual revocation of any antecedent arrangements, and if instances have occurred wherein the sacredness of treaty has been violated, it has only been where the Indians have refused to part with their lands for the proffered consideration and when those lands have been absolutely indispensable to our agricultural purposes. Then indeed has it been found necessary to resort to force. That this principle of "might being the better right," may be condemned *in limine* it is true, but how otherwise, with a superabundant population, can we possibly act?"

"A superabundance of territory, I grant you, but surely not of population," remarked the Commodore; "were the citizens of the United States condensed into the space allotted to Europeans, you might safely dispense with half the Union at this moment."

"And what advantages should we then derive from the possession of nearly a whole continent to ourselves?"

"Every advantage that may be reaped consistently with common justice. What would be thought in Europe, if, for instance to illustrate a point, and assuming these two countries to be in a state of profound peace, Spain, on the principle of might, should push her surplus population into Portugal, compelling the latter kingdom to retire back on herself, and crowd her own subjects into the few provinces that might yet be left to them."

"I cannot admit the justice of your remark, Commodore," returned Major Montgomerie, gradually warming into animation; "Both are civilized powers, holding the same rank and filling nearly the same scale among the nations of Europe. Moreover, there does not exist the same difference in the natural man. The uneducated negro is, from infancy and long custom, doomed to slavery, wherefore should the copper coloured Indian be more free? But my argument points not at their subjection. I would merely show that, incapable of benefitting by the advantages *of the soil they inherit*, they should learn to yield it with

a good grace to those who can. Their wants are few, and interminable woods yet remain to them, in which their hunting pursuits may be indulged without a fear of interruption."

"That it will be long," observed the General, "before, in so vast a continent, they will be without a final resting place, I readily admit; but the hardship consists in this—that they are driven from particular positions to which their early associations lend a preference. What was it that stirred into a flame, the fierce hostility of Tecumseh but the determination evinced by your Government to wrest, from the hands of his tribe, their last remaining favorite haunts on the Wabash?"

"This cannot be denied, but it was utterly impossible we could forego the possession of countries bordering so immediately on our settlements. Had we pushed our colonization further, leaving the tribes of the Wabash in intermediate occupation, we ran the risk of having our settlers cut off in detail, at the slightest assumed provocation. Nay, pretexts would have been sought for the purpose, and the result of this would have been the very war into which we were unavoidably led. The only difference was, that, instead of taking up arms to avenge our slaughtered kinsmen, we anticipated the period that must sooner or later have arrived, by ridding ourselves of the presence of those from whose hostility we had every thing to apprehend."

"The expediency of these measures," said the General, "no one, Major, can of course doubt; the only question at issue is their justice, and in making this remark it must be obvious there is no particular allusion to the United States, further than that country serves to illustrate a general principle. I am merely arguing against the right of a strong power to wrest from a weaker what may be essential to its own interest, without reference to the comfort, or wishes, or convenience of the latter."

"In such light assuredly do I take it," observed Major Montgomerie, bowing his sense of the disclaimer. "But to

prove to you, General, that we are only following in the course pursued by every other people of the world, let us, without going back to the days of barbarism, when the several kingdoms of Europe were overrun by the strongest, and when your own country in particular became in turn the prey of Saxons, Danes, Normans, &c. merely glance our eyes upon those provinces which have been subjugated by more civilized Europe. Look at South America for instance, and then say what we have done that has not been far exceeded by the Spaniards, in that portion of the hemisphere—and yet, with this vast difference in the balance, that there the European drove before him and mercilessly destroyed an unoffending race, while we, on the contrary, have had fierce hostility and treachery every where opposed to our progress. The Spaniards, moreover, offered no equivalent for the country subdued; now we have ever done so, and only where that equivalent has been rejected, have we found ourselves compelled to resort to force. Look again at the islands of the West Indies, the chief of which are conquests by England. Where are the people to whom Providence had originally assigned those countries, until the European, in his thirst for aggrandizement, on that very principle of might which you condemn, tore them violently away. Gone, extirpated, until scarce a vestige of their existence remains, even as it must be, in the course of time, with the Indians of these wilds—perhaps not in this century or the next, but soon or late assuredly. These two people—the South Americans and Caribs—I particularly instance, for the very reason that they offer the most striking parallel with the immediate subject under discussion. But shall I go further than this, gentlemen, and maintain that we, the United States, are only following in the course originally pointed out to us by England."

"I should be glad to hear your argument," said the Commodore, drawing his chair closer to the table.

"And I," added the General, "consider the position too

novel not to feel interested in the manner in which it wi maintained."

"I will not exactly say," observed Colonel D'Eg smiling one of his blandest smiles, and few men under the winning art better than himself, "that Major Mo merie has the happy talent of making the worse appea better cause; but, certainly I never remember to have h that cause more ably advocated."

"More subtly perhaps you would say, Colonel; but seri ly, I speak from conviction alone. It is true, as a citizen c United States, and therefore one interested in the fair of its public acts, that conviction may partake in some de of partial influences; still it is sincere. But to my argun What I would maintain is, as I have before stated, th all we have done, we have only followed the examp England. For instance, when the colonization of the Ea and Southern States of the Union took place, that is to when our common ancestors first settled in this country, was their object effected? Why, by driving from their sessions near the sea, in order to make room for themse those very nations whom we are accused of a desi exterminate, as if out of a mere spirit of wantonness. either Dutch or English then hesitate as to what c *they* should pursue, or suffer any qualms of consci to interfere with their Colonial plans? No; as a measu policy—as a means of security—they sought to conciliat Indians, but not the less determined were they to attain end. Who, then, among Englishmen, would have the of blaming their fellow countrymen, when the object in was the aggrandizement of the national power, and the fur ance of individual interests? While the Colonists conti tributary to England they could do no wrong; they inc no censure. Each succeding year saw them, with a spi enterprize that was *then* deemed worthy of commend pushing their advantages, and extending their possessio *the utter* exclusion, and at the expense of the original

sessors of the soil. For this they incurred no blame: but mark the change. No sooner had the war of the revolution terminated in our emancipation from the leading strings of childhood; no sooner had we taken rank among the acknowledged nations of the world; no sooner had we, in a word, started into existence as an original people, than the course we had undeviatingly pursued in infancy, and from which we did not dream of swerving in manhood, became a subject for unqualified censure. What had been considered laudable enterprize in the English Colonist, became unpardonable ambition in the American Republican, and acts affecting the national prosperity, that carried with them the approbation of society and good government during our nonage, were stigmatized as odious and grasping, the moment we had attained our majority."

"Most ably and eloquently argued, Major," interrupted the General, "and I fear with rather more truth than we Englishmen are quite willing to acknowledge: still, it must be admitted, that what in the first instance was a necessity, partook no longer of that character at a later period. In order to colonize the country originally, it was necessary to select such portions as were, by their proximity to the sea, indispensable to the perfection of the plan. If the English Colonists drove the Indians into the interior, it was only for a period. They had still vast tracts to traverse, which have since, figuratively speaking, been reduced to a mere span: and their very sense of the difference of the motive—that is to say, of the difference between him who merely seeks whereon to erect his dwelling, and him who is anxious to usurp to himself the possession of almost illimitable territory—cannot be better expressed than by the different degrees of enmity manifested against the two several people. When did the fierceness of Indian hatred blaze forth against the English Colonists, who were limited in their views, as it has since against the subjects of the United States, who, since the revolution, have more than tripled their territorial acquisitions."

"Nay, General," replied the American, his lip partially curling with a smile, indicating consciousness of triumphant argument; "I shall defeat you on your own ground, and that by going back to a period anterior to the revolution—to the very period you describe as being characterized by less intense hostility to your own Government."

"What, for instance, have we seen in modern times to equal the famous Indian league which, under the direction of the celebrated Pontiac, a Chieftain only surpassed by Tecumseh, consigned so many of the European posts to destruction, along this very line of district, about the middle of the last century. It has been held up as a reproach to us, that we have principally subjected ourselves to the rancorous enmity of the Indians, in consequence of having wrested from them their favorite and beautiful hunting grounds, (Kentucky in particular,) to which their early associations had linked them. But to this I answer, that in Pontiac's time, this country was still their own, as well as Ohio, Louisiana, Indiana, &c. and yet the war of fierce extermination was not the less waged against the English; not because these latter had appropriated their principal haunts, but because they had driven them from their original possessions, near the sea. The hatred of the Indians has ever been the same towards those who first secured a footing on their continent, and, although we are a distinct people in the eyes of the civilized world, still we are the same in those of the natives, who see in us, not the emancipated American, but merely the descendant of the original Colonist. That their hostility has progressed in proportion with our extension of territory, I cannot altogether admit, for although our infant settlements have in a great degree suffered from occasional irruptions of the savages, when men, women and children, have alike been devoted to the murderous tomahawk, in no way have our fortresses been systematically assailed, as during the time of Pontiac."

"For this," interrupted the General, "there are two obvious reasons. In the first instance, your fortresses are less

isolated than ours were at that period, and, secondly, no such intelligent being as the Chieftain you have named, had started up among the Indian nations until now. What Tecumseh may not effect in course of time, should he not perish in the struggle for his country's liberty, ought to be a matter of serious consideration with your Government."

"Of his great talent, and dauntless determination, they are fully aware," replied the Major, "but, as I have already said, nothing short, not merely of giving up all claim to future advantages, but of restoring the country wrested from him on the Wabash, can ever win him from his hostility; and this is a sacrifice the Government will never consent to make."

At this point of the argument, Messieurs Split-log, Roundhead, and Walk-in-the-Water, having finished their kinnikinnick, and imbibed a due quantum of whiskey: possibly, moreover, not much entertained by the conversation that was carried on in a language neither of them understood but imperfectly, rose to take their leave. They successively shook hands with the British leaders, then advancing last to Major Montgomerie, with a guttural "ugh," so accentuated as to express good will and satisfaction, tendered their dark palms to that officer also, muttering as they did so something about "good Chemocomon." They then with becoming dignity withdrew, followed by Colonel D'Egville, who had risen to conduct them to the door.

The conversation, thus temporarially interrupted, was resumed on that officer's return.

"Admitting the truth of your position, Major Montgomerie," remarked the Commodore, "that the Government of the United States is justified, both by expediency and example, in the course it has pursued, it will not at least be denied, that Tecumseh is, on the very same principle, borne out in the hatred and spirit of hostility, evinced by him towards the oppressors of his country."

"Granted," returned the Major, "but this point has no reference to my argument, which tends to maintain, that in all we have done, we have been justified by necessity and example."

"The fact is, however, that this condition of things is one unavoidably growing out of the clashing of adverse interests —the Indians being anxious to check, we to extend our dominion and power as a people; and the causes existing now, were in being nearly a century ago, and will, in all probability, continue until all vestige of Indian existence shall have passed utterly away. When the French were in the occupancy of the Canadas, having nothing to gain from them, they cultivated the alliance and friendship of the several nations, and by fostering, their fierce hostility against the English Colonists, rendered them subservient to their views. To-day the English stand precisely where the French did. Having little to expect from the Indians, but assistance in a case of need, they behold, and have for years beheld, with any thing but indifference, the struggle continued by the United States, which was commenced by themselves. I hope I shall not be understood as expressing my own opinion, when I add, that, in the United States, the same covert influence is attributed to the Commanders of the British fortresses that was imputed to the French. Indeed, it is a general belief, among the lower classes particularly, that, in all the wars undertaken against the American out-posts and settlements, the Indians have been instigated to the outrage by liberal distributions of money, and presents from the British Government."

"It will hardly be necessary to deny the justice of such an imputation to Major Montgomerie," remarked the General, with a smile; "especially after having disavowed the opinion as his own. The charge is too absurd for serious contradiction—yet, we are not altogether ignorant that such an impression has gone abroad."

"*Few of* the more enlightened of our citizens give into

the belief," said the Major; "still it will give me especial pleasure to have it in my power to contradict the assertion from the lips of General Brock himself."

"That we have entered into a treaty of alliance with the Indians," observed Colonel D'Egville, "is most certainly true; but it is an alliance wholly defensive. I must further observe that in whatever light the policy of the Government of the United States, in its relations with the Indians, may be privately viewed, we are, under all circumstances, the last people in the world who should condemn it as injurious to our public interests, since it has been productive of results affecting the very existence of these provinces. Had the American Government studied conciliation, rather than extension of territory, it is difficult to say to what side the great body of the Indians would, in the impending struggle, have leaned. The possibility of some such event as the present had not only been foreseen, but anticipated. It has long been obvious to us that the spirit of acquisition manifested by the United States, would not confine itself to its customary channels; but on the contrary, that, not contented with the appropriation of the hunting grounds of the Indians, it would finally extend its views to Canada. Such a crisis has long been provided against. Presents, to a large amount, have certainly been distributed among the Indians, and not only this, but every courtesy, consistent at once with our dignity and our interest, has been shown to them. You have seen, for instance," continued he with a smile, "my three friends, who have just left the room; they are not exactly the happiest specimens of Indian grace, but they have great weight in the council, and are the leading men in the alliance to which you have alluded, although not wholly for the same purpose. In the wars of Pontiac—and these are still fresh in the recollection of certain members of my own family—the English Commanders, with one or two exceptions, brought those disasters upon themselves. Forgetting that the Indians were a proud people, whom to neglect was to stir into hatred, they

treated them, with indifference, if not with contempt; and dearly did they pay the penalty of their fault. As we all know, they, with one only exception, were destroyed. In their fall expired the hostility they themselves had provoked, and time had wholly obliterated the sense of injustice from the minds of the several nations. Were we then with these fearful examples, yet fresh in our recollection, to fall into a similar error? No; a course of conciliation was adopted, and has been pursued for years; and now do we reap the fruit of what, after all, is but an act of the most justifiable policy. In my capacity of superintendant of Indian affairs, Major Montgomerie, even more than as a Canadian brought up among them, I have had opportunities of studying the characters of the heads of the several nations. The most bitter enmity animates the bosoms of all against the Government and people of the United States, from whom, according to their own showing, they have to record injury upon injury; whereas from us they have received but benefits. I repeat, this is at once politic and just. What could Canada have hoped to accomplish in the approaching struggle, had the conduct of the American Government been such as to have neutralized the interest we had excited in, and for ourselves? She must have succumbed; and my firm impression is, that, at whatever epoch of her existence the United States may extend the hand of conquest over these provinces, with the Indian tribes that are now leagued with with us crowding to her own standard, not all the armies England may choose to send to their defence will be able to prevent it."

"Filling the situation you now occupy, Colonel, there can be no doubt you are in every way enabled to arrive at a full knowledge of Indian feelings and Indian interests; and we have but too much reason to fear that the strong hatred to the United States, you describe as existing on the part of their several leaders, has had a tendency to unite them more cordially to the British cause. But your course of observation

suggests to another question. Why is it that, with the knowledge possessed by the British Government of the cruel nature of Indian warfare, it can consent to enlist them as allies? To prevent their taking up arms against the Canadas may be well, but in my opinion (and it is one very generally entertained through the United States,) the influence of the British authorities should have been confined to neutralizing their services."

"Nay, Major Montgomerie," observed the General, "it would indeed be exacting too much to require that we should offer ourselves unresisting victims to the ambitious designs (forgive the expression) of your Government; and what but self immolation would it be to abstain from the only means by which we can hope to save these threatened Provinces? Colonel D'Egville has just said that, with the Indians opposed to us, Canada would fall. I go farther, and aver that, without the aid of the Indians, circumstanced as England now is, Canada must be lost to us. It is a painful alternative I admit, for that a war, which is not carried on with the conventional courtesies of civilized belligerent nations, is little suited to our taste, you will do us the justice to believe; but by whom have we been forced into the dilemma? Had we been guilty of rousing the Indian spirit against you, with a view to selfish advantage; or had we in any may connived at the destruction of your settlements, from either dread or jealousy of your too close proximity, then should we have deserved all the odium of such conduct. But this we unequivocally deny. Had we even, presuming on the assistance to be derived from them, been the first to engage the Indians in this war, and sent them forth to lay waste your possessions, we might have submitted to well merited censure; but what is our real position? Without any fair pretext, and simply in furtherance of its ambitious views, the Government of the United States declares war against England, and, with an eagerness that sufficiently discloses its true object, marches its rapidly organized

armies as rapidly to our weakly defended frontier. It is scarcely a week since an express reached this post bringing the announcement that hostilities had been declared and as a proof that these must have been long in contemplation, even the very day previous to its arrival, a numerous army marched past on their way to Detroit. The sound of their drums was the first intimation we had of their approach, and our surprise was only equalled by our utter ignorance of the motive, until the arrival of the express at once explained the enigma.* In such a case, I maintain, we stand justified before God and man in availing ourselves of every means of defence."

"I cannot acknowledge," replied the American, "that the war undertaken by our Government, is without sufficient pretext, or in a mere spirit of conquest. You forget that an insult was offered to our national flag."

"You of course allude," said the Commodore, "to the affair of the Little Belt, but I cannot help participating in the opinion expressed by General Brock. The right of search, on the part of our vessels, has been too universally admitted for the American Government to have resisted it to the extent they have, had they not in this circumstance found, or fancied they found, a pretext favorable to their ulterior and more important views. My own firm impression is, that had England not all her troops engaged at this moment in the Peninsula, this war never would have been declared. The opportunity, however, has been found too tempting, while there are only some half dozen regular Regiments distributed throughout both provinces; but the result will prove how far well or ill affected the Canadians are to the British Crown. Now is the season arrived to test their allegiance."

"I know not how far the United States Government may have taken in their calculation a chance of disaffection," remarked the General with a smile; "but I think I know the Canadians, and may venture to assert they will remain

* Fact.

staunch. Every where do they appear to manifest the utmost enthusiasm."*

"I am only delighted, General, that they have thus an opportunity of being put to the proof," remarked Colonel D'Egville. "If they should be found wanting, then do I much mistake my countrymen. To return, however, to the subject of the employment of the Indians, which you, Major Montgomerie, appear to condemn. I would ask you, if you are aware of the great exertions made by your Government, to induce them to take an active part in this very war. If not, I can acquaint you that several of the chiefs, now here, have been strongly urged to declare against us; and, not very long since, an important council was held among the several tribes, wherein some few, who had been won over by large bribes, had the temerity to discuss the propriety of deserting the British cause, in consideration of advantages which were promised them by the United States. These of course were overruled by the majority, who expressed the utmost indignation at the proposal, but the attempt to secure their active services was not the less made. We certainly have every reason to congratulate ourselves on its failure."

"This certainly partakes of the *argumentum ad hominem*," said the Major, good humouredly; "I do confess, I am aware, that since the idea of war against England was first entertained, great efforts have been made to attach the Indians to our interests; and in all probability had any other man than Tecumseh presided over their destinies, our Government would have been successful. I however, for one, am no abvocate for their employment on either side, for it must oe admitted they are a terrible and a cruel enemy, sparing neither age nor sex."

"Again, Major," returned the General, "do we shield ourselves under our former plea—that, as an assailed party, we have a right to avail ourselves of whatever means of

*This certainly was the feeling in 1812.

defence are within our reach. One of two things—either we must retain the Indians, who are bound to us in one common interest, or we must, by discarding them, quietly surrender the Canadas to your armies. Few will be Quixotic enough to hesitate as to which of the alternatives we should adopt. If the people of the United States condemn us for employing the Indians, they are wrong. They should rather censure their own Government, either for declaring a war which subjects its inhabitants to these evils, or for having so long pursued a course of aggression towards the former, as to have precluded the means of securing their neutrality. But there is another powerful consideration which should have its due weight, I will not say in justifying our conduct, (that needs no justification,) but in quieting your apprehensions. As I have before remarked, had we been the first to enter on this war, sending forth into your settlements a ruthless enemy to lay waste and massacre wherever they passed, no time could have washed away the recollection of the atrocity; but we take our stand on high ground. We war not on your possessions; we merely await you on the defensive, and it must be borne in mind that, if those very people whose employment you deprecate are not let loose upon the Canadas in a career of unchecked spoliation, it is only because your Government has failed in the attempt to blind them to a sense of their numerous wrongs."

"No reasoning can be more candid, General," returned Major Montgomerie; "and far be it from me wholly to deny the justice of your observation. My own private impressions tend less to impugn your policy than to deplore the necessity for the services of such an ally: for, however, it may be sought on the part of the British Government, (and I certainly do differ from the majority of my countrymen in this instance, by believing it *will* impose every possible check to unnecessary cruelty,) however, I repeat, it may be sought to confine the Indians to defensive operations, their predatory habits will but too often lead them to the outskirts of our de-

fenceless settlements, and then who shall restrain them from imbruing their hands in the blood of the young and the adult —the resisting and the helpless."

"If we should be accused of neglecting the means of preventing unnecessary cruelty," observed Colonel D'Egville, "the people of the United States will do us infinite wrong. This very circumstance has been foreseen and provided against. Without the power to prevent the Indians from entering upon these expeditions, we have at least done all that experience and a thorough knowledge of their character admits, to restrain their vengeance, by the promise of head money. It has been made generally known to them that every prisoner that is brought in and delivered up, shall entitle the captor to a certain sum. This promise, I have no doubt, will have the effect, not only of saving the lives of those who are attacked in their settlements, but also of checking any disposition to unnecessary outrage in the hour of conflict."

"The idea is one certainly reflecting credit on the humanity of the British authorities," returned Major Montgomerie; "but I confess I doubt its efficacy. We all know the nature of an Indian too well to hope that in the career of his vengeance, or the full flush of victory, he will waive his war trophy in consideration of a few dollars. The scalp he may bring, but seldom a living head with it."

"It is, I fear, the horrid estimation in which the scalp is held, that too frequently whets the blades of these people," observed the Commodore. "Were it not considered a trophy, more lives would be spared; but an Indian, from all I can understand, takes greater pride in exhibiting the scalp of a slain enemy, than a knight of ancient times did in displaying in his helmet, the glove that had been bestowed on him as a mark of favor by his lady-love."

"After all," said the General, necessary as it is to discourage it by every possible mark of our disapprobation, I do not (*entre nous*) see, in the mere act of scalping, half the horrors usu-

ally attached to the practice. The motive must be considered. It is not the mere desire to inflict wanton torture, that influences the warrior, but an anxiety to possess himself of that which gives undisputable evidence of his courage and success in war. The prejudice of Europeans is strong against the custom however, and we look upon it in a light very different, I am sure, from that in which is is viewed by the Indians themselves. The burnings of prisoners, which were practised many years ago, no longer continue; and the infliction of the torture has passed away, so that, after all, Indian cruelty does not exceed that which is practised even at this day in Europe, and by a nation bearing high rank among the Catholic powers of Europe. I have numerous letters, recently received from officers of my acquaintance now serving in Spain, all of which agree in stating that the mutilations perpetrated by the Guerilla bands, on the bodies of such of the unfortunate French detachments as they succeed in overpowering, far exceed any thing imputed to the Indians of America; and, as several of these letters are from individuals who joined the Peninsular Army from this country, in which they had passed many years, the statement may be relied on as coming from men who have had more than hearsay knowledge of both parties."

"Whatever the abhorrence in which scalping may be held by the people of the northern and eastern states," observed Colonel D'Egville, "it is notorious that the example of the Indians is followed by those of the western. The backwoodsman of the new States, and the Kentuckians particularly, almost invariably scalp the Indians they have slain in battle. Am I not right, Major Montgomerie?"

"Perfectly, Colonel—but then the Kentuckians," he added smiling, "are you know in some degree a separate race. They are scarcely looked upon as appertaining to the great American family. Half horse, half alligator, as they are pleased to term themselves, their roving mode of life and wild pursuits, are little removed from those of the native Indian, who

scarcely inspires more curiosity among the civilized portion of the Union, than a genuine Keutuckian."

"Yet, if we may credit the accounts of our Indian spies," remarked the General, "the army to which I have alluded, as having marched forward to Detroit, is composed chiefly of those backwoodsmen."

"In which case," observed the Commodore, "it will only be savage pitted against savage after all, therefore, the exchange of a few scalps can prove but an indifferent source of national umbrage. Not, however, be it understood, that I advocate the practice."

Here a tall, fine looking black, wearing the livery of Colonel D'Egville, entering to announce that coffee was waiting for them in an adjoining room—the party rose and retired to the ladies.

CHAPTER VII.

Our readers doubtless bear in mind the spot called Elliott's Point, at the western extremity of Lake Erie, to which we have already introduced him. At a considerable distance beyond that again, (its intermediate shores washed by the silver waves of the Erie,) stretches a second, called also, from the name of its proprietor, Hartley's Point. Between these two necks, are three or four farms; one of which and adjoining Hartley's, was, at the period of which we treat, occupied by an individual of whom, unfortunately for the interests of Canada, too many of the species had been suffered to take root within her soil. For many years previous to the war, adventurers from the United States, chiefly men of desperate fortunes, and even more desperate characters, had, through a mistaken policy, been suffered to occupy the more valuable portion of the country. Upper Canada, in particular, was infested by these people, all of whom, even while taking the customary oath of allegiance to the crown, brought with them, and openly professed, all the partialities of American citizens. By the Canadians and their descendants, French and English, they were evidently looked upon with an eye of distrust, for, independently of the fact of their having been suffered to appropriate, during pleasure, many valuable tracts of land, they had experienced no inconsiderable partiality on the part of the Government. Those who believe in the possibility of attaching a renegade to the soil of his adoption and converting him into a serviceable defender of that soil in a moment of need, commit a great error in politics. The shrewd Canadians knew them better. They complained with bitterness, that at the first

appearance of a war, they would hold their oaths of fealty as naught, or that if they did remain, it would only be with a view to embarrass the province with their presence, and secretly to serve the cause of their native country. The event proved that they knew their men. Scarcely had the American declaration of war gone forth, when numbers of these people, availing themselves of their near contiguity, abandoned their homes, and embarking in boats all their disposable property, easily succeeded, under cover of the night, in gaining the opposite coast. Not satisfied however with their double treason, they, in the true spirit of the dog in the manger, seemed resolved others should not enjoy that which was no longer available to themselves, and the dawn that succeeded the night of their departure, more than once broke on scenes of spoliation of their several possessions, which it required one to know these desperate people well, to credit as being the work of their own hands. Melancholy as it was, however, to reflect that the spirit of conciliation had been thus repaid, the country had reason to rejoice in their flight; for, having thus declared themselves, there was nothing now, beyond their open hostility, to apprehend. Not so with the few who remained. Alike distrusted with those who had taken a more decided part, it was impossible to bring any charge home to them, on which to found a plea for compelling them to quit the country, in imitation of the example of their fellows. They had taken the oaths of allegiance to England—and, although ninety-nine had deliberately violated these, there was no legal cause for driving forth the hundredth, who still kept the "sound of promise to the ear," however he might break it to the hope. Not that, on this account, the hundredth was held to be one whit more honourable or loyal. It was felt and known, as though it had been written in characters of fire upon his brow, that if he did not follow in the steps of his predecessors, it was because his interests, not his inclination, induced his pursu-

ing an apparently opposite course. It is true, those who remained were few in number; but scattered, as they were, over various isolated parts of the country, this only rendered them greater objects of suspicion. If the enemy became apprised of any of our movements, for the successful termination of which it was necessary they should be kept in ignorance, it was at once taken for granted their information had been derived from the traitors Canada had so long nourished in her bosom; and as several of them were in the pratice of absenting themselves for days in their boats, under the plea of duck-shooting, or some other equally plausible pretence, nothing was more easy of accomplishment. Under these circumstances of doubt, the general secession of the Yankees, as they were termed, which had first been regarded as a calamity, was now looked upon as a blessing; and if regret eventually lingered in the minds even of those who had been most forward to promote their introduction into the country, it arose, not because the many had departed, but because the few remained. That they were traitors, all believed; but, although narrowly watched, in no one instance could their treason be traced, much less established. In the course of time however they committed themselves in some one way or other, and then of necessity their only resource was to flee, as their companions had fled before them, until ultimately few of their number were left. If Canada has reason to feel happy in the late war, inasmuch as that war offered a means of proving her devoted attachment to the Mother Country, she has no less reason to rejoice in it, as having been the indirect means of purging her unrepublican soil of a set of hollow hearted persons, who occupied the place and enjoyed all the advantages of loyal men. Should she, failing to profit by the experience of the past, again tolerate the introduction of citizens of the United States into her flourishing provinces, when there are so many deserving families anxious to emigrate to her from the Mother Country; then will she merit all the evils which

can attach, in a state of warfare, to a people diametrically opposed in their interests, their principles, their habits, and their attachments.

An individual of this description had his residence near Hartley's Point. Unlike those however whose dwellings rose at a distance, few and far between, hemmed in by the fruits of prosperous agriculture, he appeared to have paid but little attention to the cultivation of a soil, which in every part was of exceeding fertility. A rude log hut, situated in a clearing of the forest, the imperfect work of lazy labour, was his only habitation, and here he had for years resided without its being known how he contrived to procure the necessary means of subsistence; yet, in defiance of the apparent absence of all resources, it was subject of general remark, that he not only never wanted money, but had been enabled to bestow something like an education on a son, who had, at the epoch opened by our narrative, been absent from him upwards of five years. From his frequent voyages, and the direction his canoe was seen to take, it was inferred by his immediate neighbours, that he dealt in contraband, procuring various articles on the American coast, which he subsequently disposed of in the small town of Amherstburgh (one of the principal English posts) among certain subjects domiciliated there, who were suspected of no very scrupulous desire to benefit the revenue of the country they called their own. So well and so wisely, however, did he cover his operations, that he had always contrived to elude detection —and, although suspicion attached to his conduct, in no instance had he openly committed himself. The man himself, tall, stout and of a forbidding look, was of a fearless and resolute character, and if he resorted to cunning, it was because cunning alone could serve his purpose in a country, the laws of which were not openly to be defied.

For a series of years after his arrival, he had contrived to evade taking the customary oaths of allegiance; but this, eventually awakening the suspicions of the magistracy,

brought him more immediately under their surveillance, when, year after year, he was compelled to a renewal of the oath, for the imposition of which, it was thought, he owed more than one of those magistrates a grudge. On the breaking out of the war, he still remained in undisturbed possession of his rude dwelling, watched as well as circumstances would permit, it is true, but not so narrowly as to be traced in his various nocturnal excursions by water. Nothing could be conceived more uncouth in manner and appearance than this man—nothing more villainous than the expression of his eye. No one knew from what particular point of the United States he had come, and whether Yankee or Kentuckian, it would have puzzled one of that race of beings, so proverbial for acumen—a Philadelphia lawyer—to have determined; for so completely did he unite the boasting language of the latter with the wary caution and sly cunning of the former, that he appeared a compound of both. The general opinion, however, seemed rather, to incline in favor of the presumption that he was less Kentuckian than Yankee.

The day following that of the capture of the American detachment was just beginning to dawn, as two individuals appeared on the skirt of the rude clearing in which the hut of the man we have just described, had been erected. The persons of both these, wrapt in blue military cloaks, reposed upon the dark foliage in a manner to enable them to observe, without being themselves seen, all that passed within the clearing, from the log hut to the sand of the lake shore. There had been an indication by one of these of a design to step forth from his concealment into the clearing, and advance boldly toward the house; but this had been checked by his companion, who, laying his hand upon his shoulder, arrested the movement, pointing out at the same time, the leisurely but cautious advance of two men from the hut towards the shore, on which lay a canoe half drawn up on the sands. Each, on issuing from the hut, had deposited a rifle against the rude exterior of the dwelling, the better to ena-

ble them to convey a light mast, sail, paddles, several blankets, and a common corn-bag, apparently containing provisions, with which they proceeded towards the canoe.

"So," said the taller of the first party, in a whisper, "there is that d——d rascal Desborough setting out on one of his contraband excursions. He seems to have a long absence in view, if we may judge from the contents of his provision sack."

"Hist," rejoined his companion, "there is more here than meets the eye. In the first instance, remove the pistols from the case, and be prepared to afford me assistance, should I require it."

"What the devil are you going to do, and what do you mean?" asked the first speaker, following however the hint that had been given him, and removing a pair of duelling pistols from their mahogany case.

While he was in the act of doing this, his companion had, without replying, quitted his side, and cautiously and noiselessly advanced to the hut. In the course of a few minutes he again appeared at the point whence he had started, grasping in either hand the rifles so recently deposited there.

"Well, what is the meaning of this feat? you do not intend, Yankee fashion, to exchange a long shot with poor Molineux, I hope—if so, my dear fellow, I cry off, for upon my honor, I cannot engage in any thing that is not strictly orthodox."

He, thus addressed, could scarcely restrain a laugh at the serious tone in which his companion expressed himself, as if he verily believed he had that object in view.

"Would you not like," he asked, "to be in some degree instrumental in banishing wholly from the country, a man whom we all suspect of treason, but are compelled to tolerate from inability to prove his guilt—this same notorious Desborough?"

"Now that you no longer speak and act in parables, I can understand you. Of course I should, but what proof of his

treason are we to discover in the mere fact of his departing on what he may choose to call a hunting excursion? even admitting he is speculating in the contraband, *that* cannot banish him; and if it could, we could never descend to become informers."

"Nothing of the kind is required of us—his treason will soon unfold itself, and that in a manner to demand, as an imperative duty, that we secure the traitor. For this have I removed the rifles which may, in a moment of desperation, be turned at backwoodsman's odds against our pistols. Let us steal gently towards the beach, and then you shall satisfy yourself; but I had nearly forgotten—suppose the other party should arrive?"

"Then they must in their turn wait for us. They have already exceeded their time ten minutes."

"Look," exclaimed his companion, as he slightly grasped the shoulder on which his hand had rested, "he is returning for the rifles."

Only one of the two men now retrod his steps from the beach towards the hut, but with a more hurried action than before. As he passed where the friends still lingered, he gave a start of surprise, apparently produced by the absence of the rifles. A moment's reflection seeming to satisfy him it was possible his memory had failed him, and that they had been left within the building, he hurried forward to assure himself. After a few moments of apparently ineffectual search, he again made his appearance, making the circuit of the hut to discover his lost weapons, but in vain; when, in the fierceness of his anger, he cried aloud, with a bitterness that gave earnest of sincerity.

"By Gosh, I wish I had the curst British rascal who played me this trick, on t'other shore—if I wouldn't tuck my knife into his b——y gizzard, then is my name not Jeremiah Desborough. What the h—l's to be done now?"

Taking advantage of his entrance into the hut, the two individuals, first described, had stolen cautiously under cover

of the forest, until they arrived at its termination, within about twenty yards of the shore, where however there was no outward or visible sign of the individual who had been Desborough's companion. In the bows of the canoe were piled the blankets, and in the centre was deposited the provision bag that had formed a portion of their mutual load. The mast had not been hoisted, but lay extended along the hull, its sail loosened and partially covering the before mentioned article of freightage. The bow half of the canoe pressed the beach, the other lay sunk in the water, apparently in the manner in which it had first approached the land.

Still uttering curses, but in a more subdued tone, against "the fellor who had stolen his small bores," the angry Desborough retraced his steps to the canoe. More than once he looked back to see if he could discover any traces of the purloiner, until at length his countenance seemed to assume an expression of deeper cause for concern, than even the loss of his weapons.

"Ha, I expect some d——d spy has been on the look out—if so, I must cut and run I calculate purty soon."

This apprehension was expressed as he arrived opposite the point where the forest terminated. A slight rustling among the underwood reduced that apprehension to certainty. He grasped the handle of his huge knife that was thrust into the girdle around his loins, and rivetting his gaze on the point whence the sound had proceeded, retreated in that attitude. Another and more distinct crush of underwood, and he stood still with surprise, on finding himself face to face with two officers of the garrison.

"We have alarmed you, Desborough," said the younger, as they both advanced leisurely to the beach. "Do you apprehend danger from our presence?"

A keen searching glance flashed from the ferocious eye of the Yankee. It was but momentary. Quitting his firm grasp of the knife, he suffered his limbs to relax their tension, and aiming at carelessness, observed, with a smile, that was tenfold more hideous from its being forced:

"Well now, I guess, who would have expected to see two officers so fur away from the fort at this early hour of the mornin'."

"Ah," said the taller of the two, availing himself of the first opening to a pun which had been afforded, "we are merely out on a *shooting* excursion."

Desborough gazed doubtingly on the speaker—"Strange sort of a dress that for shootin' I guess—them cloaks must be a great tanglement in the bushes."

"They serve to keep our *arms* warm," continued Middlemore, perpetrating another of his execrables.

"To keep your arms warm! well sure-*ly*, if that arn't droll. It may be some use to keep the primins dry, I reckon; but I can't see the good of keepin' the fowlin' pieces warm. Have you met any game yet, officers. I expect as how I can pint you out a purty spry place for pattridges and sich like."

"Thank you, my good fellow; but we have appointed to meet our *game* here."

The dry manner in which this was observed had a visible effect on the settler. He glanced an eye of suspicion around, to see if others than the two officers were in view, and it was not without effort that he assumed an air of unconcern, as he replied:

"Well I expect I have been many a long year a hunter, as well as other things, and yet, dang me if I ever calculated the game would come to me. It always costs me a purty good chase in the woods."

"How the fellow *beats* about the *bush*, to find what *game* we are driving at," observed Middlemore, in an under tone, to his companion.

"Let the Yankee alone for that," returned he, whom our readers have doubtless recognized for Henry Grantham; "I will match his cunning against your punning any day."

"The truth is, he is *fishing* to discover our motive for being here, and to find out if we are in any way connected with the disappearance of his rifles."

During this conversation *apart*, the Yankee had carelessly approached his canoe, and was affecting to make some alteration in the disposition of the sail. The officers, the younger especially, keeping a sharp look out upon his movements, followed at some little distance, until they, at length, stood on the extreme verge of the sands. Their near approach seemed to render Desborough impatient:

"I expect, officers," he said, with a hastiness that, at any other moment, would have called down immediate reproof, if not chastisement, "you will only be losin' time here for nothin'—About a mile beyond Hartley's there'll be plenty of pattridges at this hour, and I am jist goin' to start myself for a little shootin' in the Sandusky river."

"Then, I presume," said Grantham, with a smile, "you are well provided with silver bullets, Desborough—for, in the hurry of departure, you seem likely to forget the only medium through which leaden ones can be made available: not a rifle or a shot-gun do I see."

The Yankee fixed his eye for a moment, with a penetrating expression, on the youth, as if he would have sought a meaning deeper than the words implied. His reading seemed to satisfy him that all was right.

"What," he observed, with a leer, half cunning half insolent, "if I have hid my rifle near the Sandusky swamp, the last time I hunted there."

"In that case," observed the laughing Middlemore, to whom the opportunity was irresistible, "you are going out on a *wild goose chase*, indeed. Your prospects of a good hunt, as you call it, cannot be said to *be sure as a gun*, for in regard to the latter, you may depend some one has discovered and *rifled* it before this."

"You seem to have laid in a store of provisions for this trip, Desborough," remarked Henry Grantham; "how long do you purpose being absent?"

"I guess three or four days," was the sullen reply.

"Three or four days! why your bag contains," and the

officer partly raised a corner of the sail, "provisions for a week, or, at least, for *two* for half that period."

The manner in which the *two* was emphasised did not escape the attention of the settler. He was visibly disconcerted, nor was he at all reassured when the younger officer proceeded:

"By the bye, Desborough, we saw you leave the hut with a companion—what has become of him?"

The Yankee, who had now recovered his self-possession, met the question without the slightest show of hesitation:

"I expect you mean, young man," he said, with insufferable insolence, "a help as I had from Hartley's farm, to assist gittin' down the things. He took home along shore when I went back to the hut for the small bores."

"Oh ho, sir! the rifles are not then concealed near the Sandusky swamp, I find."

For once, the wily settler felt his cunning had over-reached itself. In the first fury of his subdued rage, he muttered something amounting to a desire that he could produce them at that moment, as he would well know where to lodge the bullets—but, recovering himself, he said aloud:

"The rale fact is, I've a long gun hid, as I said, near the swamp, but my small bore I always carry with me—only think, jist as I and Hartley's help left the hut, I pit my rifle against the outside wall, not being able to carry it down with the other things, and when I went back a minute or two ater, drot me if some tarnation rascal hadn't stole it."

"And if you had the British rascal on t'other shore, you wouldn't be long in tucking a knife into his gizzard, would you?" asked Middlemore, in a nearly verbatim repetition of the horrid oath originally uttered by Desborough, "I see nothing to warrant our interfering with him," he continued in an under tone to his companion.

Not a little surprised to hear his words repeated, the Yankee lost somewhat of his confidence as he replied, "well now sure-*ly*, you officers didn't think nothin' o' that—I ex-

pect I was in a mighty rage to find my small bore gone, and I did curse a little hear*ty*, to be sure."

"The small bore multiplied in your absence," observed Grantham; "when I looked at the hut there were two."

"Then maybe you can tell who was the particular d——d rascal that stole them," said the settler eagerly.

Middlemore laughed heartily at his companion, who observed:

"The particular d——d rascal who removed, not stole them thence, stands before you."

Again the Yankee looked disconcerted. After a moment's hesitation, he continued, with a forced grin, that gave an atrocious expression to his whole countenance:

"Well now, you officers are playing a purty considerable spry trick—it's a good lark, I calculate—but you know, as the saying is, enough's as good as a feast. Do tell me, Mr. Grantham," and his discordant voice became more offensive in its effort at a tone of entreaty, "do tell me where you've hid my small bore—you little think," he concluded, with an emphasis then unnoticed by the officers, but subsequently remembered to have been perfectly ferocious, "what reason I have to vally it."

"We never descend to larks of the kind," coolly observed Grantham; "but as you say you value your rifle, it shall be restored to you on one condition."

"And what may that be?" asked the settler, somewhat startled at the serious manner of the officer.

"That you show us what your canoe is freighted with. Here in the bows I mean."

"Why," rejoined the Yankee quickly, but as if without design, intercepting the officers' nearer approach, "that bag, I calculate, contains my provisions, and these here blankets that you see, peepin' like from under the sail, are what I makes my bed of while out huntin'."

"And are you quite certain there is nothing under those blankets?—nay do not protest—you cannot answer for what

may have occurred while your back was turned, on your way to the hut for the rifle."

"By hell," exclaimed the settler, blusteringly, "were any man to tell me, Jeremiah Desborough, there was any thin' beside them blankets in the canoe, I would lick him into a jelly, even though he could whip his own weight in wild cats."

"So is it? Now then, Jeremiah Desborough, although I have never yet tried to whip my own weight in wild cats, I tell you there is something more than those blankets; and what is more, I insist upon seeing what that something is."

The settler stood confounded. His eye rolled rapidly from one to the other of the officers at the boldness and determination of this language. Singly, he could have crushed Henry Grantham in his gripe, even as one of the bears of the forest, near the outskirt of which they stood; but there were two, and while attacking the one, he was sure of being assailed by the other; nay, what was worse, the neighborhood might be alarmed. Moreover, although they had kept their cloaks carefully wrapped around their persons, there could be little doubt that both officers were armed, not, as they had originally given him to understand, with fowling pieces, but with (at the present close quarters at least) far more efficient weapons—pistols. He was relieved from his embarrassment by Middlemore exclaiming:

"Nay, do not press the poor devil, Grantham; I dare say the story of his hunting is all a hum, and that the fact is, he is merely going to earn an honest penny in one of his free commercial speculations—a little contraband," pointing with his finger to the bows, "is it not Desborough?"

"Why now, officer," said the Yankee, rapidly assuming a dogged air, as if ashamed of the discovery that had been so acutely made, "I expect you won't hurt a poor fellor for doin' a little in this way. Drot me, these are hard times, and this here war jist beginnin', quite pits one to one's shifts."

"This might do, Desborough, were your present freight

an arrival instead of a departure, but we all know that contraband is imported, not exported."

"Mighty cute you are, I guess," replied the settler, warily, with something like the savage grin of the wild cat, to which he had so recently alluded; "but I expect it would be none so strange to have packed up a few dried hog skins to stow away the goods I am goin' for."

"I should like to try the effect of a bullet among the skins," said Grantham, leisurly drawing forth and cocking a pistol, after having whispered something in the ear of his companion.

"Nay, officer," said Desborough, now for the first time manifesting serious alarm—"you sure-*ly* dont mean to bore a hole through them innocent skins?"

"True," said Middlemore, imitating, "if he fires, the hole will be something more than *skin* deep I reckon—these pistols, to my knowledge, send a bullet through a two inch plank at twenty paces."

As Middlemore thus expressed himself, both he and Granth am saw, or fancied they saw, the blankets slightly agitated.

"Good place for *a h' e* that," said the former, addressing his pun to the Yankee, on whom however it was totally lost, "show us those said skins, my good fellow, and if we find they are not filled with any thing it would be treason in a professed British subject to export thus clandestinely, we promise that you shall depart without further hindrance."

"Indeed, officer," muttered the settler, sullenly and doggedly, "I shan't do no sich thing. You don't belong to the custom-house I reckon, and so I wish you a good day, for I have a considerable long course to run, and must be movin'." Then, seizing the paddles that were lying on the sand, he prepared to shove the canoe from the beach.

"Not at least before I have sent a bullet, to ascertain the true quality of your skins," said Grantham, levelling his pistol.

"Sure-*ly*," said Desborough, as he turned and drew him-

self to the full height of his bony and muscular figure, while his eye measured the officer from head to foot, with a look of concentrated but suppressed fury, "you wouldn't *dare* to do this—you wouldn't dare to fire into my canoe—besides, consider," he said, in a tone somewhat deprecating, "your bullet may go through her, and you would hardly do a fellor the injury to make him lose the chance of a good cargo."

"Then why provoke such a disaster, by refusing to show us what is beneath those blankets?"

"Because it's my pleasure to do so," fiercely retorted the other, "and I won't show them to no man."

"Then is it my pleasure to fire," said Grantham. "The injury be on your own head, Desborough—one—two—."

At that moment the sail was violently agitated—something struggling for freedom, cast the blankets on one side, and presently the figure of a man stood upright in the bows of the canoe, and gazed around him with an air of stupid astonishment.

"What," exclaimed Middlemore, retreating back a pace or two, in unfeigned surprise; "has that pistol started up, like the ghost in Hamlet, Ensign Paul, Emilius, Theophilus, Arnoldi, of the United States Michigan Militia—a prisoner on his parole of honor? and yet attempting a clandestine departure from the country—how is this?"

"Not this merely," exclaimed Grantham, "but a traitor to his country, and a deserter from our service. This fellow," he pursued, in answer to an inquring look of his companion, "is a scoundrel, who deserted three years since from the regiment you relieved—I recognized him yesterday on his landing, as my brother Gerald, who proposed making his report to the General this morning, had done before. Let us secure both, Middlemore, for, thank Heaven we have been enabled to detect the traitor at last, in that which will excuse his final expulsion from the soil, even if no worse befall him. I have only tampered with him thus long to render his conviction more complete."

"Secure me! secure Jeremiah Desborough?" exclaimed the settler, with rage manifest in the clenching of his teeth and the tension of every muscle of his iron frame, "and that for jist tryin' to save a countryman—well, we'll see who'll have the best of it."

Before Grantham could anticipate the movement, the active and powerful Desborough had closed with him in a manner to prevent his making use of his pistol, had he even so desired. In the next instant it was wrested from him, and thrown far from the spot on which he struggled with his adversary, but at fearful odds, against himself. Henry Grantham, although well and actively made, was of slight proportion, and yet in boyhood. Desborough, on the contrary, was in the full force of a vigorous manhood. A struggle, hand to hand, between two combatants so disproportioned, could not, consequently, be long doubtful as to its issue. No sooner had the formidable Yankee closed with his enemy, than, pressing the knuckles of his iron hand which met round the body of the officer, with violence against his spine, he threw him backwards with force upon the sands. Grasping his victim with one hand as he lay upon him, he seemed, as Grantham afterwards declared, to be groping for his knife with the other. The settler was evidently anxious to despatch one enemy, in order that he might fly to the assistance of his son, for it was he whom Middlemore, with a powerful effort, had dragged from the canoe to the beach. While his right hand was still groping for the knife—an object which the powerful resistance of the yet unsubdued, though prostrate, officer rendered somewhat difficult of attainment—the report of a pistol was heard, fired evidently by one of the other combatants. Immediately the settler looked up to see who was the triumphant party. Neither had fallen, and Middlemore, if any thing, had the advantage of his enemy; but to his infinite dismay, Desborough beheld a horseman, evidently attracted by the report of the pistol, urging his course with the rapidity

of lightning, along the firm sands, and advancing with cries and vehement gesticulations to the rescue.

Springing with the quickness of thought from his victim, the settler was in the next moment at the side of Middlemore. Seizing him from behind by the arm within his nervous grasp, he pressed the latter with such prodigious force as to cause him to relinquish, by a convulsive movement, the firm hold he had hitherto kept of his adversary.

"In, boy, to the canoe for your life," he exclaimed hurriedly, as following up his advantage, he spun the officer round, and sent him tottering to the spot were Grantham lay, still stupified and half throttled. The next instant saw him heaving the canoe from the shore, with all the exertion called for by his desperate situation. And all this was done so rapidly, in so much less time than it will take our readers to trace it, that before the horseman, so opportunely arriving, had reached the spot, the canoe, with its inmates, had pushed from the shore.

Without pausing to consider the rashness and apparent impracticability of his undertaking, the strange horseman, checking his rein, and burying the rowels of his spurs deep into the flanks of his steed, sent him bounding and plunging into the lake, in pursuit of the fugitives.

He himself evinced every symptom of one in a state of intoxication. Brandishing a stout cudgel over his head, and pealing forth shouts of defiance, he rolled from side to side on his spirited charger, like some labouring bark careening to the violence of the winds, but ever, like that bark, regaining an equilibrium that was never thoroughly lost. Shallow as the lake was at this point for a considerable distance, it was long before the noble animal lost its footing, and thus had its rider been enabled to arrive within a few paces of the canoe, at the very moment when the increasing depth of the water, in compelling the horse to the less expeditious process of swimming, gave a proportionate advantage to the pursued.

No sooner, however, did the Centaur-like rider find that he was losing ground, than, again darting his spurs into the flanks of his charger, he made every effort to reach the canoe, Maddened by the pain, the snorting beast half rose upon the calm element, like some monster of the deep, and, making two or three desperate plunges with his fore feet, succeeded in reaching the stern. Then commenced a short but extraordinary conflict. Bearing up his horse as he swam, with the bridle in his teeth, the bold rider threw his left hand upon the stern of the vessel, and brandishing his cudgel in the right, seemed to provoke both parties to the combat. Desborough, who had risen from the stern at his approach, stood upright in the centre, his companion still paddling at the bows; and between these two a singular contest now ensued. Armed with the formidable knife which he had about his person, the settler made the most desperate and infuriated efforts to reach his assailant; but in so masterly a manner did his adversary use his simple weapon, that every attempt was foiled, and more than once did the hard iron-wood descend upon his shoulders, in a manner to be heard from the shore. Once or twice the settler stooped to evade some falling blow, and, rushing forward, sought to sever the hand which still retained its hold of the stern; but, with an activity remarkable in so old a man as his assailant, for he was upwards of sixty years of age, the hand was removed—and the settler, defeated in his object, was amply repaid for his attempt, by a severe collision of his bones with the cudgel. At length, apparently enjoined by his companion, the younger removed his paddle, and, standing up also in the canoe, aimed a blow with its knobbed handle at the head of the horse, at a moment when his rider was fully engaged with Desborough. The quick-sighted old man saw the action, and, as the paddle descended, an upward stroke from his own heavy weapon sent it flying in fragments in the air, while a rapid and returning blow fell upon the head of the paddler, and prostrated him at length in the canoe. The opportunity afforded by this diversion, mo-

mentary as it was, was not lost upon Desborough. T horseman, who, in his impatience to avenge the inj offered to the animal, which seemed to form a part of hims had utterly forgotten the peril of his hand; and before could return from the double blow that had been so skilfu wielded, to his first enemy, the knife of the latter penetrated his hand, which, thus rendered powerless r relinquished its grasp. Desborough, whose object—c perate character as he usually was—seemed now rathe fly than to fight, availed himself of this advantage to l ten to the bows of the canoe, where, striding across body of his insensible companion, he, with a few vigor strokes of the remaining paddle, urged the lagging b rapidly a-head. In no way intimidated by his disaster, courageous old man, again brandishing his cudgel, and voc rating taunts of defiance, would have continued the purs but panting as he was, not only with the exertion he made, but under the weight of his impatient rider, in element in which he was supported merely by his c buoyancy, the strength and spirit of the animal began r perceptibly to fail him, and he turned, despite of every ef to prevent him, towards the shore. It was fortunate the former that there were no arms in the canoe, or r ther he nor the horse would, in all probability, have retur alive; such was the opinion, at least, pronounced by th who were witnesses of the strange scene, and who remar the infuriated but impotent gestures of Desborough, as old man, having once more gotten his steed into depth, slo pursued his course towards the shore, but with the same v brandishing of his enormous cudgel, and the same rock from side to side, until his body was often at right an with that of his jaded but sure-footed beast. As he is, h ever, a character meriting rather more than the casual no we have bestowed, we shall take the opportunity wl he is hastening to the discomfited officers on the beach, m particularly to describe him.

CHAPTER VIII.

Nearly midway between Elliott's and Hartley's points, both of which are remarkable for the low and sandy nature of the soil, the land, rising gradually towards the centre, assumes a more healthy and arable aspect; and, on its highest elevation, stood a snug, well cultivated, property, called, at the period of which we write, Gattrie's farm. From this height, crowned on its extreme summit by a neat and commodious farm-house, the far reaching sands, forming the points above named, are distinctly visible. Immediately in the rear, and commencing beyond the orchard which surrounded the house, stretched forestward, and to a considerable distance, a tract of rich and cultivated soil, separated into strips by zig-zag enclosures, and offering to the eye of the traveller, in appropriate season, the several species of American produce, such as Indian corn, buck wheat, &c. with here and there a few patches of indifferent tobacco. Thus far of the property, a more minute description of which is unimportant. The proprietors of this neat little place were a father and son, to the latter of whom was consigned, for reasons which will appear presently, the sole management of the farm. Of him we will merely say, that, at the period of which we treat, he was a fine, strapping, dark curly-haired, white-teethed, red-lipped, broad-shouldered, and altogether comely and gentle tempered youth, of about twenty, who had, although unconsciously, monopolized the affections of almost every well favoured maiden of his class, for miles around him—advantages of nature, from which had resulted a union with one of the prettiest of the fair competitors for connubial happiness.

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The father we may not dismiss so hastily. He was—but, before attempting the portraiture of his character, we will, to the best of our ability, sketch his person.

Let the reader fancy an old man of about sixty, possessed of that comfortable amplitude of person which is the result rather of a mind at peace with itself, and undisturbed by worldly care, than of any marked indulgence in indolent habits. Let him next invest this comfortable person in a sort of Oxford gray, coarse capote, or frock, of capacious size, tied closely round the waist with one of those parti-colored worsted sashes, we have, on a former occasion described as peculiar to the bourgeois settlers of the country. Next, suffering his eye to descend on and admire the rotund and fleshy thigh, let it drop gradually to the stout and muscular legs, which he must invest in a pair of closely fitting leathern trowsers, the wide-seamed edges of which are slit into innumerable small strips, much after the fashion of the American Indian. When he has completed the survey of the lower extremities, to which he must not fail to subjoin a foot of proportionate dimensions, tightly moccasined, and, moreover, furnished with a pair of old English hunting spurs, the reader must then examine the head with which this heavy piece of animated machinery is surmounted. From beneath a coarse felt hat, garnished with an inch-wide band or ribbon, let him imagine he sees the yet vigorous grey hair, descending over a forehead not altogether wanting in a certain dignity of expression, and terminating in a beetling brow, silvered also with the frost of years, and shadowing a sharp, grey, intelligent eye, the vivacity of whose expression denotes its possessor to be far in advance, in spirit, even of his still active and powerful frame. With these must be connected a snub nose—a double chin, adorned with grisly honors, which are borne, like the fleece of the lamb, only occasionally to the shears of the shearer—and a small, and not unhandsome, mouth, at certain periods pursed into an expression of irresistible humour, but more frequently

expressing a sense of lofty independence. The grisly neck, little more or less bared, as the season may demand—a kerchief loosely tied around the collar of a checked shirt—and a knotted cudgel in his hand,—and we think our sketch of Sampson Gattrie is complete.

Nor must the reader picture to himself this combination of animal properties, either standing, or lying, or walking, or sitting; but in a measure glued, Centaur-like, to the back of a noble stallion, vigorous, active, and of a dark chesnut color, with silver mane and tail. In the course of many years that Sampson had resided in the neighbourhood, no one could remember to have seen him stand, or lie, or walk, or sit, while away from his home, unless absolutely compelled. Both horse and rider seemed as though they could not exist while separated, and yet Silvertail (thus was the stallion named) was not more remarkable in sleekness of coat, soundness of carcase, and fleetness of pace, than his rider was in the characteristics of corpulency and joviality.

Sampson Gattrie had passed the greater part of his younger days in America. He had borne arms in the revolution, and was one of those faithful loyalists, who, preferring rather to abandon a soil which, after all, was one of adoption, than the flag under which they had been nurtured, had, at the termination of that contest, passed over into Canada. Having served in one of those irregular corps, several of which had been employed with the Indians, during the revolutionary contest, he had acquired much of the language of these latter, and to this knowledge was indebted for the situation of interpreter which he had for years enjoyed. Unhappily for himself, however, the salary attached to the office was sufficient to keep him in independence, and, to the idleness consequent on this, (for the duties of an interpreter were only occasional,) might have been attributed the rapid growth of a vice—an addiction to liquor—which unchecked indulgence had now ripened into positive disease.

Great was the terror that Sampson was wont to excite in

the good people of Amherstburg. With Silvertail at his speed, he would gallop into the town, brandishing his cudgel, and reeling from side to side, exhibiting at one moment the joyous character of a Silenus, at another, as we have already shown—that of an inebriated Centaur. Occasionally he would make his appearance, holding his sides convulsed with laughter, as he reeled and tottered in every direction, but without ever losing his equilibrium. At other times he would utter a loud shout, and, brandishing his cudgel, dart at full speed along the streets, as if he purposed singly to carry the town by (what Middlemore often facetiously called) a *coup de main*. At these moments were to be seen mothers rushing into the street to look for, and hurry away, their loitering offspring, while even adults were glad to hasten their movements, in order to escape collision with the formidable Sampson; not that either apprehended the slightest act of personal violence from the old man, for he was harmless of evil as a child, but because they feared the polished hoofs of Silvertail, which shone amid the clouds of dust they raised as he passed, like rings of burnished silver. Even the very Indians, with whom the streets were at this period habitually crowded, were glad to hug the sides of the houses, while Sampson passed; and they who, on other occasions, would have deemed it in the highest degree derogatory to their dignity to have stepped aside at the approach of danger, or to have relaxed a muscle of their stern countenances, would then open a passage with a rapidity which in them was remarkable, and burst into loud laughter as they fled from side to side to make way for Sampson. Sometimes, on these occasions, the latter would suddenly check Silvertail, while in full career, and, in a voice that could be heard from almost every quarter of the little town, harangue them for half an hour together in their own language, and with an air of authority that was ludicrous to those who witnessed it—and must have been witnessed to be conceived. Occasionally a guttural "ugh" would be responded in mock

approval of the speech, but more frequently a laugh, on the part of the more youthful of his red auditors, was the only notice taken. His lecture concluded, Sampson would again brandish his cudgel, and vociferate another shout; then betaking himself to the nearest store, he would urge Silvertail upon the footway, and with a tap of his rude cudgel against the door, summon whoever was within, to appear with a glass of his favorite beverage. And this would he repeat, until he had drained what he called his stirrup cup, at every shop in the place where the poisonous liquor was vended.

Were such a character to make his appearance in the Mother Country, endangering, to all perception, the lives of the Sovereign's liege subjects, he would, if in London, be hunted to death like a wild beast, by at least one half of the Metropolitan police; and, if in a provincial town, would be beset by a posse of constables. No one, however—not even the solitary constable of Amherstburg, ever ventured to interfere with Sampson Gattrie, who was in some degree a privileged character. Nay, strange as it may appear, notwithstanding his confirmed habit of inebriety, the old man stood high in the neighborhood, not only with simple but with gentle, for there were seasons when he evinced himself "a rational being," and there was a dignity of manner about him, which, added to his then quietude of demeanour, insensibly interested in his favor, those even who were most forward to condemn the vice to which he was invariably addicted. Not, be it understood, that in naming seasons of rationality, we mean seasons of positive abstemiousness; nor can this well be, seeing that Sampson never passed a day of strict sobriety during the last twenty years of his life. But, it might be said, that his three divisions of day—morning, noon and night—were characterized by three corresponding divisions of drunkenness—namely, drunk, drunker, and most drunk. It was, therefore, in the first stage of this graduated scale, that Sampson appeared in his most amiable and winning, because his least uproarious, mood. His libations

commenced at early morn, and his inebriety becam
gressive to the close of the day. To one who could rid
at night, as he invariably did, after some twelve h
hard and continued drinking, without rolling from his
it would not be difficult to enact the sober man in its
stages. As his intoxication was relative to himself,
his sobriety in regard to others—and although, at m
he might have swallowed sufficient to have caused
man to bite the dust, he looked and spoke, and acted,
had been a model of temperance. If he passed a lady
street, or saw her at her window, Sampson Gattrie's h
instantly removed from his venerable head, and hi
inclined forward over his saddle-bow, with all the eas
of a well-born gentleman, and one accustomed from
to pay deference to woman; nay, this at an hour w
had imbibed enough of his favorite liquor to have re
most men insensible even to their presence. These
of courtesy, extended moreover to the officers of th
rison, and such others among the civilians as Samps
to be worthy of his notice. His tones of salutation, a
moments, were soft, his manner respectful, even gr
and while there was nothing of the abashedness of th
rior, there was also no offensive familiarity, in the occ
conversations held by him with the different indi
or groups, who surrounded and accosted him.

Such was Sampson Gattrie, in the first stage of his
ety, no outward sign of which was visible. In the
his perception became more obscured, his voice less d
his tones less gentle and insinuating, and occasiona
cudgel would rise in rapid flourish, while now and
loud halloo would burst from lungs, which the oc
whiskey they had imbibed had not yet, apparently
affected. These were infallible indices of the more f
stage, of which the gallopings of Silvertail—the v
tions of his master—the increased flourishing of the c
the supposed danger of children—and the consequent a

mothers, together with the harangues to the Indian auditory, were the almost daily results.

There was one individual, however, in the town of Amherstburgh, of whom, despite his natural wilfulness of character, Sampson Gattrie stood much in awe, and that to such a degree, that if he chanced to encounter him in his mad progress, his presence had the effect of immediately quieting him. This gentleman was the father of the Granthams, who, although then filling a civil situation, had formerly been a field officer in the corps in which Sampson had served; and who had carried with him into private life, those qualities of stern excellence for which he had been remarkable as a soldier—qualities which had won to him the respect and affection, not only of the little community over which, in the capacity of its chief magistrate, he had presided, but also of the inhabitants of the country generally for many miles around. Temperate to an extreme himself, Major Grantham held the vice of drunkenness in deserved abhorrence, and so far from sharing the general toleration extended to the old man, whose originality (harmless as he ever was in his intoxication) often proved a motive for encouragement; he never failed, on encountering him, to bestow his censure in a manner that had an immediate and obvious effect on the culprit. If Sampson, from one end of the street, beheld Major Grantham approaching at the other, he was wont to turn abruptly away; but if perchance the magistrate came so unexpectedly upon him as to preclude the possibility of retreat, he appeared as one suddenly sobered, and would rein in his horse, fully prepared for the stern lecture which he was well aware would ensue.

It afforded no slight amusement to the townspeople, and particularly the young urchins, who usually looked up to Sampson with awe, to be witnesses of one of those rencontres. In a moment the shouting—galloping—rampaging cudgel-wielder was to be seen changed, as if by some magic power, into a being of almost child-like obedience, while he listened

attentively and deferentially to the lecture of Major Grantham, whom he both feared and loved. On these occasions, he would hang his head upon his chest—confess his error—and promise solemnly to amend his course of life, although it must be needless to add that never was that promise heeded. Not unfrequently, after these lectures, when Major Grantham had left him, Sampson would turn his horse, and, with his arms still folded across his chest, suffer Silvertail to pursue his homeward course, while he himself, silent and thoughtful, and looking like a culprit taken in the fact, sat steadily in his saddle, without however venturing to turn his eye either to the right or to the left, as he passed through the crowd, who, with faces strongly expressive of mirth, marked their sense of the change which had been produced in the old interpreter. Those who had seen him thus, for the first time, might have supposed that a reformation in one so apparently touched would have ensued; but long experience had taught that, although a twinge of conscience, or more probably fear of, and respect for, the magistrate, might induce a momentary humiliation, all traces of cause and effect would have vanished with the coming dawn.

To the sterling public virtues he boasted, Sampson Gattrie united that of loyalty in no common degree. A more staunch adherent to the British Crown existed nowhere in the sovereign's dominions; and, such was his devotedness to "King George," that, albeit he could not in all probability have made the sacrifice of his love for whiskey, he would willingly have suffered his left arm to be severed from his body, had such proof of his attachment to the throne been required. Proportioned to his love for every thing British, arose, as a natural consequence, his dislike for every thing anti-British; and especially for those, who, under the guise of allegiance, had conducted themselves in a way to become objects of suspicion to the authorities. A near neighbour of Desborough, he had watched him as narrowly as his long indulged habits of intoxication would permit, and he had

been the means of conveying to Major Grantham much of the information which had induced that uncompromising magistrate to seek the expulsion of the dangerous settler—an object which, however, had been defeated by the perjury of the unprincipled individual, in taking the customary oaths of allegiance. Since the death of Major Grantham, for whom, notwithstanding his numerous lectures, he had ever entertained that reverential esteem which is ever the result of the ascendancy of the powerful and virtuous mind over the weak, and not absolutely vicious; and for whose sons he felt almost a father's affection, old Gattrie had but indifferently troubled himself about Desborough, who was fully aware of what he had previously done to detect and expose him, and consequently repaid with usury—an hostility of feeling which, however, had never been brought to any practical issue.

As a matter of course, Sampson was of the number of anxious persons collected on the bank of the river, on the morning of the capture of the American gun boat; but, as he was only then emerging from his first stage of intoxication, (which we have already shown to be tant amount to perfect sobriety in any other person) there had been no time for a display of those uproarious qualities which characterized the last, and which, once let loose, scarcely even the presence of the General could have restrained. With an acuteness, however, which is often to be remarked in habitual drunkards at moments when their intellect is unclouded by the confusedness to which they are more commonly subject, the hawk's eye of the old man had detected several particulars which had escaped the general attention, and of which he had, at a later period of the day, retained sufficient recollection, to connect with an accidental yet important discovery.

At the moment when the prisoners were landed, he had remarked Desborough, who had uttered the hasty exclamation already recorded, stealing cautiously through the surrounding crowd, and apparently endeavouring to arrest the

attention of the younger of the American officers. An occasional pressing of the spur into the flank of Silvertail, enabled him to turn as the settler turned, and thus to keep him constantly in view; until, at length, as the latter approached the group of which General Brock and Commodore Barclay formed the centre, he observed him distinctly to make a sign of intelligence to the Militia Officer, whose eye he at length attracted, and who now bestowed upon him a glance of hasty and furtive recognition. Curiosity induced Sampson to move Silvertail a little more in advance, in order to be enabled to obtain a better view of the prisoners; but the latter, turning away his head at the moment, although apparently without design, baffled his penetration. Still he had a confused and indistinct idea that the person was not wholly unknown to him.

When the prisoners had been disposed of, and the crowd dispersed, Sampson continued to linger near the council house, exchanging greetings with the newly arrived Chiefs, and drinking from whatever whiskey bottle was offered to him, until he at length gave rapid indication of arriving at his third or grand climacteric. Then were to be heard the loud shoutings of his voice, and the clattering of Silvertail's hoofs, as horse and rider flew like lightning past the fort into the town, where a more than usual quantity of the favorite liquid was quaffed at the several stores, in commemoration, as he said, of the victory of his noble boy, Gerald Grantham, and to the success of the British arms generally throughout the war.

Among the faults of Sampson Gattrie, was certainly not that of neglecting the noble animal to whom long habit had deeply attached him. Silvertail was equally a favorite with the son, who had more than once ridden him in the occasional races that took place upon the hard sands of the lake shore, and in which he had borne every thing away. As Sampson was ever conscious and collected about this hour, care was duly taken by him that his horse should be fed,

without the trouble to himself of dismounting. Even as Gattrie sat in his saddle, Silvertail was in the daily practice of munching his corn out of a small trough that stood in the yard of the inn where he usually stopped, while his rider conversed with whoever chanced to be near him—the head of his cudgel resting on his ample thigh, and a glass of his favorite whiskey in his other and unoccupied hand.

Now it chanced, that on this particular day, Sampson had neglected to pay his customary visit to the inn, an omission which was owing rather to the hurry and excitement occasioned by the stirring events of the morning, than to any wilful neglect of his steed. Nor was it until some hours after dark that, seized with a sudden fit of caressing Silvertail, whose glossy neck he patted, until the tears of warm affection started to his eyes, he bethought him of the omission of which he had been guilty. Scarcely was the thought conceived, before Silvertail was again at full career, and on his way to the inn. The gate stood open, and, as Sampson entered, he saw two individuals retire, as if to escape observation, within a shed adjoining the stable. Drunk as he was, a vague consciousness of the truth, connected as it was with his earlier observation, flashed across the old man's mind, and when, in answer to his loud hallooing, a factotum, on whom devolved all the numerous offices of the inn, from waiter down to ostler, made his appearance, Sampson added to his loudly expressed demand for Silvertail's corn, a whispered injunction to return with a light. During the absence of the man he commenced trolling a verse of "Old King Cole," a favorite ballad with him, and with the indifference of one who believes himself to be alone. Presently the light appeared, and, as the bearer approached, its rays fell on the forms of two men, retired into the furthest extremity of the shed and crouching to the earth as if in concealment, whom Sampson recognized at a glance. He however took no notice of the circumstance to the ostler, or even gave the slightest indication, by look or movement, of what he had seen.

When the man had watered Silvertail, and put his corn in the trough, he returned to the house, and Sampson, with his arms folded across his chest, as his horse crunched his food, listened attentively to catch whatever conversation might ensue between the loiterers. Not a word however was uttered, and soon after he saw them emerge from their concealment—step cautiously behind him—cross the yard towards the gate by which he had entered—and then disappear altogether. During this movement the old man had kept himself perfectly still, so that there could be no suspicion that he had, in any way, observed them. Nay, he even spoke once or twice coaxingly to Silvertail, as if conscious only of the presence of that animal, and in short conducted himself in a manner well worthy of the cunning of a drunken man. The reflections to which this incident gave rise, had the effect of calling up a desperate fit of loyalty, which he only awaited the termination of Silvertail's hasty meal to put into immediate activity. Another shout to the ostler, a second glass swallowed, the reckoning paid, Silvertail bitted, and away went Sampson once more at his speed, through the now deserted town, the road out of which to his own place, skirted partly the banks of the river, and partly those of the lake.

After galloping about a mile, the old man found the feet of Silvertail burying themselves momentarily deeper in the sands which form the road near Elliot's Point. Unwilling to distress him more than was necessary, he pulled him up to a walk, and, throwing the reins upon his neck, folded his arms as usual, rolling from side to side at every moment, and audibly musing, in the thick husky voice that was common to him in inebriety.

"Yes, by Jove, I am as true and loyal a subject as any in the service of King George, God bless him, (here he bowed his head involuntarily and with respect) and though, as that poor dear old Grantham used to say, I do drink a little, (hiccup) still there's no great harm in that. It keeps a man

alive. I am the boy, at all events, to scent a rogue. That was Desborough and his son I saw just now, and the rascals, he! he! he! the rascals thought, I suppose, I was too drunk, (hiccup) too drunk to twig them. We shall tell them another tale before the night is over. D—n such skulking scoundrels, I say. Whoa! Silvertail, whoa! what do you see there, my boy, eh?"

Silvertail only replied by the sharp pricking of his ears, and a side movement, which seemed to indicate a desire to keep as much aloof as possible from a cluster of walnut trees which, interspersed with wild grape-vines, may be seen to this hour, resting in gloomy relief on the white deep sands that extend considerably in that direction.

"Never mind, my boy, we shall be at home presently," pursued Sampson, patting the neck of his unquiet companion. "But no, I had forgotten; we must give chase to these (hiccup) to these rascals. Now there's that son Bill of mine fast asleep, I suppose, in the arms of his little wife. They do nothing but lie in bed, while their poor old father is obliged to be up at all hours, devising plans for the good of the King's service, God bless him! But I shall soon (hiccup)!—Whoa Silvertail! whoa I say. D—n you, you brute, do you mean to throw me?"

The restlessness of Silvertail, despite of his rider's caresses, had been visibly increasing as they approached the dark cluster of walnuts. Arrived opposite to this, his ears and tail erect, he had evinced even more than restlessness—alarm: and something, that did not meet the eye of his rider, caused him to take a sideward spring of several feet. It was this action that, nearly unseating Sampson, had drawn from him the impatient exclamation just recorded.

At length the thicket was passed, and Silvertail, recovered from his alarm, moved forward once more on the bound, in obedience to the well known whistle of his master.

"Good speed have they made," again mused Sampson, as he approached his home; "if indeed, as I suspect, it be them

who are hiding in yonder thicket. Silvertail could not have been more than ten minutes finishing his (hiccup) his corn, and the sands had but little time to warm beneath his hoofs when he did start. These Yankees are swift footed fellows, as I have had good (hiccup) good experience, in the old war, when I could run a little myself after the best of them. But here we are at last. Whoa, Silvertail, whoa! and now to turn out Bill from his little wife. Bill, I say, hilloa! hilloa! Bill, hilloa!"

Long habit, which had taught the old man's truly excellent and exemplary son the utter hopelessness of his disease, had also familiarized him with these nightly interruptions to his slumbers. A light was speedily seen to flash across the chamber in which he slept, and presently the principal door of the lower building was unbarred, and unmurmuring, and uncomplaining, the half dressed young man stood in the presence of his father. Placing the light on the threshold, he prepared to assist him as usual to dismount, but Sampson, contrary to custom, rejected for a time every offer of the kind. His rapid gallop through the night air, added to the more than ordinary quantity of whiskey he had that day swallowed, was now producing its effect, and, while every feature of his countenance manifested the extreme of animal stupidity, his apprehension wandered and his voice became almost inarticulate. Without the power to acquaint his son with the purpose he had in view, and of which he himself now entertained but a very indistinct recollection, he yet strove, impelled as he was by his confusedness of intention to retain his seat, but was eventually unhorsed and handed over to the care of his pretty daughter in law, whose office it was to dispose of him for the night, while her husband rubbed down, fed, and otherwise attended to Silvertail.

A few hours of sound sleep restored Sampson to his voice and his recollection, when his desire to follow the two individuals he had seen in the yard of the inn the preceding night, and whom he felt persuaded he must have passed on

the road, was more than ever powerfully revived. And yet, was it not highly probable that the favorable opportunity had been lost, and that, taking advantage of the night, they were already departed from the country, if such (and he doubted it not) was their intention. "What a cursed fool," he muttered to himself, "to let a thimbleful of liquor upset me on such an occasion; but, at all events, here goes for another trial. With the impatient, over-indulged Sampson, to determine on a course of action, was to carry it into effect."

"Hilloa! Bill, I say Bill my boy," he shouted from the chamber next to that in which his son slept. Hilloa! Bill, come here directly."

Bill answered not, but sounds were heard in his room as of one stepping out of bed, and presently the noise of flint and steel announced that a light was being struck. In a few minutes, the rather jaded-looking youth appeared at the bedside of his parent.

"Bill, my dear boy," said Sampson, in a more subdued voice, "did you see any body pass last night after I came home? Try and recollect yourself; did you see two men on the road?

"I did, father; just as I had locked the stable door, and was coming in for the night, I saw two men passing down the road. But why do you ask!"

"Did you speak to them—could you recognize them," asked Sampson, without stating his motive for the question.

"I wished them good night, and one of them gruffly bade me good night too; but I could not make out who they were, though one did for a moment strike me to be Desborough, and both were tallish sort of men."

"You're a lad of penetration, Bill; now saddle me Silvertail as fast as you can."

"Saddle Silvertail! surely father, you are not going out yet: it's not day-light."

"Saddle me Silvertail, Bill," repeated the old man with

the air of one whose mandate was not to be questioned. "But where the devil are you going, sir," he added impatiently.

"Why to saddle Silvertail, to be sure," said the youth, who was just closing the door for that purpose.

"What, and leave me a miserable old man to get up without a light. Oh fie, Bill. I thought you loved your poor old father better than to neglect him so—there, that will do: now send in Lucy to dress me."

The light was kindled, Bill went in and spoke to his wife, then descended to the stable. A gentle tap at the door of the old interpreter, and Lucy entered in her pretty night dress, and, half asleep, half awake, but without a shadow of discontent in her look, proceeded to assist him in drawing on his stockings, &c. Sampson's toilet was soon completed, and Silvertail being announced as "all ready," he, without communicating a word of his purpose, issued forth from his home, just as the day was beginning to dawn.

Although the reflective powers of Gattrie had been in some measure restored by sleep, it is by no means to be assumed he was yet thoroughly sober. Uncertain in regard to the movements of those who had so strongly excited his loyal hostility, (and, mayhap, at the moment his curiosity,) it occurred to him that if Desborough had not already baffled his pursuit, a knowledge of the movements and intentions of that individual, might be better obtained from an observation of what was passing on the beach in front of his hut. The object of this reconnoissance was, therefore, only to see if the canoe of the settler was still on the shore, and with this object he suffered Silvertail to take the road along the sands, while he himself, with his arms folded and his head sunk on his chest, fell into a reverie with which was connected the manner and the means of securing the disloyal Desborough, should it happen that he had not yet departed. The accidental discharge of Middlemore's pistol, at the very moment when Silvertail had doubled a point that kept the scene of contention from his view, caused him to raise his eyes, and then

the whole truth flashed suddenly upon him. We have already seen how gallantly he advanced to them, and how madly, and, in a manner peculiarly his own, he sought to arrest the traitor Desborough in his flight.

"Sorry I couldn't force the scoundrel back, gentlemen," said Sampson, as he now approached the discomfited officers. "Not much hurt, I hope," pointing with his own maimed and bleeding hand to the leg of Middlemore, which that officer, seated on the sand, was preparing to bind with a silk handkerchief. "Ah, a mere flesh wound, I see. Henry, Henry Grantham, my poor dear boy, what still alive after the desperate clutching of that fellow at your throat? But now that we have routed the enemy—must be off—drenched to the skin. No liquor on the stomach to keep out the cold, and if I once get an ague fit, its all over with poor old Sampson. Must gallop home, and, while his little wife wraps a bandage round my hand, shall send down Bill with a litter. Good morning, Mr. Middlemore, good bye Henry, my boy." And then, without giving time to either to reply, the old man applied his spurs once more to the flanks of Silvertail, who, with drooping mane and tail, resembled a half drowned rat; and again hallooing defiance to Desborough, who lay to at a distance, apparently watching the movements of his enemies, he retraced his way along the sands at full gallop, and was speedily out of sight.

Scarcely had Gattrie disappeared, when two other individuals, evidently officers, and cloaked precisely like the party he had just quitted, issued from the wood near the hut upon the clearing, and thence upon the sands—their countenances naturally expressing all the surprise that might he supposed to arise from the picture now offered to their view.

"What in the name of Heaven is the meaning of all this?" asked one of the new comers, as both now rapidly advanced to the spot where Middlemore was yet employed in coolly binding up his leg, while Henry Grantham, who had just risen, was gasping with almost ludicrous efforts to regain his respiration.

"You must ask the meaning of our friend here," answered Middlemore, with the low chuckling good-natured laugh that was habitual to him, while he proceeded with his bandaging. "All I know is, that I came out as a second, and here have I been made a first—a principal, which, by the way, is contrary to all my principle."

"Do be serious for once, Middlemore. How did you get wounded, and who are those scoundrels who have just quitted you? anxiously inquired Captain Molineux, for it was he, and Lieutenant Villiers, who, (the party already stated to have been expected,) had at length arrived.

"Two desperate fellows in their way, I can assure you," replied Middlemore, more amused than annoyed at the adventure. "Ensign Paul, Emilius, Theophilus, Arnoldi, is, I calculate, a pretty considerable strong ac*tyve* sort of fellow; and, to judge by Henry Grantham's half strangled look, his companion lacks not the same qualities. Why, in the name of all that is precious would you persist in poking your nose into the rascal's skins, Grantham? The ruffians had nearly made dried skins of ours."

"Ha! is that the scoundrel who calls himself Arnoldi," asked Captain Molineux? I have heard," and he glanced at Henry Grantham as he spoke, "a long story of his villainy from his captor within this very hour."

"Which is your apology, I suppose," said Middlemore, "for having so far exceeded your ap*point*ment, gentlemen."

"It certainly is," said Lieutenant Villiers, "but the fault was not ours. We chanced to fall in with Gerald Grantham, and on our way here, and that he detained us, should be a matter of congratulation to us all."

"Congratulation!" exclaimed Middlemore, dropping his bandage, and lifting his eyes with an expression of indescribable humour, "Am I then to think it matter of congratulation that, as an innocent second, I should have had a cursed piece of lead stuck in my flesh to spoil my next winter's dancing. And Grantham is to think it matter of congratula-

that, instead of putting a bullet through you, Molineux,

(as I intend he shall when I have finished dressing this confounded leg, if his nerves are not too much shaken,) he should have felt the gripe of that monster Desborough around his throat, until his eyes seem ready to start from their sockets, and all this because you did not choose to be in time. Upon my word, I do not know that it is quite meet that we should meet you. What say you, Grantham ?"

"I hope," said Captain Molineux with a smile, "your principal will think as you do, for should he decline the meeting, nothing will afford more satisfaction to myself.

Both Grantham and Middlemore looked their utter surprise at the language thus used by Captain Molineux, but neither of them spoke.

"If an apology the most ample for my observation of yesterday," continued that officer, "an apology founded on my perfect conviction of error, (that conviction produced by certain recent explanations with your brother,) can satisfy you, Mr. Grantham, most sincerely do I make it. If, however, you hold me to my pledge, here am I of course to redeem it. I may as well observe to you in the presence of our friends, (and Villiers can corroborate my statement,) that my original intention on leaving your brother, was to receive your fire and then tender my apology, but, under the circumstances in which both you and Middlemore are placed at this moment, the idea would be altogether absurd. Again I tender my apology, which it will be a satisfaction to me to repeat this day at the mess table, where I yesterday refused to drink your brother's health. All I can add is that when you have heard the motives for my conduct, and learnt to what extent I have been deceived, you will readily admit that I acted not altogether from caprice."

"Your apology I accept, Captain Molineux," said Grantham, coming forward and unhesitatingly offering his hand. "If you have seen my brother, I am satisfied. Let there be no further question on the subject."

"So then I am to be the only bulleted man on this occa-

sion," interrupted Middlemore, with ludicrous pathos—"the only poor devil who is to be made to remember Hartley's point for ever. But no matter. I am not the first instance of a second being shot, through the awkward bungling of his principal, and certainly Grantham you were in every sense the principal in this affair, for had you taken my advice you would have let the fellows go to the devil their own way."

"What! knowing, as I did, that the traitor Desborough had concealed in his canoe a prisoner on parole—nay, worse, a deserter from our service—with a view of conveying him out of the country?"

"How did you know it?"

"Because I at once recognized him, through the disguise in which he left the hut, for what he was. That discovery made, there remained but one course to pursue."

"Ah! and *course* work you made of it, with a vengeance," said Middlemore, "first started him up like a fox from his cover, got the mark of his teeth, and then suffered him to escape."

"Is there no chance of following—no means of overtaking them?" said Captain Molineux—"No, by Heaven, as he glanced his eye from right to left, not a single canoe to be seen any where along the shore."

"Following!" echoed Middlemore; "faith the scoundrels would desire nothing better: if two of us had such indifferent play with them on terra firma, you may rely upon it that double the number would have no better chance in one of these rickety canoes. See there how the rascals lie to within half musket shot, apparently hailing us."

Middlemore was right. Desborough had risen in the stern of the canoe, and now, stretched to his full height, called leisurely, through his closed hands, on the name of Henry Grantham. When he observed the attention of that officer had, in common with that of his companions, been arrrested, he proceeded at the full extent of his lungs.

"I reckon, young man, as how I shall pay you out for

this, and drot my skin, if I once twists my fingers round your neck again, if any thing on this side hell shall make me quit it, afore you squeaks your last squeak. You've druv me from my home, and I'll have your curst blood for it yet. I'll sarve you, as I sarved your old father—You got my small bore, I expect, and if its any good to you to know that one of its nineties to the pound, sent the old rascal to the devil—why then you have it from Jeremiah Desborough's own lips, and be d—d to you."

And, with this horrible admission, the settler again seated himself in the stern of his canoe, and making good use of his paddle soon scudded away until his little vessel appeared but as a speck on the lake.

Henry Grantham was petrified with astonishment and dismay at a declaration, the full elucidation of which we must reserve for a future opportunity. The daring confession rang in his ears long after the voice had ceased, and it was not until a light vehicle had been brought for Middlemore from Sampson's farm, that he could be induced to quit the shore, where he still lingered, as if in expectation of the return of the avowed *murderer of his Father*.

CHAPTER IX.

At the especial invitation of Captain Molineux, Gerald Grantham dined at the garrison mess, on the evening of the day when the circumstances, detailed in our last chapter, took place. During dinner the extraordinary adventure of the morning formed the chief topic of conversation, for it had become one of general interest, not only throughout the military circles, but in the town of Amherstburg itself, in which the father of the Granthams had been held in an esteem amounting almost to veneration. Horrible as had been the announcement made by the detected and discomfited settler to him who now, for the first time, learnt that his parent had fallen a victim to ruffian vindictiveness, too many years had elapsed since that event, to produce more than the ordinary emotion which might be supposed to be awakened by a knowledge rather of the manner than the fact of his death. Whatever therefore might have been the pain inflicted on the hearts of the brothers, by this cruel re-opening of a partially closed wound, there was no other evidence of suffering than the suddenly compressed lip and glistening eye, whenever allusion was made to the villain with whom each felt he had a fearful account to settle. Much indeed of the interest of the hour was derived from the animated account, given by Gerald, of the circumstances which had led to his lying in ambuscade for the American on the preceding day; and as his narrative embraces not only the reasons for Captain Molineux's strange conduct, but other hitherto unexplained facts, we cannot do better than follow him in his detail.

"I think it must have been about half past eleven o'clock,

on the night preceding the capture," commenced Gerald, "that, as my gun boat was at anchor close under the American shore, at rather more than half a mile below the farther extremity of Bois Blanc, my faithful old Sambo silently approached me, while I lay wrapped in my watch cloak on deck, calculating the chances of falling in with some spirited bark of the enemy which would afford me an opportunity of proving the mettle of my crew.

"'Massa Geral,' he said in a mysterious whisper, for old age and long services in my family have given him privileges which I have neither the power nor the inclination to check—'Massa Geral,' pulling me by the collar—'I dam ib he no go sleep when him ought to hab all him eyes about him—him pretty fellow to keep watch when Yankee pass him in e channel.'

"'A Yankee pass me in the channel!'" I would have exclaimed aloud, starting to my feet with surprise, but Sambo, with ready thought, put his hand upon my mouth, in time to prevent more than the first word from being uttered.

"'Hush! dam him, Massa Geral, ib you make a noise you no catch him.'

"'What do you mean then—what have you seen?'" I asked in the same low whisper, the policy of which his action had enjoined on me.

"'Lookee dare, Massa Geral, lookee dare?'

"Following the direction in which he pointed, I now saw, but very indistinctly, a canoe in which was a solitary individual stealing across the lake to the impulsion of an apparently muffled paddle; for her course, notwithstanding the stillness of the night, was utterly noiseless. The moon, which is in her first quarter, had long since disappeared, yet the heavens, although not particularly bright, ware sufficiently dotted with stars to enable me, with the aid of a night telescope, to discover that the figure, which guided the cautiously moving bark, had nothing Indian in its outline. The crew of the gun boat (the watch only excepted) had long

since turned in; and even the latter lay reposing on the forecastle, the sentinels only keeping the ordinary look out. So closely moreover did we lay in shore, that but for the caution of the paddler, it might have been assumed she was too nearly identified with the dark forest against which her hull and spars reposed, to be visible. Curious to ascertain her object, I watched the canoe in silence, as, whether accidentally or with design, I know not, she made the half circuit of the gun boat and then bore away in a direct line for the Canadian shore. A suspicion of the truth now flashed across my mind, and I resolved without delay to satisfy myself. My first care was to hasten to the forecastle, and enjoin on the sentinels, who I feared might see and hail the stranger, the strictest silence. Then desiring Sambo to prepare the light boat which, I dare say, most of you have remarked to form a part of my Lilliputian command, I proceeded to arm myself with cutlass and pistols. Thus equipped I sprang lightly in, and having again caught sight of the chase, on which I had moreovér directed one of the sentinels to keep a steady eye as long as she was in sight, desired Sambo to steer as noiselessly as possible in pursuit. For some time we kept the stranger in view, but whether, owing to his superior paddling or lighter weight, we eventually lost sight of him. The suspicion which had at first induced my following, however, served also as a clue to the direction I should take. I was aware that the scoundred Desborough was an object of distrust—I knew that the strictness of my father, during his magistracy, in compelling him to choose between taking the oaths of allegiance, and quitting the country, had inspired him with deep hatred to himself and disaffection to the Government; and I felt that if the spirit of his vengeance had not earlier developed itself, it was solely because the opportunity and the power had hitherto been wanting; but that now, when hostilities between his natural and adopted countries had been declared, there would be ample room for *the exercise* of his treason. It was the strong assurance I

felt that he was the solitary voyager on the face of the waters, which induced me to pursue him, for I had a presentiment that, could I but track him in his course, I should discover some proof of his guilt, which would suffice to rid us for ever of the presence of so dangerous a subject. The adventure was moreover one that pleased me, although perhaps I was not strictly justified in quitting my gun boat, especially as in the urgency of the moment, I had not even thought of leaving orders with my boatswain, in the event of any thing unexpected occurring during my absence. The sentinels alone were aware of my departure.

"The course we pursued was in the direction of Hartley's point, and so correct had been the steering and paddling of the keen-sighted negro, that when we made the beach, we found ourselves immediately opposite to Desborough's hut.

"'How is this, Sambo?' I asked in a low tone, as our canoe grated on the sand within a few paces of several others that lay where I expected to find but one—'are all these Desborough's?'

"'No, Massa Geral—'less him teal him toders, Desborough only got one—dis a public landin' place.'

"'Can you tell which is his?' I inquired.

"'To be sure—dis a one,' and he pointed to one nearly twice the dimensions of its fellows.

"'Has it been lately used, Sambo—can you tell?'

"'I soon find out, Massa Geral.'

"His device was the most simple and natural in the world, and yet I confess it was one which I never should have dreamt of. Stooping on the sands, he passed his hand under the bottom of the canoe, and then whispered.

"'Him not touch a water to night Massa Geral—him dry as a chip.'

"Here I was at fault. I began to apprehend that I had been baffled in my pursuit, and deceived in my supposition. I knew that Desborough had had for years, one large canoe

only in his possession, and it was evident that this had not been used during the night. I was about to order Sambo to shove off again, when it suddenly occurred to me that, instead of returning from a visit, the suspected settler might have received a visiter, and I accordingly desired my *fides achates* to submit the remainder of the canoes to the same inspection.

"After having passed his hand ineffectually over several, he at length announced, as he stooped over one which I recognized, from a peculiar elevation of the bow and stern, to be the same we had passed.

"'Dis a one all drippin' wet, Massa Geral. May I nebber see a Hebben ib he not a same we follow.'

"A low tapping against the door of the hut, which although evidently intended to be subdued, was now, in the silence of night, distinctly audible; while our whispers, on the contrary, mingled as they were with the crisping sound of the waves rippling on the sands were, at that distance, undistinguishable. It was evident that I had erred in my original conjecture. Had it been Desborough himself, living alone as he did, he would not have knocked for admission where there was no one to afford it, but would have quietly let himself in. It could then be no other than a visiter—perhaps a spy from the enemy—and the same to whom we had given chase.

"From the moment that the tapping commenced, Sambo and I stood motionless on the shore, and without trusting our voices again, even to a whisper. In a little time we heard the door open, and the low voice of Desborough in conversation with another. Presently the door was shut, and soon afterwards, through an imperfectly closed shutter on the only floor of the hut, we could perceive a streak of light reflected on the clearing in front, as if from a candle or lamp, that was stationary.

"'I tink him dam rascal dat man, Massa Geral;' at length ventured my companion. "I 'member long time ago,' and

he sighed, "'when Sambo no bigger nor dat paddle, one berry much like him. But, Massa Geral,' Missis always tell me nebber talk o' dat.'

"'A villain he is, I believe, Sambo, but let us advance cautiously and discover what he is about.'

"We now stole along the skirt of the forest, until we managed to approach the window, through which the light was still thrown in one long, fixed, but solitary ray. It was however impossible to see who were within, for although the voices of men were distinguishable, their forms were so placed as not to be visible through the partial opening.

"The conversation had evidently been some moments commenced. The first words I heard uttered, were by Desborough.

"'A Commissary boat, and filled with bags of goold eagles, and a fiftieth part ourn, if we get her clean slick through to Detroit. Well, drot me, if that aint worth the trial. Why did'nt they try it by land, boy ?'

"'I reckon, father, that cock wouldn't fight. The Injuns are outlyin' every where to cut off our mails, and the ready is too much wanted to be thrown away. No, no: the river work's the safest I take it, for there they little expect it to come.'

"The voice of the last speaker, excited in me a strong desire to see the face of Desborough's visiter. Unable, where I stood, to catch the slightest view of either, I fancied that I might be more successful in rear of the hut. I therefore moved forward, followed by Sambo, but not so cautiously as to prevent my feet from crushing a fragment of decayed wood, that lay in my path.

"A bustle within, and the sudden opening of the door announced that the noise had been overheard. I held up my finger impressively to Sambo, and we both remained motionless.

"'Who the hell's there ?' shouted Desborough, and the

voice rang like the blast of a speaking trumpet along the skirt of the forest.

"'Some raccoon looking out for Hartley's chickens, I expect,' said his companion, after a short pause. 'There's nothin' human I reckon, to be seen movin' at this hour of the night.'

"'Who the hell's there?' repeated Desborough—still no answer.

"Again the door was closed, and under cover of the slight noise made by the settler in doing this, and resuming his seat, Sambo and I accomplished the circuit of the hut. Here we had an unobstructed view of the persons of both. A small store room or pantry communicated with that in which they were sitting at a table, on which was a large flagon, we knew to contain whiskey, and a couple of japanned drinking cups, from which, ever and anon, they "wetted their whistles," as they termed it, and whetted their discourse. As they sat each with his back to the inner wall, or more correctly, the logs of the hut, and facing the door communicating with the store room left wide open, and in a direct line with the back window at which we had taken our stand, we could distinctly trace every movement of their features, while, thrown into the shade by the gloom with which we were enveloped we ran no risk of detection ourselves. It is almost unnecessary to observe, after what has occurred this morning, that the companion of Desborough was no other than the *soi-disant* Ensign Paul, Emelius, Theophilus, Arnoldi; or, more properly, the scoundrel son of a yet more scoundrel father. He wore the dress in which you yesterday beheld him, but beneath a Canadian blanket coat, which, when I first saw him in the hut, was buttoned up to the chin, so closely as to conceal every thing American about the dress.

"'Well now I reckon we must lay our heads to do this job;' said the son as he tossed off a portion of the liquid he had poured into his can. 'There's only that one gun boat I expect in t'other channel.'

"'Only one Phil, do you know who commands it?'

"'One of them curst Granthams, to be sure. I say, old boy,' and his eye lighted up significantly, as he pointed to the opposite wall, 'I see you've got the small bore still.'

"A knowing wink marked the father's sense of the allusion. 'The devil's in it,' he rejoined, 'if we can't come over that smooth faced chap, some how or other. Did you see any thin' of him as you come along?'

"'I reckon I did. Pretty chick he is to employ for a look out—why I paddled two or three times round his gun boat, as it lay 'gin the shore, without so much as a single livin' soul being on deck to see me.'

"It is proverbial," continued Grantham, "that listeners never hear any good of themselves. I paid the common penalty. But if I continued calm, my companion did not. Partly incensed at what had related to me—but more infuriated at the declaration made by the son, that he had paddled several times round the gun boat, without a soul being on deck to see him, he drew near to me, his white teeth displaying themselves in the gloom, as he whispered, but in a tone that betrayed extreme irritation.

"'What a dam Yankee liar rascal, Massa Geral. He nebber go round: I see him come a down a ribber long afore he see a boat at all.'

"'Hush Sambo—hush not a word,' I returned in the same low whisper. "The villians are at some treason, and if we stir, we shall lose all chance of discovering it."

"'Me no peak Massa Geral; but dam him lyin' teef,' he continued to mutter, 'I wish I had him board a gun boat.'

"'A dozen fellors well armed, might take the d—d British craft,' observed Desborough. 'How many men may there be aboard the Commissary.'

"'About forty, I reckon, under some d—d old rig'lar Major. I've got a letter for him here to desire him to come on, if so be as we gets the craft out of the way.'

"'Drot me if I know a better way than to jump slick aboard

her,' returned Desborough musingly; 'forty genuine Kaintucks ought to swallow her up, crew and all.'

"'I guess they would,' returned his companion, 'but they are not Kaintucks, but only rig'lars; and then agin if they are discovered one spry cannon shot might sink her; and if the eagles go to the bottom, we shall lose our fiftieth. You don't reckon that."

"'What the hell's to be done then,' exclaimed Desborough, resorting to his favorite oath when in doubt.

"'My plan's already cut and dried by a wiser head nor yours nor mine, as you shall larn; but first let a fellor wet his whistle.' Here they both drained off another portion of the poison that stood before them.

"Not to tire you," pursued Grantham, "with a repetition of the oaths and vulgar and interjectional chucklings that passed between the well assorted pair, during the disclosure of the younger, I will briefly state that it was one of the most stupid that could have been conceived, and reflected but little credit on the stratagetic powers of whoever originated it.

"The younger scoundrel, who since his desertion from our service, claims to be a naturalized citizen of the United States (his name of Desborough being changed for that of Arnoldi, and his rank of full private for that of Ensign of Militia,) had been selected from his knowledge of the Canadian shore, and his connexion with the disaffected settler, as a proper person to entrust with a stratagem, having for its object the safe convoy of a boat, filled with specie, of which the American garrison it appears stands much in need. The renegade had been instructed to see his father, to whom he was to promise, a fiftieth of the value of the freight, provided he should by any means contrive to draw the gun boat from her station. The most plausible plan suggested, was that he should intimate to me, that a prize of value was lying between Turkey Island and our own shore, which it required but my sudden appear-

ance to ensure, without even striking a blow. Here a number of armed boats were to be stationed in concealment, in order to take me at a disadvantage, and even if I avoided being captured, the great aim would be accomplished—namely, that of getting me out of the way, until the important boat should have cleared the channel, running between Bois Blanc and the American shore, and secreted herself in one of the several deep creeks which empty themselves into the river. Here she was to have remained until I had returned to my station, when her passage upward might be pursued, if not without observation, at least without risk. As Desborough was known to be suspected by us, it was further suggested that he should appear to have been influenced in the information conveyed to me, not by any motives of patriotism, which would have been in the highest degree misplaced, but by the mere principle of self interest. He was to require of me a pledge that, out of the proceeds of the proposed capture, a twentieth share should be his, or, if I would not undertake to guarantee this from the Government or my own authority, that I should promise my own eventual share should be divided with him. This stratagem successful, the younger Desborough was to repair to the boat which had been lying concealed for the last day or two, a few miles below me, with an order for her to make the best of her way during the night if possible. If failing on the other hand, she was to return to the port whence she had sailed, until a more fitting opportunity should present itself.

"This," continued Grantham, after a slight pause, during which the bottle was again circulated, "was delightful intelligence. Distrustful as I was of Desborough, I could not have been deceived by this device, even had I not thus fortunately become acquainted with the whole of the design: but now that I knew my man, and could see my way, I at once resolved to appear the dupe they purposed to make me. Specie too, for the payment of the garrison! This was no contemptible prize with which to commence my career,

Besides the boat was well manned, and although without cannon, still in point of military equipment quite able to cope with my crew, which did not exceed thirty men.

"With your knowledge of Desborough's character it will not surprise you to learn, although I confess I boiled with indignation at the moment to hear, that the object of the scoundrels was, with a view to the gratification of their own private vengeance, not merely to raise a doubt of my fidelity, but to prefer against me a direct charge of treason. Thus in their vulgar language they argued. If misled by their representations, I quitted my station on the channel, and fell into the ambuscade prepared for me near Turkey Island, I raised a suspicion of the cause of my absence, which might be confirmed by an anonymous communication; and if, on the other hand, I escaped that ambuscade, the suspicion would be even stronger, as care would be taken to announce to the English garrison, the fact of my having been bribed to leave the channel free for the passage of a boat, filled with money and necessaries for Detroit. My return to my post immediately afterwards, would confirm the assertion; and so perfectly had they, in their wise conceit, arranged their plans, that a paper was prepared by the son and handed to his father, for the purpose of being dropped in the way of one of the officers; the purport of which was an accusation against me, of holding a secret understanding with the enemy, in proof whereof it was stated that at an important moment, I should be found absent from my post—I think I am correct, Captain Molineux."

"'Perfectly,' returned that officer—'such indeed were the contents of the paper which I picked up in my rounds about day light yesterday morning, and which I have only again to express my regret that I should have allowed to make on me even a momentary impression. Indeed, Grantham, I am sure you will do me the justice to believe, that until we actually saw the American boat passing, while you were no where to be seen, I never for one moment doubted

its being, what it has proved to be—the falsest and most atrocious of calumnies."

"Your after doubt was but natural," replied the sailor, "although I confess I could not help wincing under the thought of its being entertained. I knew that, on my return, I should be enabled to explain every thing, but yet felt nettled that even my short absence should, as I knew it must, give rise to any strictures on my conduct. It was that soreness of feeling which induced my impatient allusion to the subject, even after my good fortune of yesterday, for I at once detected that the slanderous paper had been received and commented on; and from the peculiar glance, I saw Henry direct to you, I was at no loss to discover into whose hands it had fallen. But to resume.

"Their plan of action being finally settled, the traitors began to give indication of separating—the one to hasten and announce to the American boat the removal of all impediment to her passage upwards—the other to my gun boat, in order to play off the falsehood devised for the success of their stratagem.

"'Here's damnation to the curst race of Granthams,' said the son, as raising his tall and lanky body, he lifted the rude goblet to his lips.

"'Amen,' responded the father, rising also and drinking to the pledge, 'and what's more, here's to the goold eagles that'll repay us for our job. And now Phil, let's be movin'.'

"The heavy tread of their feet within the hut as they moved to and fro, to collect the several articles belonging to the equipment of Desborough's canoe, promising fair to cover the sound of our footsteps, I now whispered to Sambo, and we hastily made good our retreat to the point where we had left our skiff. In a few minutes, we were again on the lake, paddling swiftly but cautiously towards my gun boat. I had instructed the sentinels not to hail me on my return, therefore when I gained the deck, it was without challenge or observation of any kind, which could denote to

those from whom I had so recently parted, that any one had been absent,

"Again I had thrown myself upon the deck, and was ruminating on the singular events of the evening, associating the rich prize, which I now already looked upon as my own, with the rascality of those who, imagining me to be their dupe, were so soon to become mine; and moreover meditating such measures as I fancied most likely to secure a result so opposite to that which they anticipated, when the loud quick sharp hail of the sentinels announced that a craft of some kind was approaching.

"'Want to see the officer,' shouted a voice which I knew to be Desborough's. "Somethin' very partick'lar to tell him, I guess."

"Permission having been granted, the canoe came rapidly up to the side, and in the next minute, the tall heavy form of the settler stood distinctly defined against the lake, as he stepped on the gun-wale of the boat.

"It must be needless here to repeat the information of which he was the bearer," pursued Grantham. Its purport was, in every sense, what I had so recently overheard in the hut.

"'And how am I to know that this tale of yours is correct,' I demanded when he had concluded, yet in a tone that seemed to admit, I was as much his dupe as he could reasonably desire. 'You are aware Desborough, that your character for loyalty does not stand very high, and this may prove but a trick to get me out of the way. What good motive can you give for my believing you.'

"'The best I calculate as can be,' he unhesitatingly answered, 'and that is my own interest. I don't make no boast of my loyalty, as you say, to be sure, Mr. Grantham, but I've an eye like a hawk for the rhino, and I han't giv' you this piece of news without expectin' a promise that I shall git a purty considerable sum in eagles, if so be as you succeeds in wallopin' the prize.'

"'Walloping—what do you call walloping, man?'

"'What do I call wallopin'? why licking her slick and clean out, and gettin' hold of the dust to be sure.'

"I could have knocked the scoundrel to the deck, for the familiarity of the grin which accompanied this reply, and as for Sambo, I had more than once to look him peremptorily into patience.

"I knew from what had passed between father and son, that, until the former had communicated with, and impressed a conviction of the accuracy of his report, upon me, nothing was to be attempted by the boat, the capture of which was now, for a variety of reasons, an object of weighty consideration. Whatever violence I did to myself therefore, in abstaining from a castigation of the traitor, I felt that I could not hope for success, unless, by appearing implicitly to believe all he had stated, I thus set suspicion at rest.

"'A more satisfactory motive for your information you could not have given me Desborough,' I at length replied, with a sarcasm which was however lost upon him, 'and I certainly do you the justice to believe that to the self interest you have avowed, we shall be indebted for the capture of the prize in question. She lies, you say, between Turkey Island and our own shores.'

"'I guess as how she does,' replied the settler, with an eagerness that betrayed his conviction that the bait had taken; 'but Mr. Grantham,'—and I could detect a lurking sneer, 'I expect at least that when you have lick'd the prize you will make my loyalty stand a little higher than it seems to be at this moment, for I guess, puttin' the dollars out of the question, it's a right loyal act I am guilty of now.'

"'You may rely upon it, Desborough, you shall have all the credit you deserve for your conduct on the occasion—that it shall be faithfully reported on my return, you may take for granted.' Here I summoned all hands up to weigh anchor and make sail for Turkey Island. 'Now then, Desborough, unless you wish to be a sharer in our enterprize, the

sooner you leave us the better, for we shall be off immediately.'

"'In obedience to my order, all hands were speedily upon deck, and busied in earnest preparation. In pleasing assurance that I was as completely his dupe as could be desired, the villain had now the audacity to demand from me a written promise that, in consideration of the information given, five hundred dollars should be paid to him on the disposal of the prize. This demand (aware as he was—or rather as he purposed—that I was to play the part of the captured instead of that of the captor), was intended to lull me into even greater reliance on his veracity. I had difficulty in restraining my indignation, for I felt that the fellow was laughing at me in his sleeve; however the reflection that, in less than twenty-four hours, the tables would be turned upon him, operated as a check upon my feelings, and I said with a hurried voice and air:

"'Impossible, Desborough, I have no time now to give the paper, for as you perceive we are getting under way—I however, repeat to you my promise, that if your claims are not attended to elsewhere, you shall have my share of the profits, if I take this prize within the next eight and forty hours within the boundary of Turkey Island—Will that content you?'

"'I expect as how it must,' returned the secretly delighted, yet seemingly disappointed settler, as he now prepared to recross the gun-wale into his canoe; 'but I guess, Mr. Grantham, you might at least advance a fellor a little money out of hand, on the strength of the prize. Jist say twenty dollars.'

"'No, Desborough, not one. 'When the Turkey Island prize is mine, then if the Government refuse to confirm your claims, we will share equally; but, as I said before, I must first capture her, before I consent to part with a shilling.'

"'Well then, I guess I must wait,' and the scoundrel confidently believing that he had gulled me to his heart's con-

tent, stepped heavily into his canoe, which he directed along the lake shore, while we with filling sails, glided up the channel and speedily lost him from our view.'

"A perfect adventure upon my word," interrupted DeCourcy."

"What a bold and deliberate scoundrel," added Captain Granville. "I confess, Grantham, I cannot but admire the coolness and self-possession you evinced on this occassion. Had I been there in your stead, I should have tied the rascal up, given him a dozen or two on the spot, and then tumbled him head foremost into the lake."

"Oh yes, but then you have such a short way of doing things, Captain Granville," remarked Ensign Langley, in a tone rather less marked by confidence than that of the preceding day, and, on this occasion, not omitting to prefix the rank of him whom he addressed, and his acquaintance with whom had been slight.

"I admit, Mr. Langley, I have a very short and unceremonious way of treating vulgar people, who are my antipathy," returned Captain Granville, in his usual dry manner.

"Had Geerald doon this he would ha' maired his feenal treomph over the veellain," observed Cranstoun. "Na, na, Granville, our friend here has acted like a prudent mon, as well as a gaillant officer. Geerald, the boottle stands with you."

"To say nothing of his desire to secure the prize money," gaily remarked the young sailor, as he helped himself to wine.

"Eh, true, the preeze mooney, and a very neecessary consederetion too, Geerald; and one that may weel joostify your prudence in the affair. I did na' theenk o' that at fairst."

"But come, Grantham," interrupted Captain Granville, you have not informed us of what happened after the departure of the settler."

"The remainder is soon told," continued Gerald. "On parting from Desborough I continued my course directly up the

channel, with a view of gaining a point, where unseen myself, I could observe the movements of the American boat, which from all I had heard, I fully expected would attempt the passage in the course of the following day. My perfect knowledge of the country suggested to me, as the safest and most secure hiding place, the creek whence you saw me issue at a moment when it was supposed the American had altogether escaped. The chief object of the enemy was evidently to get me out of the channel. That free, it was of minor importance whether I fell into the ambuscade or not, so that the important boat could effect the passage unobserved, or at least in safety. If my gun boat should be seen returning unharmed from Turkey Island, the American was to run into the first creek along the shore, which she had orders to hug until I had passed and not until I had again resumed my station in the channel, was she to renew her course upwards to Detroit which post it was assumed she would then gain without difficulty."

"It was scarcely yet day," continued Grantham, "when I reached and ran into the creek of which I have just spoken, and which, owing to the narrowness of the stream and consequent difficulty of waring, I was obliged to enter stern foremost. That no time might be lost in getting her out at the proper moment, I, instead of dropping her anchor, made the gun boat fast to a tree; and, desiring the men, with the exception of the watch, to take their rest as usual, lay quietly awaiting the advance of the enemy.

The gun fired from the lower battery on the island, was the first intimation we had of the approach of the prize which I had given my gallant fellows to understand was in reserve for us; and presently afterwards Sambo, whom I had dispatched on the look out, appeared on the bank, stating that a large boat, which had been fired at ineffectually, was making the greatest exertions to clear the channel. A second shot discharged from a nearer point, soon after announced that the boat had gained the head of the Island, and might

therefore be shortly expected. In the impatience of my curiosity I sprang to the shore, took the telescope out of the hands of Sambo, and hastened to climb the tree from which he had so recently descended. I now distinctly saw the boat, as, availing herself of the rising and partial breeze, she steered more into the centre of the stream; and I thought I could observe marks of confusion and impatience among the groups in front of the fort, whom I had justly imagined to have been assembled there to witness the arrival of the canoes, we had seen descending the river, long before the first gun was fired.

"The opportunity of achieving a daring enterprize, in the presence of those assembled groups," pursued Grantham with a slight blush, "was, I thought, one so little likely to occur again, that I felt I could not do better than turn it to the best account; and with this view my original intention had been to man my small boat with the picked men of my crew, and attempt the American by boarding. Two circumstances, however, induced me to change my plan. The first was that the enemy, no longer hugging the shore, had every chance of throwing me out by the sudden and unexpected use of her canvass, and the second (here Gerald slightly colored, while more than one emphatic hem! passed round the table,) that I had, with my telescope, discerned there was a lady in the boat. Under these circumstances, I repeat, I altered my mode of attack, and proposed rather to sink my laurels than to lose my prize. ("Hem! your prizes I suppose you mean," interrupted De Courcy,) "and adopted what I thought would be a surer expedient—that of firing over her. This demonstration, I imagined might have the effect of bringing her to, and causing her to surrender without effusion of blood. You were all witnesses however of the unexpected manner in which, owing to the sudden falling off of the wind, I was compelled to have recourse to the boat at last."

"But the chase, and the firing after you doubled the

point?" inquired Captain Granville. "We asw nothing of this."

"The American, plying his oars with vigour, gave us exercise enough," answered the young sailor, "and had made considerable way up the creek, before we came up with him. An attempt was then made to escape us by running ashore, and abandoning the boat, but it was too late. Our bow was almost touching his stern, and in the desperation of the moment, the American troops discharged their muskets, but with so uncertain an aim, in consequence of their being closely crowded upon each other, that only three of my men were wounded by their fire. Before they could load again we were enabled to grapple with them hand to hand. A few of my men had discharged their pistols, in answer to the American volley, before I had time to interfere to prevent them; but the majority, having reserved theirs, we had now unmeasurably the advantage. Removing the bayonets from their muskets, which at such close quarters were useless, they continued their contest a short time with these, but the cutlass soon overpowered them, and they surrendered."

"And the Major, Grantham; did he behave well on the occasion?"

"Gallantly. It was the Major that cut down the only man I had dangerously wounded in the affair, and he would have struck another fatally, had I not disarmed him. While in the act of doing so, I was treacherously shot (in the arm only, fortunately,) by the younger scoundrel Desborough, who in turn I saved from Sambo's vengeance, in order that he might receive a more fitting punishment. And now, gentlemen, you have the whole history."

"Yes, as far as regards the men portion," said De Courcy, with a malicious smile; "but what became of the lady all this time, my conquering hero? Did you find her playing a very active part in the skirmish?"

"Active, no;" replied Gerald, slightly coloring, as he

remarked all eyes directed to him at this demand, "but passively courageous she was to a degree I could not have supposed possible in woman. She sat calm and collected amid the din of conflict, as if she had been accustomed to the thing all her life, nor once moved from the seat which she occupied in the stern, except to make an effort to prevent me from disarming her uncle. I confess that her coolness astonished me, while it excited my warmest admiration.

"A hope it may be noothing beyoond admeeration," observed the Captain of Grenadiers, "a tell ye as a freend, Geerald, a do not like this accoont ye gi' of her coonduct. A wooman who could show no ageetation in sooch a scene, must have either a domn'd coold, or a domn'd block hairt, and there's but leetle claim to admeeration there."

"Upon my word, Captain Cranstoun," and the handsome features of Gerald crimsoned with a feeling not unmixed with serious displeasure, "I do not quite understand you—you appear to assume something between Miss Montgomerie and myself, that should not be imputed to either—and certainly, not thus publicly."

"Hoot toot mon, there's no use in making a secret of the maitter," returned the positive grenadier. "The soobject was discoosed after dinner yeesterday, and there was noobody preesent who didn't agree that if you had won her hairt you had geevin your own in exchange."

"God forbid," said Henry Grantham with unusual gravity of manner, while he looked affectionately on the changing and far from satisfied countenance of his conscious brother, "for I repeat, with Captain Cranstoun, I like her not. Why, I know not; still I like her not, and I shall be glad, Gerald, when you have consigned her to the place of her destination."

"Pooh! pooh! nonsense;" interrupted Captain Granville, "Never mind, Gerald," he pursued good humouredly "she is a splendid girl, and one that you need not be ashamed to own as a conquest. By heaven, she has a bust

and hips to warm the bosom of an anchorite, and depend upon it, all that Cranstoun has said arises only from pique that he is not the object preferred. Those black eyes of hers have set his ice blood on the boil, and he would willingly exchange places with you, as I honestly confess I should.

Vexed as Gerald certainly felt at the familiar tone the conversation was now assuming in regard to Miss Montgomerie, and although satisfied that mere pleasantry was intended, it was not without a sensation of relief he found it interrupted by the entrance of the several non-commissioned officers with their order books. Soon after the party broke up.

CHAPTER X.

Before noon on the following day, the boat that was to convey Major Montgomerie and his niece to the American shore, pulled up to the landing place in front of the fort. The weather, as on the preceding day, was fine, and the river exhibited the same placidity of surface. Numerous bodies of Indians were collected on the banks, pointing to, and remarking on the singularity of the white flag which hung drooping at the stern of the boat. Presently the prisoners were seen advancing to the bank, accompanied by General Brock, Commodore Barclay, and the principal officers of the garrison. Major Montgomerie appeared pleased at the prospect of the liberty that awaited him, while the countenance of his niece, on the contrary, presented an expression of deep thought, although it was afterwards remarked by Granville and Villiers—both close observers of her demeanour that as her eye occasionally glanced in the direction of Detroit, it lighted up with an animation strongly in contrast with the general calm and abstractedness of her manner. All being now ready, Gerald Grantham, who had received his final instructions from the General, offered his arm to Miss Montgomerie, who, to all outward appearance, took it mechanically and unconsciously, although, in the animated look which the young sailor turned upon her in the next instant, there was evidence the contact had thrilled electrically to his heart. After exchanging a cordial pressure of the hand with his gallant entertainers, and reiterating to the General his thanks for the especial favor conferred upon him, the venerable Major followed them to the boat. His departure was the signal for much commotion among the Indians. Hitherto

they had had no idea of what was in contemplation; but when they saw them enter and take their seats in the boat, they raised one of those terrific shouts which have so often struck terror and dismay, and brandishing their weapons seemed ready to testify their disapprobation by something more than words. It was however momentary—a commanding voice made itself heard, even amid the din of their loud yell, and, when silence had been obtained, a few animated sentences, uttered in a tone of deep authority, caused the tumult at once to subside. The voice was that of Tecumseh, and there were few among his race who, brave and indomitable as they were, could find courage to thwart his will. Meanwhile the boat, impelled by eight active seamen, urged its way through the silvery current, and in less than an hour from its departure had disappeared.

Two hours had elapsed—the General and superior officers had retired; and the Indians, few by few, had repaired to their several encampments, except a party of young warriors, who, wrapped in their blankets and mantles, lay indolently extended on the grass, smoking their pipes, or producing wild sounds from their melancholy flutes. Not far from these, sat, with their legs overhanging the edge of the steep bank, a group of the junior officers of the garrison, who, with that indifference which characterized their years, were occupied in casting pebbles into the river, and watching the bubbles that arose to the surface. Among the number was Henry Grantham, and, at a short distance from him, sat the old but athletic negro, Sambo, who, not having been required to accompany Gerald, to whom he was especially attached, had continued to linger on the bank long after his anxious eye had lost sight of the boat in which the latter had departed. While thus engaged, a new direction was given to the interest of all parties, by a peculiar cry, which reached them from a distance over the water, apparently from beyond the near extremity of the Island of Bois Blanc. To the officers the sound was unintelligible, for it was the first of

the kind they had ever heard, but the young Indians appeared fully to understand its import. Starting from their lethargy, they sprang abruptly to their feet, and giving a sharp answering yell, stamped upon the green turf, and snuffed the hot air, with distended nostrils, like so many wild horses let loose upon the desert. Nor was the excitement confined to these, for, all along the line of encampment, the same wild notes were echoed, and forms came bounding again to the front, until the bank was once more peopled with savages.

"What was the meaning of that cry, Sambo, and whence came it?" asked Henry Grantham, who, as well as his companions, had strained their eyes in every direction, but in vain, to discover its cause.

"Dat a calp cry, Massa Henry—see he dere a canoe not bigger nor a hick'ry nut," and he pointed with his finger to what in fact had the appearance of being little larger; "I wish," he pursued with bitterness, "dey bring him calp of dem billians Desborough—Dam him lying tief to hell."

"Bravo!" exclaimed De Courcy, who, in common with his companions, recollecting Gerald's story of the preceding day, was at no loss to understand why the latter epithet had been so emphatically bestowed; "I see (winking to Henry Grantham) you have not yet forgiven his paddling round the gun boat the other night, while you and the rest of the crew were asleep, eh, Sambo?

"So help me hebben, Obbicer, he no sail around a gun boat, he dam a Yankee. He come along a lake like a dam tief in e night and I tell a Massa Geral—and Massa Geral and me chase him all ober e water—I not a sleep Massa Courcy;" pursued the old man with pique; "I nebber sleep,—Massa Geral, nebber sleep."

"The devil ye don't" observed De Courcy quaintly, "then the Lord deliver *me* from gun boat service, I say."

"Amen" responded Villiers.

"Why," asked Middlemore, do Gerald Grantham and old

Frumpy here remind one of a certain Irish festival? Do you give it up? Because they are *awake*——"

The abuse heaped on the pre-eminently vile attempt was unmeasured—Sambo conceived it a personal affront to himself, and he said, with an air of mortification and wounded dignity, not unmixed with anger!

"Sambo poor black nigger—obbicer berry white man, but him heart all ob a color. He no Frumpy—Massa Geral no like an Irish bestibal. I wonder he no tick up for a broder, Massa Henry." His agitation here was extreme.

"Nonsense Sambo—don't you see we are only jesting with you, said the youth, in the kindest tone, for he perceived that the faithful creature was striving hard to check the rising tear—there is not an officer here who does not respect you for your long attachment to my family, and none would willingly give you pain—neither should you suppose they would say anything offensive in regard of my brother Gerald."

Pacified by this assurance, which was moreover, corroborated by several of his companions, really annoyed at having pained the old man, Sambo sank once more into respectful silence, still however continuing to occupy the same spot. During this colloquy the cry had been several times repeated, and as often replied to from the shore; and now a canoe was distinctly visible, urging its way to the beach. The warriors it contained were a scouting party, six in number—four paddling the light bark, and one at the helm, while the sixth who appeared, to be the leader, stood upright in the bow, waving from the long pole to which it was attached a human scalp. A few minutes and the whole had landed, and were encircled on the bank by their eager and inquiring comrades. Their story was soon told. They had encountered two Americans at some distance on the opposite shore, who were evidently making the best of their way through the forest to Detroit. They called upon them to deliver themselves up, but the only answer was an attempt at flight. The Indians

fired, and one fell dead, pierced by many balls. The other, however, who happened to be considerably in advance, threw all his energy into his muscular frame, and being untouched by the discharge that had slain his companion, succeeded in gaining a dense underwood, through which he finally effected his escape. The scouts continued their pursuit for upwards of an hour, but finding it fruitless, returned to the place where they had left their canoe, having first secured the scalp and spoils of the fallen man."

"Dam him, debbel," exclaimed Sambo, who as well as the officers, had approached the party detailing their exploit, and had fixed his dark eye on the dangling trophy. "May I nebber see a hebben ib he not a calp of a younger Desborough. I know him lying tief by he hair—he all yaller like a sogers breast plate—curse him rascal (and his white and even teeth, were exbibited in the grin that accompanied the remark,) he nebber no more say he sail round Massa Geral gun boat, and Massa Geral and Sambo sleep."

"By Jove he is right," said De Courcy. "I recollect remarking the colour of the fellow's hair yesterday when on calling for a glass of "gin sling," at the inn to which I had conducted him, he threw his slouched hat unceremoniously on the table, and rubbed the fingers of both hands through his carrotty locks, until they actually appeared to stand like those of the Gorgon perfectly on end."

"And were there other proof wanting," said Villiers, "we have it here in the spoil his slayers are exhibiting to their companions. There is the identical powder horn, bullet pouch, and waist belt, which he wore when he landed on this very spot."

"And I," said Middlemore, "will swear by the crooked buck horn handle of that huge knife, or dagger; for in our struggle on the sands yesterday morning, his blanket coat came open, and discovered the weapon on which I kept a sharp eye, during the whole time. Had he but managed to plant that monster (and he affected to shudder,) under my

middle ribs, then would it have been all over with poor Middlemore."

"There cannot be a doubt," remarked Henry Grantham. "With Sambo and De Courcy, I well recollect the hair, and I also particularly noticed the handle of his dagger, which, as you perceive, has a remarkable twist in it."

All doubt was put to rest by Sambo, who, having spoken with its possessor for a moment, now returned, bearing the knife, at the extremity of the handle of which, was engraved on a silver shield the letters P. E. T. A. Ens. M. M.

"Paul, Emilius, Theophilus, Arnoldi, Ensign Michigan Militia," pursued Grantham reading. "This then is conclusive, and we have to congratulate ourselves that one at least of two of the vilest scoundrels this country ever harboured, has at length met the fate he merited."

"Fate him merit, Massa Henry," muttered the aged and privileged negro, with something like anger in his tones, as he returned the knife to the Indian; "he dam 'serter from a king! No, no, he nebber deserb a die like dis. He ought to hab a rope roun him neck and die him lying teef like a dog."

"I guess however our friend Jeremiah has got clean slick off," said Villiers, imitating the tone and language of that individual, "and he, I take it, is by far the more formidable of the two. I expect that, before he dies, he will give one of us a long shot yet, in revenge for the fall of young hopeful."

"Traitorous and revengeful scoundrel," aspirated Henry Grantham, as the recollection of the manner of his father's death came over his mind. "It is, at least, some consolation to think his villainy has in part met its reward. I confess I exult in the death of young Desborough, less even because a dangerous enemy has been removed, than because in his fall the heart of the father will be racked in its only assailable point. I trust I am not naturally cruel, yet do I hope the image of his slain partner in infamy may ever after revisit his memory, and remind him of his crime."

An exclamation from the Indians now drew the attention of the officers to a boat that came in sight, in the direction in which that of Gerald Grantham had long since disappeared, and as she drew nearer, a white flag, floating in the stern became gradually distinguishable. Expressions of surprise passed among the officers, by whom various motives were assigned as the cause of the return of the flag of truce, for that it was their own boat no one doubted, especially, as, on approaching sufficiently near, the blue uniform of the officer who steered the boat was visible to the naked eye. On a yet nearer approach, however, it was perceived that the individual in question wore not the uniform of the British Navy, but that of an officer of the American line, the same precisely, indeed, as that of Major Montgomerie. It was further remarked that there was no lady in the boat, and that, independently of the crew, there was besides the officer already named, merely one individual, dressed in the non-commissioned uniform, who seemed to serve as his orderly. Full evidence being now had that this was a flag sent from the American Fort, which had, in all probability, missed Gerald by descending one channel of the river formed by Turkey Island, while the latter had ascended by the other, the aid-de-camp, De Courcy hastened to acquaint General Brock with the circumstance, and to receive his orders. By the time the American reached the landing place, the youth had returned, accompanying a superior officer of the staff. Both descended the flight of steps leading to the river, when, having saluted the officer, after a moment or two of conversation, they proceeded to blindfold him. This precaution having been taken, the American was then handed over the gun-wale of the boat, and assisted up the flight of steps by the two British officers on whose arms he leaned. As they passed through the crowd, on their way to the Fort, the ears of the stranger were assailed by loud yells from the bands of Indians, who, with looks of intense curiosity and interest, gazed on the passing, and to them in some degree inexplicable, scene.

Startling as was the fierce cry, the officer pursued his course without moving a muscle of his fine and manly form, beyond what was necessary to the action in which he was engaged. It was a position which demanded all his collectedness and courage, and he seemed as though he had previously made up his mind not to be deficient in either. Perhaps it was well that he had been temporarily deprived of sight, for could he have remarked the numerous tomahawks that were raised towards him, in pantomimic representation of what they would have done had they been permitted, the view would in no way have assisted his self-possession. The entrance to the fort once gained by the little party, the clamour began to subside, and the Indians, by whom they had been followed, returned to the bank of the river to satisfy their curiosity with a view of those who had been left in the boat, to which, as a security against all possible outrage, a sergeant's command had meanwhile been despatched.

It was in the drawing room of Colonel D'Egville, that the General, surrounded by his chief officers, awaited the arrival of the flag of truce. Into this the American Colonel, for such was his rank, after traversing the area of the fort that lay between, was now ushered, and, the bandage being removed, his eye encountered several to whom he was personally known, and with these such salutations as became the occasion were exchanged.

"The flag you bear, sir," commenced the General, after a few moments of pause succeeding these greetings, "relates I presume, to the prisoners so recently fallen into our hands."

"By no means, General," returned the American, "this is the first intimation I have had of such fact—my mission is of a wholly different nature. I am deputed by the officer commanding the forces of the United States, to summon the garrison of Amherstburg, with all its naval dependencies, to surrender within ten days from this period."

The General smiled. "A similar purpose seems to have uated us both," he observed. "A shorter limit have I

prescribed to the officer by whom I have, this very day, sent a flag to General Hull; I have caused it to be intimated, that, failing to comply with my summons, he may on the ensuing Sabbath expect to see the standard of England floating over the walls of his citadel. This, Colonel, you may moreover repeat as my answer to your mission."

The American bowed. "Such then, General, is your final determination?"

"Not more certain is it that the next Sabbath will dawn, than that the force I have the honor to command will attempt the assault upon that day."

"What, within three days? You would seem to hold us cheaply, General," said the American piquedly, "that you do not even leave us in doubt as to the moment of your intended attack."

"And if I would, it were useless," was the reply, "since what I do attempt shall be attempted openly. In the broad face of day will I lead my troops to the trenches. By this time, however, your chief must know my determination—where, may I ask, did you pass my flag?"

"I met with none, General," and yet my boat kept as nearly in the middle of the stream as possible."

"Then must ye have passed each other on the opposite sides of Turkey Island. The officer in charge was moreover accompanied by two of the prisoners to whom I have alluded—one a field officer in your own regiment."

"May I ask who?" interrupted the American quickly, and slightly coloring.

"Major Montgomerie."

"So I suspected. Was the other officer of my regiment?"

"The other," said the General, "bears no commission, and is simply a volunteer in the expedition—one in short, whose earnest wish to reach Detroit, was the principal motive for my offering the Major his liberty on parole."

"And may I ask the name of this individual, so unim-

important in rank, and yet so filled with ardor in the cause, as to be thus anxious to gain the theatre of war?"

"One probably not unknown to you, Colonel, as the niece of your brother officer—Miss Montgomerie."

"Miss Montgomerie here!" faltered the American, rising and paling as he spoke, while he mechanically placed on the table a glass of wine he had the instant before raised to his lips—"surely it connot be."

There was much to excite interest, not only in the changed tone but in the altered features of the American, as he thus involuntarily gave expression to his surprise. The younger officers winked at each other, and smiled their conviction of *une affaire de cœur*—while the seniors were no less ready to infer that they now had arrived at the true secret of the impatience of Miss Montgomerie to reach the place of her destination. To the penetrating eye of the General, however, there was an expression of pain on the countenance of the officer, which accorded ill with the feeling one might be supposed to entertain, who had been unexpectedly brought nearer to an object of attachment, and he kindly sought to relieve his evident embarrassment by remarking:

"I can readily comprehend your surprise, Colonel. One would scarcely have supposed that a female could have had courage to brave the dangers attendant on an expedition of this kind, in an open boat—but Miss Montgomerie, I confess, appears to me to be one whom no danger could daunt, and whose resoluteness of purpose, once directed, no secondary agency could divert from its original aim."

Before the officer, having partially regained his composure, could reply, Colonel D'Egville, who had absented himself during the latter part of the conversation, returned and addressing the former in terms that proved their acquaintance to have been of previous date, invited him to partake of some refreshment, which had been prepared for him in an adjoining apartment. This the American at first faintly declined, on the plea of delay having been prohibited by his chief; but,

on the General jocosely remarking that, sharing their hospitality on the present occasion would be no barrier to breaking a lance a week hence, he assented; and, following Colonel D'Egville, passed through a short corridor into a smaller apartment where a copious but hurried refreshment had been prepared.

The entry of the officer was greeted by the presence of three ladies—Mrs. D'Egville and her daughters—all of whom received him with the frank cordiality that bespoke intimacy, while, on the countenance of one of the latter, might be detected evidences of an interest that had its foundation in something more than the mere esteem which dictated the conduct of her mother and sister. If Julia D'Egville was in reality the laughing, light hearted, creature represented in the mess room conversation of the officers of the garrison, it would have been difficult for a stranger to have recognized her in the somewhat serious girl who now added her greetings to theirs, but in a manner slightly tinctured with embarrassment.

The American, who seemed not to notice it, directed his conversation, as he partook of the refreshment, principally to Mrs. D'Egville, to whom he spoke of various ladies at Detroit, friends of both, who were deep deplorers of the war and the non-communication which it occasioned; alluded to the many delightful parties that had taken place, yet were now interrupted; and to the many warm friendships which had been formed, yet might by this event be severed for ever. He concluded by presenting a note from a very intimate friend of the family, to which, he said, he had been requested to take back a written answer.

A feeling of deep gratification pervaded the benevolent countenance of Mrs D'Egville, as, on perusal, she found that it contained the offer of an asylum for herself and daughters in case Amherstburg should be carried by storm, as, considering the American great superiority of force, was thought

likely, in the event of the British General refusing to surrender.

"Excellent, kind hearted friend!" she exclaimed when she had finished—"this indeed does merit an answer. Need of assistance, however, there is none, since my noble friend, the General, has pledged himself to anticipate any attempt to make our soil the theatre of war—still, does it give me pleasure to be enabled to reciprocate her offer, by promising, in my turn, an asylum against all chances of outrage on the part of the wild Indians, attached to our cause"—and she left the room.

No sooner did the American find himself alone with the sisters, for Colonel D'Egville had previously retired to the General, than discarding all reserve, and throwing himself on his knees at the feet of her who sat next him, he exclaimed, in accents of the most touching pathos:

"Julia, dearest Julia! for this alone am I here. I volunteered to be the bearer of the summons to the British General, in the hope that some kind chance would give you to my view, and now that fortune, propitious beyond my utmost expectations, affords me the happiness of speaking to you whom I had feared never to behold more, oh, tell me that, whatever be the result of this unhappy war, you will not forget me. For me, I shall ever cherish you in my heart's core."

The glow which mantled over the cheek of the agitated girl, plainly told that this passionate appeal was made to no unwilling ear. Still she spoke not.

"Dearest Julia, answer me—the moments of my stay are few, and at each instant we are liable to interruption. In one word, therefore, may I hope? In less than a week, many who have long been friends will meet as enemies. Let me then at least have the consolation to know from your lips, that whatever be the event, that dearest of all gifts—your regard—is unchangeably mine."

"I do promise, Ernest," faltered the trembling girl. "My heart is yours and yours forever—but do not unnecessarily expose yourself," and her head sank confidingly on the shoulder of her lover.

"Thank you, dearest," and the encircling arm of the impassioned officer drew her form closer to his beating heart. Gertrude, you are witness of her vow, and before you, under more auspicious circumstances, will I claim its fulfilment. Oh Julia, Julia, this indeed does recompense me for many a long hour of anxiety and doubt."

"And hers too have been hours of anxiety and doubt," said the gentle Gertrude. "Ever since the war has been spoken of as certain, Julia has been no longer the gay girl she was. Her dejection has been subject of remark with all, and such is her dislike to any allusion to the past, that she never even rallies Captain Cranstoun on his bear-skin adventure of last winter on the ice."

"Ah," interrupted the American, "never shall I forget the evening that preceded that adventure. It was then, dearest Julia, that I ventured to express the feeling with which you had inspired me. It was then I had first the delight of hearing from your lips that I need not entirely despair. I often, often, think of that night."

"Of course you have not yet received my note, Ernest. Perhaps you will deem it inconsiderate in me to have written, but I could not resist the desire to afford you what I conceived would be a gratification, by communicating intelligence of ourselves."

"Note! what note! and by whom conveyed?"

"Have you not heard, enquired Gertrude, warming into animation, "that the General has sent a flag this morning to Detroit, and, under its protection, two prisoners captured by my gallant cousin, who is the officer that conducts them."

"And to that cousin you have confided the letter?" interrupted the Colonel, somewhat eagerly.

"No, not my cousin," said Julia, "but to one I conceived

better suited to the trust. You must know that my father, with his usual hospitality, insisted on Major Montgomerie and his niece, the parties in question, taking up their abode with us during the short time they remained."

"And to Miss Montgomerie you gave your letter," hurriedly exclaimed the Colonel, starting to his feet, and exhibiting a countenance of extreme paleness."

"Good heaven, Ernest! what is the matter? Surely you do not think me guilty of imprudence in this affair. I was anxious to write to you,—I imagined you would be glad to hear from me, and thought that the niece of one of your officers would be the most suitable medium of communication. I therefore confessed to her my secret, and requested her to take charge the letter."

"Oh, Julia, you have been indeed imprudent. But what said she—how looked she when you confided to her our secret?"

"She made no other remark than to ask how long our attachment had existed, adding that she had once known something of you herself; and her look and voice were calm, and her cheek underwent no variation from the settled paleness observable there since her arrival."

"And in what manner did she receive her trust?" again eagerly demanded the Colonel.

"With a solemn assurance that it should be delivered to you with her own hand—then, and then only, did a faint smile animate her still but beautiful features. Yet why all these questions, Ernest? Or can it really be? Tell me," and the voice of the young girl became imperative, "has Miss Montgomerie any claim upon your hand—she admitted to have known you?"

"On my honor, none;" impressively returned the Colonel.

"Oh, what a weight you have removed from my heart, Ernest, but wherefore your alarm, and wherein consists my imprudence?"

"In this only, dearest Julia, that I had much rather

another than she had been admitted into your confidence. But as you have acted for the best, I cannot blame you. Still I doubt not," and the tones of the American were low and desponding, "that, as she has promised, she will find means to deliver your note into my own hands—the seal is ——?"

"A fancy one—Andromache disarming Hector."

"Rise, for Heaven's sake rise," interrupted Gertrude; "here comes mamma."

One fond pressure of her graceful form, and the Colonel had resumed his seat. In the next moment Mrs. D'Egville entered, by one door, and immediately afterwards her husband by another. The former handed her note, and during the remarks which accompanied its delivery, gave the little party (for Gertrude was scarcely less agitated than her sister) time to recover from their embarassment. Some casual conversation then ensued, when the American, despite of Mrs. D'Egville's declaration that he could not have touched a single thing during her absence, expressed his anxiety to depart. The same testimonies of friendly greeting, which had marked his entrance, were exchanged, and preceded by his kind host. The Colonel once more gained the apartment where the General still lingered, awaiting his reappearance."

Nothing remaining to be added to the answer already given to the summons, the American, after exchanging salutations with such of the English Officers as were personally known to him, again submitted himself to the operation of blindfolding; after which he was reconducted to the beach, where his boat's crew, who had in their turn been supplied with refreshments, were ready to receive him. As on his arrival, the loud yellings of the Indians accompanied his departure but as these had been found to be harmless, they were even less heeded than before. Within two hours, despite of the strong current, the boat had disappeared altogether from the view.

Late in that day, the barge of Gerald Grantham returned from Detroit. Ushered into the presence of the General, the young sailor communicated the delivery of his charge into

the hands of the American Chief, who had returned his personal acknowledgments for the courtesy. His answer to the summons, however, was that having a force fully adequate to the purpose, he was prepared to defend the fort to the last extremity, and waiving his own original plan of attack, would await the British General on the defensive, when to the God of Battles should be left the decision of the contest. To a question on the subject, the young officer added that he had seen nothing of the American flag of truce, either in going or returning.

That night orders were issued to the heads of the different departments, immediately to prepare *materiel* for a short siege; and, an assault at the termination of the third day. By both troops and Indians, this intelligence was received with pleasure; for all, sanguine as they were under such a leader, looked confidently to the speedy conquest of a post which was one of the highest importance on that frontier.

CHAPTER XI.

Conformably with the orders of the British General, the siege of the American fortress was commenced on the day following that of the mutual exchange of flags. The elevated ground above the village of Sandwich, immediately opposite to the enemy's fort, was chosen for the erection of three batteries, from which a well sustained and well directed fire was kept up for several successive days, yet without effecting any practicable breach in their defences. One of these batteries, manned principally by sailors, was under the direction of Gerald Grantham, whose look out duty had been in a great degree rendered unnecessary, by the advance of the English flotilla up the river, and who had consequently been appointed to this more active service.

During the whole of Saturday, the 15th of August, the British guns had continued to play upon the fort, vomiting shot and shell as from an exhaustless and angry volcano—and several of the latter falling short, the town which was of wood had been more than once set on fire. As, however, it was by no means the intention of the General to do injury to the inhabitants, no obstacle was opposed to the attempts of the enemy to get it under, and the flames were as often and as speedily extinguished. An advanced hour of night at length put an end to the firing, and the artillery men and seamen, extended on their great coats and pea jackets, in their several embrasures, snatched from fatigue that repose which their unceasing exertions of the many previous hours had rendered at once a luxury and a want.

The battery commanded by Gerald Grantham, was the central and most prominent of the three, and it had been

remarked by all—and especially by the troops stationed in the rear in support of the guns—that his firing during the day, had been the most efficient, many of his shot going point blank into the hostile fortress, and (as could be distinctly seen with the telescope) occasioning evident confusion.

The several officers commanding batteries were now met in that of the young sailor, and habited in a garb befitting the rude duty at which they had presided, were earnestly engaged in discussing the contents of their haversacks, moistened by occasional drafts of rum and water from their wooden canteens, and seasoned with frequent reference to the events of the past day, and anticipations of what the morrow would bring forth. A lantern so closed as to prevent all possibility of contact with the powder that lay strewed about, was placed in the centre of the circle, and the dim reflexion from this upon the unwashed hands and faces of the party, begrimed as they were with powder and perspiration, contributed to give an air of wildness to the whole scene, that found its origin in the peculiar circumstances of the moment. Nor was the picture at all lessened in ferocity of effect, by the figure of Sambo in the back ground, who, dividing his time between the performances of such offices as his young master demanded, in the course of the frugal meal of the party, and a most assiduous application of his own white and shining teeth to a huge piece of venison ham, might, without effort, have called up the image of some lawless, yet obedient slave, attending on and sharing in the orgies of a company of buccaneers.

At length the meal was ended, and each was preparing to depart, with a view to snatch an hour or two of rest in his own battery, when the pricked ear and forward thrown head of the old negro, accompanied by a quick, "Husha, Massa Geral," stilled them all into attitudes of expectancy. Presently the sound of muffled oars was heard, and then the harsh grating as of a boat's keel upon the sands.

In the next minute the officers were at their posts; but

before they could succeed in awakening their jaded men, who seemed to sleep the sleep of death, the sentinel at the first battery had received, in answer to his hurried challenge, the proper countersign, and, as on closer inspection it was found that there was only one boat, he knew it must be their own, and the alarm which had seized them for the security of their trust passed away.

They were not long kept in suspense. One individual alone had ascended from the beach, and now stood among them, habited in a dread-nought jacket and trousers and round hat. His salutation to each was cordial, and he expressed in warm terms the appprobation he felt at the indefatigable and efficient manner in which the duty assigned to each had been conducted.

"Well, gentlemen," continued the Commodore, (for it was he), "you have done famously today—and in most masterly style did you silence those batteries, which the enemy, to divert your fire from the fort, had erected on the opposite bank. Much has been done, but more remains. Tomorrow you must work double tides. At daylight you must re-open with showers of shot and shell, for it is, during the confusion caused by your fire, that the General intends crossing his troops and advancing to the assault. But this is not all—we have some suspicion the enemy may attempt your batteries this very night, with a view of either spiking the guns, if they cannot maintain the position; or of turning them, if they can, on our advancing columns. Now all the troops destined for the assault, are assembled ready to effect their landing at daybreak, and none can be spared unless the emergency be palpable. What I seek is a volunteer to watch the movements of the enemy during the remainder of the night—one (and he looked at Grantham) whose knowledge of the country will enable him to approach the opposite coast unseen, and whose expedition will enable us to have due warning of any hostile attempt."

"I shall be most happy, sir, to undertake the task, if you consider me worthy of it," said Grantham, "but——"

"But what?" interrupted the Commodore hastily.

"My only difficulty, sir, is the means. Had I my light canoe here, with Sambo for my helmsman, I would seek their secret even on their own shores."

"Bravo, my gallant fellow," returned the Commodore, again cordially shaking the hand of his Lieutenant. "This I expected of you, and have come prepared. I have had the precaution to bring your canoe and paddles with me—you will find them below in my boat."

"Then is every difficulty at an end," exclaimed the young sailor joyously. "And our dress, sir?"

"No disguise whatever, in case of accidents—we must not have you run the risk of being hanged for a spy."

Gerald Grantham having secured his cutlass and pistols, now descended with the Commodore to the beach, whither Sambo (similarly armed) had already preceded him. Under the active and vigorous hands of the latter, the canoe had already been removed from the boat, and now rested on the sands ready to be shoved off. The final instructions of the Commodore to his officer, as to the manner of communicating intelligence of any movement on the part of the Americans, having been given, the latter glided noiselessly from the shore into the stream, while the boat, resuming the direction by which it had approached, was impelled down the river with as little noise as possible, and hugging the shore for greater secrecy, was soon lost both to the eye and to the ear.

It was with a caution rendered necessary by the presence of the vessels in the harbour, that Gerald Grantham and his faithful campanion, having gained the middle of the river, now sought to approach nearer to the shore. The night, although not absolutely gloomy, was yet sufficiently obscure to aid their enterprize; and notwithstanding they could disdinctly hear the tread of the American sentinels, as they

paced the deck of their flotilla, such was the stillness of Sambo's practised paddle, that the little canoe glided past them unheard, and, stealing along the shore, was enabled to gain the farther extremity of the town, where however, despite of the most scrupulous inspection, not the slightest evidence of a collective movement was to be observed. Recollecting that most of the American boats used for the transport of their Army from the Canadian shore, (which they had occupied for some time,) were drawn up on the beach at the opposite end of the town, and deeming that if any attempt on the batteries was in contemplation, the troops ordered for that duty would naturally embark at a point whence, crossing the river considerably above the object of their expedition, they might drift down with the current, and effect a landing without noise, he determined to direct his course between the merchantmen and vessels of war, and pursue his way to the opposite end of the town. The enterprize, it ts true, was bold, and not by any means, without hazard; but Grantham's was a spirit that delighted in excitement, and moreover he trusted much to the skill of his pilot, the darkness of the night, and the seeming repose of the enemy. Even if seen, it was by no means certain he should be taken, for his light skiff could worm its way where another dared not follow, and as for any shot that might be sent in pursuit of them, its aim would, in the obscurity of the night, be extremely uncertain.

Devoted as the old negro was to Gerald's will, it was but to acquaint him with his intention to ensure a compliance; although, in this case, it must be admitted a reluctant one. Cautiously and silently, therefore, they moved between the line of vessels, keeping as close as they could to the merchantmen, in which there was apparently no guard, so that under the shadow of the hulls of these they might escape all observation from the more watchful vessels of war without. They had cleared all but one, when the head of the canoe suddenly came foul of the hawser of the latter, and was by the checked motion brought round, with her broadside com-

pletely under her stern, in the cabin windows of which, much to the annoyance of our adventurer, a light was plainly visible. Rising as gently as he could to clear the bow of the light skiff, he found his head on a level with the windows, and as his eye naturally fell on all within, his attention was arrested sufficiently to cause a sign from him to Sambo to remain still. The cabin was spacious, and filled every where with female forms, who were lying in various attitudes of repose, while the whole character of the arrangements were such as to induce his belief, that the vessel had been appropriated to the reception of the families of the principal inhabitants of the place, and this with a view of their being more secure from outrage from the Indians on the ensuing day. In the midst of the profound repose in which, forgetful of the dangers of the morrow, all appeared to be wrapped, there was one striking exception. At a small table in the centre of the cabin, sat a figure enveloped in a long and ample dark cloak, and covered with a slouched hat. There was nothing to indicate sex in the figure, which might have been taken either for a woman, or for a youth. It was clear, however, that it wanted in its contour the proportions of manhood. At the moment when Gerald's attention was first arrested, the figure was occupied in reading a letter, which she afterwards sealed with black. The heart of the sailor beat violently, he knew not wherefore, but before he could explain his feelings even to himself, he saw the figure deposit the letter, and remove, apparently from the bosom of its dress, a miniature on which it gazed intently for upwards of a minute. The back being turned towards the windows he could trace no expression on the countenance, but in the manner there was none of that emotion, which usually accompanies the contemplation of the features of a beloved object. Depositing the picture in the folds of its cloak, the figure rose, and with a caution indicating desire not to disturb those who slumbered around, moved through the straggling forms that lay at its feet, and ascending the stairs, finally disappeared from the cabin.

Somewhat startled, the young officer hesitated as to what course he should pursue, for it was evident that if the figure, whoever it might prove, should come to the stern of the vessel, he and his companion must be discovered. For a moment he continued motionless, but with ear and eye keenly on the alert. At length he fancied he heard footsteps, as of one treading the loose plank that led from the vessel's side to the wharf. He pushed the canoe lightly along, so as to enable him to get clear of her stern, when glancing his eye in that direction, he saw the figure, still in the same dress, quit the plank it had been traversing, and move rapidly along the wharf towards the centre of the town.

Ruminating on the singularity of what he had observed, our adventurer now pursued his course up the river; but still without discovering any evidence of hostile preparation. On the contrary, a deep silence appeared to pervade every part of the town, the repose of which was the more remarkable, as it was generally known, that the attack on the fort was to be made on the following day. Arrived opposite the point where the town terminated, Grantham could distinctly count some twenty or thirty large boats drawn up on the beach, while in the fields beyond, the drowsy guard evidently stationed there for their protection, and visible by the dying embers of their watch-fire, denoted any thing but the activity which should have governed an enterprize of the nature apprehended. Satisfied that the information conveyed to his superiors was incorrect, the young officer dismissed from his mind all further anxiety on the subject; yet, impelled by recollections well befitting the hour and the circumstances, he could not avoid lingering near a spot, which, tradition had invested with much to excite the imagination and feeling. It was familiar to his memory, (for he had frequently heard it in boyhood,) that some dreadful tragedy had, in former days, been perpetrated near this bridge; and he had reason to believe that some of the actors in it, were those whose blood flowed in his own young veins. The extreme pain it seemed to give

his parents, however, whenever allusion was made to the subject, had ever repressed inquiry, and all his knowledge of these events, was confined to what he had been enabled to glean from the aged Canadians. That Sambo, who was a very old servant of the family, had more than hear-say acquaintance with the circumstances, he was almost certain; for he had frequently remarked, when after having had his imagination excited by the oft told tale, he felt desirous of visiting the spot, the negro obedient in all things else, ever found some excuse to avoid accompanying him, nor, within his own recollection, had he once approached the scene. Certain vague allusions, of late date, by the old man, had moreover, confirmed him in his impression, and he now called forcibly to mind an observation made by his faithful attendant on the night of their pursuit of the younger Desborough, which, evidently referred to that period. Even on the present occasion, he had been struck by the urgency with which he contended for a return to their own shore, without pursuing their course to the extreme end of the town; nor was his unwillingness to approach the bridge overcome, until Gerald told him it was the positive 'order of the Commodore, that they should embrace the whole of the American lines in their inspection, and even *then*, it was with a relaxed vigour of arm, that he obeyed the instruction to proceed.

Determined to sound him, as to his knowledge of the fact, Grantham stole gently from the bow to the stern of the canoe, and he was about to question him, when the other, grasping his arm with an expressive touch, pointed to a dark object moving across the road. Gerald turned his head, and beheld the same figure that had so recently quitted the cabin of the merchantman. Following its movements, he saw it noiselessly enter into the grounds of a cottage, opposite an old tannery, where it totally disappeared.

A new direction was now given to the curiosity of the sailor. Expressing in a whisper to Sambo, his determination to follow, he desired him to make for the shore, near the tan-

nary, beneath the shadow of which he might be secure, while he himself advanced, and traced the movements of the mysterious wanderer.

"Oh Massa Geral," urged the old man in the same whisper—his teeth chattering with fear—"for Hebben' sake e no go ashore. All dis a place berry bad, and dat no a livin' ting what e see yonder. Do Massa Geral take poor nigger word, and not go dere affer e ghost."

"Nay, Sambo, it is no ghost, but flesh and blood, for I saw it in the brig we were foul of just now; however be under no alarm. Armed as I am, I have nothing to fear from one individual, and if I am seen and pursued in my turn, it is but to spring in again, and before any one can put off in chase we shall have nearly reached the opposite shore—You shall remain in the canoe if you please, but I most certainly will see where that figure went."

"Berry well, Massa Geral," and the old man spoke piquedly, although partly re-assured by the assurance that it was no ghost. "If e no take e poor nigger wice e do as e like; but I no top in e canoe while e go and have him troat cut, or carry off by a debbil—I dam if e go—I go too."

This energetic rejoinder being conclusive, and in no wise opposed by his master, the old man made for the shore as desired. Both having disembarked, a cautious examination was first made of the premises, which tending to satisfy them that all within slumbered, the canoe was secreted under the shadow of the cottage, the adventurers crossed the road in the direction taken by the figure—Sambo following close in the rear of his master, and looking occasionally behind him, not with the air of one who fears a mortal enemy, but of one rather who shrinks from collision with a spirit of another world.

The front grounds of the cottage were separated from the high road by a fence of open pallisades, in the centre of which was a small gate of the same description. It was evidently through this latter that the figure had disappeared,

and as its entrance had been effected without effort, Gerald came to the conclusion, on finding the latter yield to his touch, that this was the abode of the midnight wanderer. Perhaps some young American officer, whom intrigue or frolic had led forth in disguise on an excursion from which he was now returned. His curiosity was therefore on the point of yielding to the prudence which dictated an immediate relinquishment of the adventure, when he felt his right arm suddenly seized in the convulsed and trembling grasp of his attendant. Turning to ascertain the cause, he beheld as distinctly as the gloom of the night would permit, the features of the old man worked into an expression of horror, while trembling in every joint, he pointed to the mound of earth at the far extremity of the garden, which was known to contain the ashes of those from whom his imagination had been so suddenly diverted by the reappearance of the figure. This, owing to the position in which he stood, had hitherto escaped the notice of the officer, whose surprise may be imagined, when, looking in the direction pointed out to him, he beheld the same muffled figure, reposing its head apparently in an attitude of profound sorrow, against one of the white tomb stones that rose perpendicularly from the graves.

That Sambo feared nothing which emanated not from the world of spirits, Grantham well knew. It therefore became his first care to dismiss from the mind of the poor fellow the superstitious alarm that had taken possession of every faculty. From their proximity to the party, this could only be done by energetic signs, the progress of which was however interrupted by their mutual attention being diverted by a change in the position of the figure, which, throwing itself at its length upon the grave, for a moment or two sobbed audibly Presently afterwards it rose abruptly, and wraping its disguise more closely around it, quitted the mound and disappeared in the rear of the house.

The emotion of the figure, in giving evidence of its materiality, had, more than all the signs of his master, contributed

to allay the agitation of the old negro. When therefore Gerald, urged by his irrepressible curiosity, in a whisper declared his intention to penetrate to the rear of the house, he was enabled to answer.

"For Gorramity's sake, Massa Geral, nebber go dare. Dis a place all berry bad for e family. Poor Sambo hair white now but when he black like a quirrel he see all a dis a people kill—" (and he pointed to the mound) "oh, berry much blood spill here, Massa Geral. It make a poor nigger heart sick to tink of it."

Gerald grasped the shoulder of the old man. "Sambo," he whispered, in the same low, but in a determined tone, "I have long thought you acquainted with the history of this place, although you have eluded my desire for information on the subject. After the admission you have now made, however, I expect you will tell me all and every thing connected with it. Not now—for I am resolved to see who that singular being is, who apparently, like myself, feels an interest in these mouldering bones. As you perceive it is no ghost, but flesh and blood like ourselves, stay here if you will, until I return; but something more must I see of this mystery before I quit the spot.

Without waiting for reply, he gently pushed the unlatched gate before him. It opened without noise, and quitting the pathway he moved along the green sward in the direction in which the figure had disappeared. Love for his master, even more than the superstitious awe he felt on being left alone, in that memorable spot, at so late an hour, put an end to the indecision of the old man. Entering and cautiously closing the gate, he followed in the footsteps of his master, and both in the next minute were opposite to the mound where the figure had first been observed.

As he was about to quit the grass, and enter upon the gravelled walk that led to the rear of the cottage, he fancied he distinguished a sound within, similar to that of a door cautiously opening. Pausing again to listen, he saw a light

strongly reflected from an upper window, upon what had the appearance of a court yard in the rear, and in that light the dark shadow of a human form. This he at once recognized, from its peculiar costume to be the mysterious person who had so strongly excited his curiosity. For a moment or two all was obscurity, when again, but from a more distant window, the same light and figure were again reflected. Presently the figure disappeared, but the light still remained. Impelled by an uncontrollable desire to behold the features, and ascertain, if possible, the object of this strange wanderer, the young sailor cast his eye rapidly in search of the means of raising himself to a level with the window, when, much to his satisfaction, he remarked immediately beneath, a large water butt which was fully adequate to the purpose, and near this a rude wooden stool which would enable him to gain a footing on its edge, without exertion, or noise. It is true there was every reason to believe that what he had seen was, an officer belonging to the guard stationed in the adjoining field, who had his temporary residence in this building, and was now, after the prosecution of some love adventure returning home; but Gerald could not reconcile this with the strong emotion he had manifested near the tomb, and the startling secrecy with which, even when he had entered, he moved along his own apartments. These contradictions were stimulants to the gratification of his own curiosity, or interest, or whatever it might be; and although he could not conceal from himself that he incurred no inconsiderable risk from observation, by the party itself, the desire to see into the interior of the apartment and learn something further, rose paramount to all consideration for his personal safety. His first care now was to disencumber himself of his shoes and cutlass, which he gave in charge to Sambo, with directions to the latter to remain stationary on the sward, keeping a good look-out to guard against surprise. As by this arrangement his master would be kept in tolerable proximity, the old negro, whose repugnance to be left alone

in that melancholy spot was invincible, offered no longer an objection, and Gerald, bracing more tightly round his loins, the belt which contained his pistols, proceeded cautiously to secure the stool, by the aid of which he speedily found his feet resting on the edge of the water butt, and his face level with the window. This, owing to the activity of his professional habits, he had been enabled to accomplish without perceptible noise.

The scene that met the fixed gaze of the adventurous officer, was one to startle and excite in no ordinary degree. The room into which he looked was square, with deep recesses on the side where he lingered, formed by the projection of a chimney in which, however, owing to the sultry season of the year, no traces of recent fire were visible. In the space between the chimney and wall, forming the innermost recess, was placed a rude uncurtained bed, and on this lay extended, and delineated beneath the covering, a human form, the upper extremities of which was hidden from view by the projecting chimney. The whole attitude of repose of this latter indicated the unconciousness of profound slumber. On a small table near the foot, were placed several books and papers, and an extinguished candle. Leaning over the bed and holding a small lamp which had evidently been brought and lighted since its entrance, stood the mysterious figure on whom the interest of Gerald had been so strongly excited. It seemed to be gazing intently on the features of the sleeper, and more than once, by the convulsed movements of its form, betrayed intense agitation. Once it made a motion as if to awaken the person on whom it gazed, but suddenly changing its purpose, drew from its dress a letter which Gerald recognized to be that so recently prepared in the cabin of the brig. Presently both letter and lamp were deposited on the bed, and in one upraised hand of the figure gleamed the blade of a knife or dagger, while the left grasped and shook, with an evident view to arouse, the sleeper. An exclamation of horror, accompanied by a violent struggle of its limbs, pro-

claimed reviving consciousness in the latter. A low wild laugh burst in scorn from the lips of the figure, and the strongly nerved arm was already descending to strike its assassin blow, when suddenly the pistol, which Gerald had almost unconsciously cocked and raised to the window, was discharged with a loud explosion. The awakened slumberer was now seen to spring from the bed to the floor, and in the action the lamp was overturned and extinguished; but all struggle appeared to have ceased.

Bewildered beyond measure in his reflection, yet secure in the conviction that he had by this desperate step saved the life of a human being from the dagger of the assassin, the only object of Gerald now was to secure himself from the consequences. Springing from his position he was soon at the side of the startled Sambo, who had witnessed his last act with inconceivable dismay. Already were the guard in the adjoining field, alarmed by the report of the pistol, hurrying toward the house, when they reached the little gate, and some even appeared to be making for their boats on the beach. With these motives to exertion, neither Gerald nor the old negro were likely to be deficient in activity. Bending low as they crossed the road, they managed unperceived to reach that part of the tannery where their canoe had been secreted, and Sambo having hastily launched it, they made directly for the opposite shore, unharmed by some fifteen or twenty shots that were fired at them by the guard, and drifting down with the current, reached, about an hour before dawn, the battery from which they had started.

CHAPTER XII.

At day-break on the morning of Sunday, the 16th of August, the fire from the batteries was resumed, and with a fury that must have satisfied the Americans, even had they been ignorant of the purpose, it was intended to cover some ulterior plan of operation on the part of the British General. Their own object appeared rather to make preparation of defence against the threatened assault, than to return a cannonade, which, having attained its true range, excessively annoyed and occasioned them much loss. Meanwhile every precaution had been taken to secure the safe transport of the army. The flotilla, considerably superior at the outset of the war, to that of the Americans, had worked up the river during the night, and anchored in the middle, lay with their broadsides ready to open upon any force that might appear to oppose the landing of the troops, while numerous scows, for the transport of a light brigade of horse artillery, and all the boats and batteaux that could be collected, added to those of the fleet, lay covering the sands, ready to receive their destined burdens. At length the embarkation was completed, and the signal having been given, the several divisions of boats moved off in the order prescribed to them. Never did a more picturesque scene present itself to the human eye, than during the half hour occupied in the transit of this little army. The sun was just rising gloriously and unclouded, as the first division of boats pushed from the shore, and every object within the British and American line of operation, tended to the production of an effect, that was little in unison with the anticipated issue of the whole. Not a breeze ruffled the fair face of the placid Detroit, through

which the heavily laden boats now made their slow, but certain way, and a spectator who, in utter ignorance of events, might have been suddenly placed on the Canadian bank, would have been led to imagine, that a fête, not a battle, was intended. Immediately above the village of Sandwich, and in full view of the American Fort, lay the English flotilla at anchor, their white sails half clewed up, their masts decked with gay pendants, and their taffrails with ensigns that lay drooping over their sterns into the water, as if too indolent to bear up against the coming sultriness of the day. Below these, glittering in bright scarlet, that glowed not unpleasingly on the silvery stream, the sun's rays dancing on their polished muskets and accoutrements, glided like gay actors in an approaching pageant, the columns destined for the assault, while further down, and distributed far and wide over the expanse of water, were to be seen a multitude of canoes, filled with Indian warriors, whose war costume could not, in the distance, be distinguished from that of the dance; the whole contributing, with the air of quietude on both shores, and absence of all opposition on the American especially, to inspire feelings of joyousness and pleasure, rather than the melancholy consequent on a knowledge of the final destination of the whole. Nor would the incessant thunder of the cannon in the distance, have in any way diminished this impression; for as the volumes of smoke, vomited from the opposing batteries, met and wreathed themselves together in the centre of the stream, leaving at intervals the gay colours of England and America, brightly displayed to the view, the impression, to a spectator, would have been that of one who witnesses the exchange of military honors between two brave and friendly powers, preparing the one to confer, the other to receive all the becoming courtesies of a chivalrous hospitality. If any thing were wanting to complete the illusion, the sound of the early mass bell, summoning to the worship of that God whom no pageantry of man may dispossess of homage, would amply crown and heighten the effect

of the whole, while the chaunting of the hymn of adoration, would appear a part of the worship of the Deity, and of the pageantry itself.

Vying, each with the other, who should first gain the land, the exertions of the several rowers increased, as the distance to be traversed diminished, so that many arrived simultaneously at the beach. Forming in close column of sections as they landed, the regular troops occupied the road, their right flank resting on the river, while a strong body of Indians under Round-head, Split-log, and Walk-in-the-Water, scouring the open country beyond, completely guarded their left from surprise. Among the first to reach the shore, was the gallant General, the planner of the enterprise, who, with his personal staff, crossed the river in the barge of the Commodore, steered by that officer himself. During the short period that the columns were delayed for the landing of the artillery, necessarily slower in their movements, a short conference among the leaders, to whom were added Tecumseh and Colonel D'Egville, as to their final operations, took place. Never did the noble Indian appear to greater advantage than on this occasion. A neat hunting dress, of smoked deer skin, handsomely ornamented, covered his fine and athletic person, while the swarthiness of his cheek and dazzling lustre of his eye, were admirably set off, not only by the snow white linen which hung loose and open about his throat, but by a full turban, in which waved a splendid white Ostrich feather, the much prized gift, as we have already observed, of Mrs. D'Egville. Firmly seated on his long tailed gray charger, which he managed with a dexterity uncommon to his race, his warrior and commanding air, might have called up the image of a Tamerlane, or a Genghis Khan, were it not known, that to the more savage qualities of these, he united others that would lend lustre to the most civilized Potentates. There was, however, that ardor of expression in his eye which rumor had ascribed to him, whenever an appeal to arms against the deadly foe of his country was about to be

made, that could not fail to endear him to the soldier hearts of those who stood around, and to inspire them with a veneration and esteem, not even surpassed by what they entertained for their own immediate leader, who in his turn, animated by the inspiriting scene, and confident in his own powers, presented an appearance so anticipatory of coming success, that the least sanguine could not fail to be encouraged by it.

It had been arranged that on the landing of the troops, the flotilla should again weigh anchor, and approach as near as possible to the American Fort, with a view, in conjunction with the batteries, to a cross-fire that would cover the approach of the assaulting columns. The Indians, meanwhile, were to disperse themselves throughout the skirt of the forest, and, headed by the Chiefs already named, to advance under whatever they might find in the shape of hedges, clumps of trees, or fields, sufficiently near to maintain a heavy fire from their rifles on such force as might appear on the ramparts to oppose the assault—a task in which they were to be assisted by the brigade of light guns charged with shrapnell and grape. Tecumseh himself, accompanied hy Colonel D'Egville, was with the majority of his warriors, to gain the rear of the town, there to act as circumstances might require. To this, as an inferior post, the Chieftain had at first strongly objected, but when it was represented to him that the enemy, with a view to turn the English flank on the forest side, would probably detach in that direction a strong force, which he would have the exclusive merit of encountering, he finally assented; urged to it, as he was, moreover, by the consideration that his presence would be effectual in repressing any attempt at massacre, or outrage, of the helpless inhabitants, by his wild and excited bands.

The guns being at length disembarked and limbered, every thing was now in readiness for the advance. The horses of the General and his staff, had crossed in the scows appropriated to the artillery, and his favorite charger, being now brought up by his groom, the former mounted with an activity and

vigour, not surpassed even by the youngest of his aides-de-camp, while his fine and martial form, towered above those around him, in a manner to excite admiration in all who beheld him. Giving his brief instructions to his second in command, he now grasped and shook the hand of his dark brother in arms, who, putting spurs to his horse, dashed off with Colonel D'Egville into the open country on the left, in the direction taken by his warriors, while the General and his staff, boldly, and without escort, pursued their way along the high road at a brisk trot. The Commodore in his turn, sprang once more into his barge, which, impelled by stout hearts, and willing hands, was soon seen to gain the side of the principal vessel of the little squadron, which, rapidly getting under weigh, had already loosened its sails to catch the light, yet favorable breeze, now beginniug to curl the surface of the river.

The little army composing this adventurous expedition, consisted of about five hundred men of the regular troops, forming the garrison of Amherstburgh, to which had been added about three hundred well organized militia, from the central district—volunteers on the occasion, and habited in a manner to give them the appearance of troops of the line —in all, however, there were not more than eight hundred men, exclusive of Indians; yet, these were advancing, confident of success, against a fortress defended with five and thirty pieces of cannon, and garrisoned by upwards of two thousand men. A stronger illustration of what the directing powers of a master mind may accomplish, over those under its control, was probably never afforded more than on this occasion. One would have imagined, from the reckless laugh and ready repartee, which marked the early part of the march, that they expected to possess themselves of the Fort merely by the will of their General, and without suffering any of those contingencies which are the unfailing results of such enterprizes. In short, it seemed as if they thought that whatever he directed, they could perform, no matter what

the difficulty; and such was their exuberance of spirits, that it was not without effort, that their officers, making all due allowance for the occasion, could keep them within those bounds required by discipline, and by the occasion.

During all this time, the cannon from our batteries, but faintly answered by the Americans, had continued to thunder without intermission, and as the columns drew nearer, each succeeding discharge came upon the ear with increased and more exciting loudness. Hitherto the view had been obstructed by the numerous farm houses and other buildings, that skirted the windings of the road, but when at length the column emerged into more open ground, the whole scene burst splendidly and imposingly upon the sight. Within half a mile, and to the left, rose the American ramparts, surmounted by the national flag, suspended from a staff planted on the idlentical spot which had been the scene of the fearful exploit of Wacousta in former days. Bristling with cannon, they seemed now to threaten with extermination those who should have the temerity to approach them, and the men, awed into silence, regarded them with a certain air of respect. Close under the town were anchored the American vessels of war, which, however, having taken no part in returning the bombardment, had been left unmolested across the river, and in full view of all, was to be seen the high ground where the batteries had been erected and, visible at such intervals as the continuous clouds of smoke and flashes of fire would permit, the Union Jack of England floating above the whole; while in the river and immediately opposite to the point the columns had now reached, the English flotilla, which had kept pacewith their movements, were already taking up a position to commence their raking fire. What more than all, however, attracted the general attention, was the appearance of two or three heavy guns, crowning the ascent of the sloping road by which they had advanced, and now, at the distance of not quite half a mile, defending the entrance to the town. If the British force had felt surprise at the non-resistance to their

landiug, that surprise was increased to astonishment on finding that not one of these guns, which might have raked the entire column, destroying numbers in the choked up road, opened upon them. Had the Americans done as they might, many a British soldier would have there found his grave; but Providence had decreed that a day so fair and beautiful, commencing in the homage of human hearts to the source of all good, should not be sullied by the further shedding of human blood.

It was on reaching this point of the road, that the little army, obedient to the command of the General, who from a farm house on the left, was then examining the American defences, filed off past the house into a large field, preparatory to forming into column to attack. Scarcely, however, had the General descended to the field to make his dispositions, when it was observed that the batteries had suddenly discontinued their fire, and on looking to ascertain the cause, a white flag was seen waving on the eminence where the heavy guns just alluded to had been placed. While all were yielding to their surprise at this unexpected circumstance, De Courcy, who by the direction of his General, had remained reconnoittring with his telescope, at the top of the house, announced that an officer, bearing a smaller white flag, was then descending the road, with an evident view to a parley.

"Ah! is it even so?" exclaimed the General, with vivacity, as if to himself. "Quick, my horse! I must go to meet him. He has seen that we have stout hearts—but he must not perceive the weakness of our numbers. Captain Stanley—De Courcy—mount—St. Julian (turning to his second in command) finish what I have begun—let the columns be got ready in the order I have directed. We may have need of them yet."

To saying he once more sprang into his saddle, and accompanied by his young aides-de-camp, galloped past the line of admiring troops, who involuntarily cheered him as he passed; and quitting the field hastened to reach the flag, before the

bearer could approach sufficiently near to make any correct observation respecting his force.

Nearly twenty minutes of anxious suspense had succeeded the departure of the officer, when De Courcy again made his appearance at full speed.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" he shouted, as he approached a large group of his more immediate companions, who were canvassing the probable termination of this pacific demonstration on the part of the enemy—"the Fort is our own," (then turning to the second in command,) "Colonel St. Julian, it is the General's desire that the men pile their arms on the ground they occupy, and refresh themselves with whatever their haver sacks contain."

"How is this, De Courcy." "Surely the Americans do not capitulate"—"Is it to be child's play after all." "Dom it mon who would ha' thoat it poossible?" were among the various remarks made to the young aid-de-camp, on his return from the delivery of the last order.

"Heaven only knows how, Granville," said the vivacious officer, in reply to the first querist; "but certainly it is something very like it, for the General, accompanied by Stanley, has entered the town under the flag. However before we discuss the subject further, I vote that we enter the farm house and discuss wherewith to satisfy our own appetites—I saw a devilish pretty girl just now—one who seemed to have no sort of objection to a handsome scarlet uniform, whatever her predilection for a blue with red facings may formerly have been. She looked so good naturedly on Stanley and myself, that we should have ogled her into a breakfast ere this, had not the General sworn he would not break his fast until he had planted the colours of England on yon fortress, or failed in the attempt. Of course we, as young heroes, could not think of eating after that. But come along—Nay Cranstoun, do not look as if you were afraid to budge an inch without an order in writing—I have it in suggestion from Colonel St. Julian, that we go in and do the best we can.

"Hoot De Courcy, yer' speerits are so floostersome one would be inclined to theenk ye were not at all soorry to see the white cloot flying on yonder hill——"

"Bravo Cranstoun," said Villiers somewhat maliciously; "hard hit there De Courcy, eh!"

"Not so *hard hit* either as he might have been had he ventured into yonder trenches," said Middlemore.

"If Cranstoun means that I prefer entering the place with a whole head rather than a *bare* skin, I honestly confess that such is my peculiar taste," answered De Courcy, significantly smiling.

"Nay, nay De Courcy, you are too severe on poor Cranstoun," said Captain Granville with provoking sympathy—"that unfortunate bear skin affair should not be revived again, and so immedtately in the theatre near which it occurred.

"Particularly when we consider from what *difficult-tie* he was released" said Middlemore, who even under the cannon's mouth could not have forborne his inveterate habit.

"It is the sight of the old place that has stirred up his bile," remarked Captain Molineux. "Usually good tempered as he is, he would not have taken offence at De Courcy's unmeaning remark at any other moment."

"A very nice adventure that—I frequently think of it," said Villiers, adding his mite to the persiflage all appeared determined to bestow upon the touchy grenadier.

"Yes, quite *on ice* adventure," chimed in Middlemore, with the low chuckling laugh that betrayed his consciousness of having something not wholly intolerable.

But Cranstoun, now that his ludicrous disaster had been brought up, was not to be shaken from the imperturbility he ever adopted when it became a topic of conversation among his companions. Drawing his lengthy legs after him with slow and solemn precision, he continued to whistle a Scotch air, in utter seeming abstraction from all around, and in his attempt to appear independent and perfectly at his ease, nearly ran down the pretty girl alluded to by De Courcy, who

stood in the door way curtseying graciously, and welcoming each of the British officers, as they passed into the house.

"Bread, eggs, milk, fruit, cider, and whatever the remains of yesterday's meal afforded, were successively brought forward by the dark eyed daughter of the farmer, who, as De Courcy had remarked, seemed by no means indisposed towards the gay looking invaders of her home. There was a recklessness about the carriage of most of these, and even a foppery about some, that was likely to be any thing but displeasing to a young girl, who, French Canadian by birth, although living under the Government of the United States, possessed all the natural vivacity of character peculiar to the original stock. Notwithstanding the pertinacity with which her aged father lingered in the room, the handsome and elegant De Courcy contrived more than once to address her in an under tone, and elicit a blush that greatly heightened the brilliant expression of her large black eyes, and Villiers subsequently declared that he had remarked the air of joyousness and triumph that pervaded her features on the young aid-de-camp promising to return to the farm as soon as the place had been entered, and leisure afforded him."

"But the particulars of the flag, De Courcy," said Captain Granville, as he devoured a hard boiled turkey egg, which in quantity fully made up for what it wanted in quality. "When you have finished flirting with that unfortunate girl, come and seat yourself quietly, and tell us what passed between the General and the officer who bore it. Why, I thought you had a devil of an appetite just now ?"

"Ah, true," returned the young man, taking his seat at the rude naked table which bore their meal. "I had quite forgotten my appetite—mais çà viendra en mangent, n'est-ce pas ?" and he looked at the young girl.

"Plait-il, monsieur ?"

"Tais toi ma fille—ce n'est pas a toi qu'on parle," gruffly remarked her father.

"The old boy is becoming savage at your attentions," remarked Villiers, "you will get the girl into a scrape."

"Bah," ejaculated De Courcy, "Well but of the General. Who think you was the bearer of the flag. No other than that fine looking fellow, Colonel—what's his name, who came to us the other day."

"Indeed, singular enough—what said the General to him, on meeting?" asked Henry Grantham.

"'Well, Colonel,' said he smiling, 'you see I have kept my word. This is the day on which I promised that we should meet again.'

"What answer did he make?" demanded Villiers.

"'True, General, and most happily have you chosen. But one day sooner and we should have dared your utmost in our strong-hold. Today,' and he spoke in a tone of deep mortification, 'we have not resolution left to make a show even in vindication of our honor. In a word, I am here to conduct you to those who will offer terms derogatory at once to our national character, and insulting to our personal courage.'

"The General," pursued De Courcy, "respecting the humiliated manner of the American, again bowed, but said nothing—After a moment of pause, the latter stated that the Governor and Commander of the fortress were waiting to receive and confer with him as to the terms of capitulation. Whether the General had calculated upon this want of nerve in his antagonist, I know not, but on the communication of the intelligence I remarked a slight curl upon his lip, that seemed to express the triumph of one whose ruse had taken. This might or might not be, however, for as you are all aware, I pretend to very little observation except (and he turned his eye upon the daughter of their host,) where there is a pretty girl in the case. All I know is, that, attended by Stanley, he has accompanied the flag into the town, and that, having no immediate occasion for my valuable services, he sent me back to give to Colonel St. Julian the order you have heard.

"How vary extroordinary, to soorrender the ceetadel without firing a shoat," said Cranstoun, who ever ready to fight as to eat, seemed rather disappointed at the issue, if one might judge from the lengthened visage with which he listened to these tidings.

"Singular enough," added Captain Granville. "Did the Colonel hint at any cause for this sudden change of purpose, De Courcy."

"Oh, by the way, yes, I had forgotten. He stated with a sneer of contempt, that he believed the nerves of the Governor had been shaken by the reports conveyed to him of the destructive nature of the fire from the batteries, the centre of which especially had so completely got the range that every shot from it came into the fortress with fearful effect. One point blank in particular, had entered by the gate which was open, and killed and wounded four officers of rank, who were seated at breakfast in one of their barrack rooms, while a second had carried off no less than three surgeons."

"Well done, Gerald," exclaimed Captain Granville, delighted at the reflection, that he had been so mainly instrumental in determining the surrender of the Fort."

"Cleverly done, indeed," said Villiers, "that is pinking off the pill-boxes with a vengeance—an Indian rifle could not do better."

"It is by breeking the heeds of her coontrymen, A suppoose, he hopes to gain the feevor of his meestriss," drawled out Cranstoun. "A do na theenk she is joost the one to forgeeve that."

The deep roll of the drum summoning to fall in, drew them eagerly to their respective divisions. Captain Stanley, the senior aid-de-camp was just returned with an order for the several columns to advance and take up their ground close under the ramparts of the Fort.

It was an interesting and a novel sight, to see the comparatively insignificant British columns, flanked by the half dozen light guns which constituted their whole artillery,

advance across the field, and occupy the plain or common surrounding the Fort, while the Americans on the ramparts appeared to regard with indignation and surprise, the mere handful of men to whom they were about to be surrendered. Such a phenomenon in modern warfare as that of a weak besieging force bearding a stronger in their hold, might well excite astonishment; and to an army, thrice as numerous as its captors, occupying a fortress well provided with cannon, as in this instance, must have been especially galling. More than one of the officers, as he looked down from his loftier and more advantageous position, showed by the scowl that lingered on his brow, how willingly he would have applied the match to the nearest gun whose proximity to his enemies promised annihiliation to their ranks. But the white flag still waved in the distance, affording perfect security to those who had confided in their honor, and although liberty and prosperity, and glory were the sacrifice, that honor might not be tarnished.

At length the terms of capitulation being finally adjusted, De Courcy, who, with his brother aid-de-camp, had long since rejoined the General, came up with instructions for a guard to enter and take possession preparatory to the Americans marching out. Detachments from the flank companies, under the command of Captain Granville, with whom were Middlemore and Henry Grantham, were selected for the duty, and these now moved forward, with drums beating and colours flying, towards the drawbridge then lowering to admit them.

The area of the fort in no way enlarged, and but slightly changed in appearance, since certain of our readers first made acquaintance with it, was filled with troops, and otherwise exhibited all the confusion incident to preparations for an immediate evacuation. These preparations, however were made with a savageness of mien by the irregulars, and a sullen silence by all, that attested how little their inclination had been consulted in the decision of their Chief. Many

an oath was muttered, and many a fierce glance was cast by the half civilized back-woodsmen, upon the little detachment as it pursued its way, not without difficulty, through the dense masses that seemed rather to oppose than aid their advance to the occupancy of the several posts assigned them.

One voice, deepest and most bitter in its half suppressed execration, came familiarly on the ear of Henry Grantham, who brought up the rear of the detachment. He turned quickly in search of the speaker, but, although he felt persuaded it was Desborough who had spoken, coupling his own name even with his curses, the ruffian was no where to be seen. Satisfied that he must be within the Fort, and determined if possible, to secure the murderer who had, moreover, the double crime of treason and desertion, to be added to his list of offences, the young officer moved to the head of the detachment when halted, and communicated what he heard to Captain Granville. Entering at once into the views of his subaltern, and anxious to make an example of the traitor, yet unwilling to act wholly on his own responsibility, Captain Granville dispatched an orderly to Colonel St. Julian to receive his instructions. The man soon returned with a message to say that Desborough was by all means to be detained, and secured, until the General, who was still absent, should determine on his final disposal.

Meanwhile the sentinels at the several posts having been relieved, and every thing ready for their departure, the American army, leaving their arms piled in the area, commenced their evacuation of the Fort, the artillery and troops of the line taking the lead. Scarcely had these defiled across the draw-bridge into the road that conducted to a large esplanade in front, to which their baggage had previously been transported, when—amid a roar of artillery from the opposite batteries, the flotilla, and ramparts themselves—the flag of America was lowered, and that of England raised in its stead. In the enthusiasm of the moment, the men on the rampart employed on duty gave three cheers, which were

answered by the columns without, who only waited until the last of the Garrison should have crossed the drawbridge, before they entered themselves. Watchfully alive to the order that had been received, Captain Granville and Henry Grantham lingered near the gate, regarding, yet with an air of carelessness, every countenance among the irregular troops as they issued forth. Hitherto their search had been ineffectual, and to their great surprise, although the last few files of the prisoners were now in the act of passing them, there was not the slightest trace of Desborough. It was well known that the fort had no other outlet, and any man attempting to escape over the ramparts, must have been seen and taken either by the troops or by the Indians, who in the far distance completely surrounded them. Captain Granville intimated the possibility of Henry Grantham having been deceived in the voice, but the latter as pertinaciously declared he could not be mistaken, for, independently of his former knowledge of the man, his tones had so peculiarly struck him on the day when he made boastful confession of his father's murder, that no time could efface them from his memory. This short discussion terminated just as the last few files were passing. Immediately in the rear of these were the litters, on which were borne such of the wounded as could be removed from the hospital without danger. These were some thirty in number, and it seemed to both officers as somewhat singular, that the faces of all were, in defiance of the heat of the day, covered with the sheets that had been spread over each litter. For a moment the suspicion occurred to Grantham, that Desborough might be of the number; but when he reflected on the impossibility that any of the wounded men could be the same whose voice had sounded so recently in the full vigour of health in his ear, he abandoned the idea. Most of the wounded, as they passed, indicated by low and feeble moaning, the inconvenience they experienced from the motion to which they were subjected, and more or less expressed by the contortions of

their limbs, the extent of their sufferings. An exception to this very natural conduct was remarked by Grantham, in the person of one occupying nearly a central position in the line, who was carried with difficulty by the litter-men. He lay perfectly at his length, and without any exhibition whatever of that impatient movement which escaped his companions On the watchful eye of Grantham, this conduct was not lost. He had felt a strong inclination from the first, to uncover the faces of the wounded men in succession, and had only been restrained from so doing by the presence of the American medical officer who accompanied them, whom he feared to offend by an interference with his charge. Struck as he was however by the remarkable conduct of the individual alluded to, and the apparently much greater effort with which he was carried, he could not resist the temptation which urged him to know more.

"Stay," he exclaimed to the bearers of the litter, as they were in the act of passing. The men stopped. "This man, if not dead, is evidently either dying or fainting—give him air."

While speaking he had advanced a step or two, and now extending his right hand endeavoured gently to pull down the sheet from the head of the invalid, but the attempt was vain. Two strong and nervous arms were suddenly raised and entwined in the linen, in a manner to resist all his efforts.

Grantham glanced an expressive look at Captain Granville. The latter nodded his head in a manner to show he was understood, then desiring the litter-men to step out of the line and deposit their burden, he said to the medical officer with the sarcasm that so often tinged his address.

"I believe, sir, your charge embraces only the wounded of the garrison. This dead man can only be an incumbrance to you, and it shall be my care that his body is properly disposed of."

The officer coloured and looked confused. "Really, sir, you must be mistaken."

But Captain Granville cut short his remonstrance, by an order to the file of men in his rear, who each seizing on the covering of the litter, dragged it forcibly off, discovering in the act the robust and healthy form of Desborough.

"You may pass on, continued the officer to the remainder of the party. This fellow, at once a murderer and a traitor, is my prisoner."

"I know him only as an American, sir," was the reply. "He has taken the oaths of allegiance within the last week, and as such is an acknowledged subject of the American States."

"I have no time to enter into explanation, neither am I competent to discuss this question, sir. For what I have done, I have the instructions of my superior. If you have complaint to make it must be to your own Chief. To mine alone am I responsible. Let the scoundrel be well secured," he pursued, as the last of the litters at length defiled, and addressing the men to whom Desborough had been given in charge.

"Ha!" exclaimed Middlemore, who had all this time been absent on the duties connected with his guard, and now approached the scene of this little action for the first time; "what! do I see my friend Jeremiah Desborough—the prince of traitors, and the most vigorous of wrestlers—verily my poor bones ache at the sight of you. How came you to be caught in this trap, my old boy, better have been out duck-shooting with the small bores I reckon?"

But Desborough was in no humour to endure this mirth. Finding himself discovered, he had risen heavily from the litter to his feet, and now moved doggedly towards the guard house, where the men had orders to confine him. His look still wore the character of ferocity, which years had stamped there, but with this was mixed an expression that denoted more of the cowering villain, whom a sudden reverse of fortune may intimidate, than the dauntless adventurer to

whom enterprizes of hazard are at once a stimulus and a necessity. In short, he was entirely crest fallen.

"Come and see the effect of Gerald's excellent fire," said Middlemore, when Desborough had disappeared within the guard room. No wonder the American General was frightened into *Sir-render*, hem! I will show you the room pointed out to me by the subaltern whom I relieved, as that in which the four field officers and three surgeons were killed."

Preceded by their companion, Captain Granville and Grantham entered the piazza, leading to the officers' rooms, several of which were completely pierced with twenty-four pound shot, known at once as coming from the centre battery, which alone mounted guns of that calibre. After surveying the interior a few moments, they passed into a small passage communicating with the room in question. On opening the door, all were painfully struck by the sight which presented itself. Numerous shot holes were visible every where throughout, while the walls at the inner extremity of the apartment, were completely bespotted with blood and brains, scarcely yet dry any where, and in several places dripping to the floor. At one corner of the rooom, and on a mattrass, lay the form of a wounded man, whom the blue uniform and silver epaulettes, that filled a chair near the head, attested for an American officer of rank. At the foot of the bed, dressed in black, her long hair floating wildly over her shoulders, and with a hand embracing one of those of the sufferer, sat a female, apparently wholly absorbed in the contemplation of the scene before her. The noise made by the officers on entering had not caused the slightest change in her position, nor was it until she heard the foot-fall of Captain Granville, as he advanced for the purpose of offering his services, that she turned to behold who were the intruders. The sight of the British uniform appeared to startle her, for she immediately sprang to her feet, as if alarmed at their presence. It was impossible they could mistake those features, and that face. It was Miss Montgo-

merie. He who lay at her feet, was her venerable uncle. He was one of the field officers who had fallen a victim to Gerald's fire, and the same ball which had destroyed his companions, had carried away his thigh, near the hip bone. The surgeons had given him over, and he had requested to be permitted to die where he lay. His wish had been attended to, but in the bustle of evacuation, it had been forgotten to acquaint the officers commanding the British guard that he was there. The last agonies of death had not yet passed away, but there seemed little probability that he could survive another hour.

Perceiving the desperate situation of the respectable officer, Captain Granville staid not to question on a subject that spoke so plainly for itself. Hastening back into the piazza with his subalterns, he reached the area just as the remaining troops, intended for the occupation of the Fort, were crossing the drawbridge, headed by Colonel St. Julian. To this officer he communicated the situation of the sufferer, when an order was given for the instant attendance of the head of the medical staff. After a careful examination, and dressing of the wound, the latter pronounced the case not altogether desperate. A great deal of blood had been lost, and extreme weakness had been the consequence, but still the Surgeon was not without hope that his life might yet be preserved, although, of course, he would be a cripple for the remainder of his days.

It might have been assumed, that the hope yet held out of preservation of life on any terms, would have been hailed with some manifestation of grateful emotion, on the part of Miss Montgomerie; but it was remarked and commented on, by those who were present, that this unexpectedly favorable report, so far from being received with gratitude and delight, seemed to cast a deeper gloom over the spirit of this extraordinary girl. The contrast was inexplicable. She had tended him at the moment when he was supposed to be dying, with all the anxious solicitude of a fond child, and now that

there was a prospect of his recovery, there was a sadness in her manner, that told too plainly the discomfort of her heart."

"In veerity an unaccoontable geerl," said Cranstoun, as he sipped his wine that day after dinner in the mess room at Detroit. "A always seed she was the cheeld of the deevil."

"Child of the devil in soul, if you will," observed Granville, "but a true woman—a beautiful, a superb woman in person at least, did she appear this morning, when we first entered that room—did she not Henry ?"

"Beautiful indeed," was the reply—"yet, I confess, she more awed than pleased me. I could not avoid, even amid that melancholy scene, comparing her to a beautiful casket, which, on opening is found to contain not a gem of price, but a subtle poison, contact with which is fatal; or to a fair loooking fruit which, when divided, proves to be rotten at the core."

"Allegorical, by all that is good, bad, and indifferent," exclaimed Villiers. "How devilish severe you are Henry, upon the pale Venus. It is hardly fair in you thus to rate Gerald's intended."

"Gerald's intended ! God forbid."

This was uttered with an energy that startled his companions. Perceiving that the subject gave him pain, they discontinued allusion to the lady in question, further than to inquire how she was to be disposed of, and whether she was to remain in attendance on her uncle.

In answer, they were informed, that as the Major could not be removed, orders had been given by the General, for every due care to be taken of him where he now lay, while Miss Montgomerie, yielding to solicitation, had been induced to retire into the family of the American General in the town, there to remain until it should be found convenient to have the whole party conveyed to the next American post on the frontier.,

CHAPTER XIII.

It is impossible to review the whole tenor of General Brock's conduct, on the occasion more immediately before our notice, and fail to be struck by the energy and decision of character which must have prompted so bold an enterprise. To understand fully the importance of the operation it will be necessary to take a partial survey of the position of affairs anterior to this period. When the announcement of the American declaration of war first reached the Michigan frontier, the garrisons of Amherstburg and Detroit were nearly equal in strength, neither of them exceeding five hundred men; but the scale was soon made to preponderate immeasurably in favor of the latter, by the sudden arrival of a force of upwards of two thousand men. General Hull, who was in command of that army immediately crossed over into Canada, occupying the village of Sandwich as his head quarters, and pouring his wild Kentuckians over the face of the country which they speedily laid under contribution. Instead, however, of marching without delay upon Amherstburg, as ill defended as it was weakly garrisoned, he contented himself with pushing forward skirmishers, who amused themselves during the day, against an advanced post of regulars, militia and Indians, stationed for the defence of an important pass, and retired invariably on the approach of night. This pass, the Canard bridge—and the key to Amherstburg—was, at this period, the theatre of several hot and exciting affairs. In this manner passed the whole of the month of July.

Meanwhile, intelligence having been conveyed to General Brock, then in command of the centre division of the army, of the danger with which Amherstburg was threatened. He im-

mediately embarked what remained of the Regiment occupying that post, with from one hundred and fifty to two hundred choice Militia, in boats he had caused to be collected for the purpose, and, coasting along the lake, made such despatch that he arrived at Amherstburg only a few days after General Hull, in his turn apprized of the advance of this reinforcement, had recrossed the river, and with the majority of his force, taken refuge within the fortifications of Detroit. Thus was that portion of Upper Canada, which by Proclamation of the American General, had already been incorporated with, and become a portion of the United States, restored to its original possessors.

Not a moment did the English Commander lose, in following up the advantage resulting from this mark of timidity in his opponent. As soon as he had arrived and ascertained the true state of affairs, he issued orders for the march of the whole force to Sandwich, and, having explained in a council with the Indian Chiefs, the main features of his plan of attack, proceeded to carry it into instant execution. His arrival at Amherstburg was about the 13th of August, so that until the morning of his meditated attack scarcely three days were occupied in preparations, including the march to Sandwich, a distance of eighteen miles.

It is difficult to imagine that the English General could, in any way have anticipated so easy a conquest. He had no reason to undervalue the resolution of the enemy, and yet he appears to have been fully sanguine of the success of his undertaking. Possibly he counted much on his own decision and judgment, which, added to the confidence reposed in him by all ranks and branches of the expedition, he might have felt fully adequate to the overthrow of the mere difficulty arising from superiority of numbers. Whatever his motive, or however founded his expectations of success, the service he performed was eminent, since he not merely relieved Amherstburgh, the key of Upper Canada, from all immediate danger, but at a single blow annihilated the American power

throughout that extensive frontier. That this bold measure, powerfully contrasted as it was with his own previous vacillation of purpose, had greatly tended to intimidate the American General, and to render him distrustful of his own resources, there can be little doubt. The destructive fire from the well served breaching batteries, was moreover instanced as an influencing cause of the capitulation.

In justice to many American officers of rank, and to the Garrison generally, it must be admitted that the decision of their leader, if credence might be given to their looks and language, was any thing but satisfactory to them, and it must be confessed that it must have been mortifying in the extreme to have yielded without a blow a fortress so well provided with the means of defence. What the result would have been, had the British columns mounted to the assault, it is impossible to say. That they would have done their duty is beyond all question, but there is no reason to believe the Americans, under a suitable commander, would have failed in theirs. Superiority of numbers and position was on the one side : a daring Chief, an ardent desire of distinction, and the impossibility of retreat without humiliation, on the other.

In alluding thus to the capitulation of Detroit, we beg not to be understood as either reflecting on the American character, or unduly exalting our own. Question of personal bravery there was none, since no appeal was made to arms ; but the absence of sanguinary event left in high relief the daring of the British Commander, whose promptitude and genius alone secured to him so important yet bloodless a conquest. Had he evinced the slightest indecision, or lost a moment in preparing for action, the American General, already intimidated by the mere report of his approach (as was evinced by his hasty abandonment of the Canadian shore) would have had time to rally, and believing him to be not more enterprizing than his predecessors, would have recovered from his panic and assumed an attitude, at once,

more worthy of his trust, commensurate with his means of defence, and in keeping with his former reputation. The quick apprehension of his opponent, immediately caught the weakness, while his ready action grappled intuitively with the advantage it presented. The batteries, as our narrative has shown, were opened without delay—the flotilla worked up the river within sight of the fortress—and the troops and Indians effected their landing in full view of the enemy. In fact, every thing was conducted in a manner to show a determination of the most active and undoubted description. With what result has been seen.

It was in the evening of the day of surrender, that the little English squadron, freighted with the prisoners taken in Detroit, dropped slowly past Amherstburg, into Lake Erie. By an article in the capitulation, it had been stipulated, that the irregular troops should be suffered to return to their homes, under the condition that they should not again serve during the war, while those of the line were to be conducted to the Lower Province, there to remain until duly exchanged. The appearance as captives of those who had, only a few days before, been comfortably established on the Sandwich shore, and had caused the country to feel already some of the horrors of invasion, naturally enough drew forth most of the inhabitants to witness the sight; and as the Sunday stroll of the little population of Amherstburg led in the direction of Elliot's point, where the lake began, the banks were soon alive with men, women and children, clad in holiday apparel, moving quickly, to keep up with the gliding vessels, and apparently, although not offensively, exulting in the triumph of that flag beneath which the dense masses of their enemies were now departing from their rescued territory.

Among those whom the passing barks had drawn in unusual numbers to the river's side, were the daughters of Colonel D'Egville, whose almost daily practice it was to take the air in that direction, where there was so much of the *sublime* beauty of American scenery to arrest the attention.

Something more however than that vague curiosity, which actuated the mass, seemed to have drawn the sisters to the bank, and one who had watched them narrowly, must have observed, that their interest was not divided among the many barks that glided onward to the lake, but was almost exclusively attracted by one, which now lay to, with her light bows breasting the current like a swan, and apparently waiting either for a boat which had been dispatched to the shore, or with an intention to send one. This vessel was filled in every part with troops, wearing the blue uniform of the American regular army, while those in advance were freighted with the irregulars and backwoodsmen.

"Is not this, Julia, the vessel to which the Commodore promised to promote Gerald, in reward of his gallant conduct last week?" asked the timid Gertrude, with a sigh, as they stood stationary for a few moments, watching the issue of the manœuvre just alluded to.

"It is, Gertrude," was the answer of one whose fixed eye and abstracted thought, betokened an interest in the same vessel, of a nature wholly different from that of her questioner.

"How very odd, then, he does not come on shore to us. I am sure he must see us, and it would not take him two minutes to let us know he is unhurt, and to shake hands with us. It is very unkind of him I think."

Struck by the peculiar tone in which the last sentence had been uttered, Julia D'Egville turned her eyes full upon those of her sister. The latter, could not stand the inquiring gaze, but sought the ground, while a conscious blush confirmed the suspicion.

"Dearest Gertrude," she said, as she drew the clasped arm of her sister more fondly within her own; "I see how it is; but does he love you in return. Has he ever told you so, or hinted it. Tell me my dear girl."

"Never," faltered the sensitive Gertrude, and she hung her head, to conceal the tear that trembled in her eye.

Her sister sighed deeply, and pressed the arm she held

more closely within her own. "My own own sister, for worlds I would not pain you; but if you would be happy, you must not yield to this preference for our cousin. Did you not remark how completely he seemed captivated by Miss Montgomerie? Depend upon it, his affections are centered in her."

Gertrude made no reply, but tears trickled down her cheeks, as they both slowly resumed their walk along the beach. Presently the splash of oars was heard, and turning quickly to discover the cause, Julia saw a boat leave the vessel, at which they had just been looking, and pull immediately towards them. In the stern stood an officer in American uniform, whom the eyes of Love were not slow to distinguish, even in the growing dusk of evening.

"It is Ernest," exclaimed the excited girl, forgetting for a moment her sister in herself. "I thought he would not have departed without seeking to see me."

A few strokes of the oars were sufficient to bring the boat to the shore. The American stepped out, and leaving the boat to follow the direction of the vessel, now drifting fast with the current towards the outlet, which the remainder of the flotilla had already passed, pursued his course along the sands in earnest conversation with the sisters, or rather with one of them, for poor Gertrude, after the first salutation, seemed to have lost all inclination to speak.

"Fate, dearest Julia," said the officer despondingly, "has decreed our interview earlier than I had expected. However, under all circumstances, I may esteem myself happy, to have seen you at all. I am indebted for this favor to the officer commanding yonder vessel, in which our regiment is embarked, for the satisfaction, melancholy as it is, of being enabled to bid you a temporary farewell."

"Then are we both indebted to one of my own family for the happiness; for that it is a happiness, Ernest, I can answer from the depression of my spirits just now, when I feared you were about to depart without seeing me at all. The

officer in command of your vessel is, or ought to be, a cousin of our own."

"Indeed!—then is he doubly entitled to my regard. But, Julia, let the brief time that is given us, be devoted to the arrangement of plans for the future. I will not for a moment doubt your faith, after what occurred at our last interview; but shall I be certain of finding you here, when later we return to wash away the stain this day's proceedings have thrown upon our national honor. Forgive me, if I appear to mix up political feelings, with private grief, but it cannot be denied, (and he smiled faintly through the mortification evidently called up by the recollection,) that to have one's honor attainted, and to lose one's mistress in the same day, are heavier taxes on human patience, than it can be expected a soldier should quietly bear."

"And when I am yours at a later period, I suppose you will expect me to be as interested in the national honor, as you are," replied Julia, anxious to rally him on a subject she felt, could not but be painful to a man of high feelings, as she fully believed the Colonel to be. "How are we to reconcile such clashing interests? How am I so far to overcome my natural love for the country which gave me birth, as to rejoice in its subjugation by yours; and yet, that seems to be the eventual object at which you hint. Your plan, if I understand right, is to return here with an overwhelming army; overrun the province, and make me your property by right of conquest, while all connected with me, by blood, or friendship, are to be borne into captivity. If we marry, sir, we must draw lots which of us shall adopt a new country."

"Nay dearest Julia, this pleasantry is unseasonable. I certainly do intend, provided I am exchanged in time to return here with the army, which I doubt not will be instantly dispatched to restore our blighted fame, and then I shall claim you as my own. Will you then hesitate to become mine? Even as the daughter forsakes the home of her father without regret, to pass her days with him who is to her father, mother,

all the charities of life, in short—so should she forsake her native land, adopting in preference that to which her husband is attached by every tie of honor, and of duty. However, let us hope that ere long, the folly of this war will be seen, and that the result of such perception, will be a peace founded on such permanent basis, that each shall be bound, by an equal tie of regard, to the home of the other."

"Let us hope so," eagerly replied Julia. "But what has become of our friend, Miss Montgomerie, in all the confusion of this day. Or am I right in supposing that she and her uncle, are of the number of those embarked in my cousin's vessel?"

The name of the interesting American, coupled as it was, with that of one infinitely more dear to her, caused Gertrude for the first time, to look up in the face of the officer, in expectation of his reply. She was struck by the sudden paleness that came over his features again, as on the former occasion, when allusion was made to her at his recent visit to Amherstburgh. He saw that his emotion was remarked, and sought to hide it under an appearance of unconcern, as he replied:

"Neither Miss Montgomerie nor her uncle are embarked. The latter, I regret to say, has been one of the few victims who have fallen."

"What! dead—that excellent kind old man—dead, demanded the sisters, nearly in the same breath?"

"No; not dead—but I fear with little hope of life. He was desperately wounded soon after day-break this morning, and when I saw him half an hour afterwards, he had been given over by the surgeons."

"Poor old Major," sighed Gertrude; "I felt when he was here the other day, that I could have loved him almost as my own father. How broken-hearked Miss Montgomerie must be at his loss."

A sneer of bitterness passed over the fine features of the American, as he replied with emphasis:

"Nay, dear Gertrude, your sympathies there are but ill bestowed. Miss Montgomerie's heart will scarcely sustain the injury you seem to apprehend."

"What mean you Ernest?" demanded Julia, with eagerness. "How is it that you judge thus harshly of her character. How, in short, do you pretend to enter into her most secret feelings, and yet deny all but a general knowledge of her? What can you possibly know of her heart?"

"I merely draw my inferences from surmise," replied the Colonel, after a few moments of pause. "The fact it, I have the vanity to imagine myself a correct reader of character, and my reading of Miss Montgomerie's has not been the happiest."

Julia's look betrayed incredulity. "There is evidently some mystery in all this," she rejoined; "but I will not seek to discover more than you choose at present to impart. Later I may hope to possess more of your confidence. One question more, however, and I have done. Have you seen her since your return to Detroit, and did she give you my letter?"

The Colonel made no answer, but produced from his pocket a note, which Julia at once recognized as her own.

"Then," said Gertrude, "there was not so much danger after all, in intrusting it. You seemed to be in a sad way, when you first heard that it had been given to her."

"I would have pledged myself on its safe deliverance," added her sister, "for the promise was too solemnly given, to be broken."

"And solemnly has it been kept," gravely returned the American. "But hark, already are they hailing the boat, and we must part."

The time occupied in conversation, had brought them down to the extreme point, where the river terminated, and the lake commenced. Beyond this lay a sand bar, which it was necessary to clear, before the increasing dusk of the evening rendered it hazardous. All the other vessels had already

passed it, and were spreading their white sails befor breeze, which here, unbroken by the island, imp elled rapidly onward. A few strokes of the oar, and the boat more touched the beach. Low and fervent adieus exchanged, and the American, resuming his station i stern, was soon seen to ascend the deck, he had so rec quitted. For a short time, the sisters continued to watc movements of the vessel, as she in turn having pa spread all her canvass to the wind, until the fast f twilight warning them to depart, they retraced their along the sands to the town. Both were silent and sive; and while all around them found subject for rejo in the public events of the day, they retired at an early to indulge at leisure in the several painful retrospec which related more particularly to themselves.

CHAPTER XIV.

If the few weeks preceding the fall of Detroit, had been characterized by much bustle and excitement, those which immediately succeeded, were no less remarkable for their utter inactivity and repose. With the surrender of the fortress vanished every vestige of hostility in that remote territory, enabling the sinews of watchfulness to undergo a relaxation, nor longer requiring the sacrifice of private interests to the public good. Scarcely had the American prisoners been despatched to their several destinations, when General Brock, whose activity and decision, were subject of universal remark, quitted his new conquest and again hastened to resume the command on the Niagara frontier, which he had only left to accomplish what had been so happily achieved. The Indians, too, finding their services no longer in immediate demand, dispersed over the country, or gave themselves up to the amusement of the chase, ready however to come forward whenever they should be re-summoned to the conflict; while the Canadians, who had cheerfully abandoned their homes to assist in the operations of the war, returned once more to the cultivation of that soil they had so recently looked upon as wrested from them for ever. Throughout the whole line of Detroit, on either shore, the utmost quietude prevailed; and although many of the inhabitants of the conquered town, looked with an eye of national jealousy on the English flag that waved in security above the Fort, they submitted uncomplainingly to the change, indulging only in secret, yet without bitterness, in the hope of a not far distant reaction of fortune, when their own National Stars should once more be in the ascendant.

The garrison left at Detroit consisted merely of two companies—those of Captains Granville and Molineux, which included among their officers, Middlemore, Villiers and Henry Grantham. After the first excitement produced in the minds of the townspeople, by their change of rulers, had passed away, these young men desirous of society, sought to renew their intimacy with such of the more respectable families as they had been in the habit of associating with prior to hostilities; but although in most instances they were successful, their reception was so different from what it had formerly been, (a change originating not so much in design perhaps as resulting from a certain irrepressible sense of humiliation, which gave an air of *gêne* to all their words and actions,) that they were glad to withdraw themselves altogether within the rude resources of their own walls. It happened however about this period that Colonel D'Egville had received a command to transfer the head of his department from Amherstburg to Detroit, and, with a view to his own residence on the spot, the large and commodious mansion of the late Governor was selected for the abode of his family. With the daughters of that officer, the D'Egvilles had long been intimate, and as the former were to continue under the same roof until their final departure from Detroit, it was with a mutual satisfaction the friends found themselves thus closely reunited—Added to this party were Major Montgomery, (already fast recovering from the effect of his wound,) and his niece, both of whom only awaited the entire restoration of the former, to embark immediately for the nearest American port.

At Colonel D'Egville's, it will therefore be supposed the officers passed nearly all their leisure hours; Molineux and Villiers flirting with the fair American sisters, until they had nearly been held fast by the chains with which they dallied, and Middlemore uttering his execrable puns with a coolness of premeditation that excited the laughter of the fair part of his auditors, while his companions, on the contrary, expressed their unmitigated abhorrence in a variety of ways.

As for the somewhat staid Captain Granville, he sought to carry his homage to the feet of Miss Montgomerie, but the severe and repellant manner in which she received all his advances, and the look which almost petrified where it fell, not only awed him effectually into distance, but drew down upon him the sarcastic felicitations of his watchful brother officers. There was one, however, on whose attentions her disapprobation fell not, and Henry Grantham, who played the part of an anxious observer, remarked with pain that *he* had been fascinated by her beauty, in a manner which showed her conquest to be complete.

The cousins of Gerald Grantham had been in error in supposing him to be the officer in command of the vessel on board which the lover of Julia had embarked. His transfer from the gun boat had taken place, but in consideration of the fatigue he had undergone during the three successive days in which he had been employed at the batteries, the Commodore had directed another officer to take command of the vessel in question, and charge himself with the custody of the prisoners on board. Finding himself at liberty, until the return of the flotilla from this duty, the first care of Gerald was to establish himself in lodgings at Detroit, whence he daily sallied forth to the apartments in the Governor's house, occupied by the unfortunate Major Montgomerie, in whose situation he felt an interest so much the more deep and lively as he knew his confinement to have been in some degree the work of his own hands. All that attention and kindness could effect was experienced by the respectable Major, who, in return found himself growing more and more attached to his youthful and generous captor. These constant visits to the uncle naturally brought our hero more immediately into the society of the niece, but although he had never been able to banish from his memory the recollection of one look which she had bestowed upon him on a former occasion, in almost every interview of the sort *now*, she preserved the same cold reserve and distance which was peculiar to her.

A week had elapsed in this manner, when it chanced that as they both sat one evening, about dusk, near the couch of the invalid, the latter, after complaining of extreme weakness and unusual suffering, expressed his anxiety at the possibility of his niece being left alone and unprotected in a strange country.

It was with a beating pulse and a glowing cheek that Gerald looked up to observe the effect of this observation on his companion. He was surprised, nay, hurt, to remark that an expression of almost contemptuous loathing sat upon her pale but beautiful countenance. He closed his eyes for a moment in bitterness of disappointment—and when they again opened and fell upon that countenance, he scarcely could believe the evidence of his senses. Every feature had undergone a change. With her face half turned away, as if to avoid the observation of her uncle, she now exhibited a cheek flushed with the expression of passionate excitement, while from her eye beamed that same unfathomable expression which had carried intoxication once before to the inmost soul of the youth. Almost wild with his feelings, it was with difficulty he restrained the impulse that would have urged him to her feet; but even while he hesitated, her countenance had again undergone a change, and she sat cold and reserved and colorless as before.

That look sealed, that night, the destiny of Gerald Grantham. The coldness of the general demeanour of Matilda, was forgotten in the ardor of character which had escaped from beneath the evident and habitual disguise; and the enthusiastic sailor could think of nothing but the witchery of that look. To his surprise and joy, the following day, and ever afterwards, he found that the manner of the American, although reserved as usual with others, had undergone a complete change towards himself. Whenever he appeared alone a smile was his welcome, and if others were present she always contrived to indemnify him for a coldness he now *knew to* be assumed, by conveying unobserved one of those

seductive glances the power of which she seemed so fully to understand.

Such was the state of things when the D'Egvilles arrived. Exposed to the observations of more than one anxious friend, it was not likely that a youth of Gerald's open nature, could be long in concealing his prepossession; and as Matilda, although usually guarded in her general manner, was observed sometimes to fix her eyes upon him with the expression of one immersed in deep and speculative thought, the suspicion acquired a character of greater certainty.

To Harry Grantham, who doated upon his brother, this attachment was a source of infinite disquiet, for, from the very commencement, Miss Montgomerie had unfavorably impressed him; why he knew not, yet impelled by a feeling he was unable to analyze, he deeply lamented that they had ever become acquainted, infatuated as Gerald appeared by her attractions. There was another, too, who saw with regret the attachment of Gerald to his fair prisoner. It was Gertrude D'Egville, but her uncomplaining voice spoke not, even to her beloved sister, of the anguish she endured—she loved her cousin, but he knew it not—and although she felt that she was fast consuming with the disappointment that preyed upon her peace, she had obtained of her sister the promise that the secret should never reach the ear of its object.

In this manner passed the months of August and September. October had just commenced, and with it, that beautiful but brief season which is well known in Canada as the Indian summer. Anxious to set out on his return to that home to which his mutilation must confine him for the future, Major Montgomerie, now sufficiently recovered to admit of his travelling by water, expressed a desire to avail himself of the loveliness of the weather, and embark forthwith on his return.

By the officers whom the hospitality of Colonel D'Egville almost daily assembled beneath his roof, this announcement was received with dismay, and especially by Molineux, and Villiers who had so suffered themselves to be fascinated

by the amiable daughters of General Hull, as to have found it necessary to hold a consultation (decided however in the negative,) whether they should, or should not tempt them to remain, by making an offer of their hands. It was also observed that these young ladies, who at first, had been all anxiety to rejoin their parent, evinced no particular satisfaction in the intimation of speedy departure thus given to them. Miss Montgomerie on the contrary, whose anxiety throughout, to quit Detroit, had been no less remarkable than her former impatience to reach it, manifested a pleasure that amounted almost to exultation; and yet it was observed that by a strange apparent contradiction, her preference for Gerald from that moment became more and more divested of disguise.

There are few spots in the world, perhaps, that unite so many inducements to the formation of those sociable little *réunions* which come under the denomination of pic-nics, as the small islands adorning most of the American rivers. Owing to the difficulty of procuring summer carriages, and in some degree to the rudeness of the soil, in the Upper Province especially, boats are in much more general use; and excursions on the water, are as common to that class "whose only toil is pleasure," as cockney trips to Richmond, or to any other of the thousand and one places of resort, which have sprung into existence, within twenty miles of the Metropolis of England. Not confined, however, to picking daisies for their doxies, as these said cockneys do, or carving their vulgar names on every magnificent tree, that spreads its gorgeous arms to afford them the temporary shelter of a home, the men generally devote themselves, for a period of the day, to manlier exercises. The woods, abounding with game, and the rivers with fish of the most delicate flavor—the address of the hunter and the fisher, is equally called into action; since upon their exertions, principally depend the party for the fish and fowl portion of their rural dinner. Guns and rods are, therefore, as indispensable part of the freightage, as the dried

venison and bear hams, huge turkies, pasties, &c. which together with wines, spirits, and cider *ad libitum*, form the mass of alimentary matter; not to forget the some half dozen old novels, constituting the several libraries of the females of the party, and collected together for general amusement on these occasions. Bands, it is true, they possess not, but they have the music of their own, and boatmen's voices, and the rippling of the current over the pebbly shallow, or the impetuous dashing of some distant waterfall—while on every side the eye is arrested by images of grandeur, which dispose the heart to benevolence, towards man, and the soul to adoration towards the Creator. Here is to be heard, neither the impertinent coxcombry, of the European self styled exclusive, nor the unmeaning twaddle of the daughter of false fashion, spoiled by the example of the said exclusive, and almost become a dowager in silliness, before she has attained the first years of womanhood. No lack-a-daisical voice, the sex of which it is difficult to distinguish, is attempted to be raised in depreciation of the party to which it had been esteemed too great an happiness to be invited, the evening before; nor is the bride of last week heard boastingly to deplore, the enormous sums lost within the last week, at the private gaming table of her dear friend, the Duchess of this, or the Countess of that. One half of the party address not the other in doled accents of fashionable friendship, in one key, and abuse them piteously in another. No sarcastic allusion seeks to stamp with ridicule, the amusement in which the utterer is embarked, as if a sense of shame attached to the idea of being amused, by that which affords amusement to his associates; nor is the manner of the actors, that, of people suffering an infliction rather than participating in a pleasure. The sneer of contempt—the laugh of derision—is no where to be heard; neither is the pallid brow, and sunken cheek, the fruit of late hours and forced excitement to be seen. Content is in each heart, the glow of health upon each face. All appear eager to be hap-

py, pleased with each other, and at ease with themselves. Not that theirs is the enjoyment of the mere holiday mind, which grasps with undiscerning avidity, at whatever offers to its gratification, but that of those, on whom education, acting on innate good breeding, has imposed a due sense of the courtesies of life, and on whom fashion has not superseded the kindlier emotions of nature. These at least *were* traits of simplicity, peculiar to Upper Canada, at an early period of its settlement. What they are now, we pretend not to determine.

Several of these pic-nics had taken place among the party at Detroit, confined, with one or two exceptions, to the officers of the garrison, and the family of Colonel D'Egville, with their American inmates; and it was proposed by the former, that a final one should be given a few days prior to the embarkation in Gerald Grantham's new command, which lay waiting in the river for the purpose. The Major remaining as hitherto at home, under the guardianship of the benevolent Mrs. D'Egville, whose habits of retirement disinclined her to out door amusement.

Hitherto their excursions had been principally directed to some of the smaller islands, which abound in the river nearer Amherstburgh, and where game being found in greater abundance, the skill of the officers had more immediate opportunity for display; but in this excursion, at the casual suggestion of Miss Montgomerie, Hog Island was selected, as the scene of their day's amusement. Thither, therefore the boat which contained the party now proceeded, the ladies costumed in a manner to thread the mazes of the wood, and the gentlemen in equally appropriate gear, as sportsmen, their guns and fishing rods, being by no means omitted in the catalogue of orders entrusted to their servants. In the stern of the boat, the trustworthy coxswain on this occasion—sat old Sambo, whose skill in the conduct of a helm, was acknowledged to be little inferior to his dexterity in the use of a paddle, and whose authoritative voice, as he issued

his commands in broken English to the boatmen, added in no small degree, to the exhiliration of the party,

To reach Hog Island, it was necessary to pass by the tannery and cottage already described, which, latter, it will be remembered, had been the scene of a singular adventure to our hero, and his servant on the night of their reconnoitring the coast, in obedience to the order of the Commodore. By the extraordinary and almost romantic incidents of that night, the imagination of Gerald had been deeply impressed, and on retiring to his rude couch within the battery he had fully made up his mind to explore further into the mysterious affair, with as little delay as possible after the expected fall of the American fortress. In the hurry, confusion, and excitement, of that event however, his original intention was forgotten; or, rather so far delayed, that it was not until the third or fourth day of his establishment in the town, that it occurred to him to institute inquiry. He had accordingly repaired thither, but finding the house carefully shut up, and totally uninhabited, had contented himself with questioning the tanner and his family, in regard to its late inmates, reserving to a future opportunity the attempt to make himself personally acquainted with all that it contained. From this man he learnt, that, the house had once been the property of an aged Canadian, at whose death (supposed to have been occasioned by violence,) it had passed into the hands of an American, who led a roving and adventurous life, being frequently away for months together, and then returning with a canoe, but never continuing for more than a night or two. That latterly it had been wholly deserted by its owner, in consequence of which it had been taken possession of, and used as quarters by the officers of the American guard, stationed at this part of the town, for the protection of the boats, and as a check upon the incursions of the Indians. In all this statement, there was every appearance of truth, but in no part of it did Gerald find wherewith to elucidate what he himself had witnessed. He described the costume, and questioned

of the mysterious figure, but the only reply he obtained from the independent tanner, when he admitted to him that he had been so near a visitor on that occasion, and had seen what he described, was an expressed regret that he had not been "wide awake when any Brittainer ventured to set foot upon his grounds, otherwise, tarnation seize him with all due respect, if he wouldn't a stuck an ounce o' lead in the region of his bread-basket, as quickly as he would tan a hide," a patriotic sentiment in which it may be supposed our hero in no way coincided. With the tanners assurance, however, that no living thing was there at this moment, Gerald was fain to content himself for the present, fully resolving to return at another time with Sambo, and effect a forcible entrance into a place, with which were connected such striking recollections. He had, however, been too much interested and occupied elsewhere, to find time to devote to the purpose.

CHAPTER. XV.

As the boat, which contained the party, pulled by six of the best oars-men among the soldiers of the Garrison, and steered, as we have shown, by the dexterous Sambo, now glided past the spot, the recollections of the tradition connected with the bridge drew from several of the party expressions of sympathy and feigned terror, as their several humours dictated. Remarking that Miss Montgomerie's attention appeared to be deeply excited by what she heard, while she gazed earnestly upon the dwelling in the back ground, Gerald Grantham thought to interest her yet more, and amuse and startle the rest of the party, by detailing his extraordinary, and hitherto unrevealed adventure, on a recent occasion. To this strange tale, as may naturally be supposed, some of his companions listened with an air of almost incredulity, nor indeed would they rest satisfied until Sambo, who kept his eyes turned steadily away from the shore, and to whom appeal was frequently made by his master, confirmed his statement in every particular; and with such marks of revived horror in his looks, as convinced them, Gerald was not playing upon their facility of belief. The more incredulous his brother officers, the more animated had become the sailor in his description, and, on arriving at that part ot his narrative which detailed the reappearance and reflection of the mysterious figure in the upper room, upon the court below, every one became insensibly fixed in mute attention. From the moment of his commencing, Miss Montgomerie had withdrawn her gaze from the land, and fixing it upon her lover, manifested all the interest he could desire. Her feelings were evidently touched by what she

heard, for she grew paler as Gerald preceeded, while her breathing was suspended, as if fearful to lose a single syllable he uttered. At each more exciting crisis of the narrative, she betrayed a corresponding intensity of attention, until at length, when the officer described his mounting on the water butt, and obtaining a full view of all within the room, she looked as still and rigid as if she had been metamarphosed into a statue. This eagerness of attention, shared as it was, although not to the same extent perhaps, by the rest of Gerald's auditory, was only remarkable in Miss Montgomerie, in as much as she was one of too much mental preoccupation to feel or betray interest in any thing, and it might have been the risk encountered by her lover, and the share he had borne in the mysterious occurrence, that now caused her to lapse from her wonted innaccessibility to impressions of the sort. As the climax of the narrative approached, her interest became deeper, and her absorption more profound. An involuntary shudder passed over her form, and a slight contraction of the nerves of her face was perceptible, when Gerald described to his attentive and shocked auditory, the raising of the arm of the assassin; and her emotion at length assumed such a character of nervousness, that when he exultingly told of the rapid discharge of his own pistol, as having been the only means of averting the fate of the doomed, she could not refrain from rising suddenly in the boat, and putting her hand to her side, with the shrinking movement of one who had been suddenly wounded.

While in the act of rising she had drawn the cloak with which, like the other ladies, she was provided more closely over her shoulders—Sambo seemed to have caught some new idea from this action, for furtively touching Henry Grantham, who sat immediately before him, and on the right of Miss Montgomerie, he leaned forward and whispered a few sentences in his ear.

Meanwhile Miss Montgomerie was not a little rallied on the extreme susceptibity which had led her as it were to

identify herself with the scene. Gerald remarked that on recovering her presence of mind, she at first looked as if she fancied herself the subject of sarcasm, and would have resented the liberty; but finding there was nothing pointed in the manner of those who addressed her, finished by joining, yet with some appearance of constraint, in the laugh against herself.

"I confess," she said coloring, "that the strange incident which Mr. Grantham has related, and which he has so well described, has caused me to be guilty of a ridiculous emotion. I am not usually startled into the expression of strong feeling, but there was so much to excite and surprise in his catastrophe that I could not avoid in some measure identifying myself with the scene."

"Nay, Miss Montgomerie," remarked Julia D'Egville, "there can be no reason why such emotion should either be disavowed or termed ridiculous. For my part, I own that cannot sufficiently express my horror of the wretch who could thus deliberately attempt the life of another. How lucky was it Gerald that you arrived at that critical moment; but have you no idea—not the slightest—of the person of the assassin or of his intended victim?"

"Not the slightest—the disguise of the person was too effectual to be penetrated, and the face I had not once an opportunity of beholding."

"Yet," observed Miss Montgomerie, "from your previous description of the figure, it is by no means a matter of certainty that it was not a woman you pursued, instead of a man—or, was there any thing to betray the vacillation of purpose which would naturally attend one of our sex in an enterprize of the kind."

"What! a woman engage in so unnatural a deed," remarked Henry Grantham—"surely Miss Montgomerie," for he always spoke rather *at*, than *to* her "cannot seek to maintain a supposition so opposed to all probability—neither will she be

so unjust towards herself as to admit the existence of such monstrous guilt in the heart of another of her sex."

"Impossible," said Gerald. "Whatever might have been my impression when I first saw the figure in the merchantman—that is to say, if I had then a doubt in regard to the sex, it was entirely removed, when later I beheld the unfaltering energy with which it entered upon its murderous purpose. The hand of woman never could have been armed with such fierce and unfliching determination as was that hand."

"The emergency of the occasion, it would seem, did not much interfere with your study of character," again observed Miss Montgomerie, with a faint smile—"but you say you fired—was it with intent to kill the killer?"

"I scarcely know with what intent myself; but if I can rightly understand my own impulse, it was more with a view to divert him from his deadly object, than to slay—and this impression acquires strength from the fact of my having missed him—I am almost sorry now that I did."

"Perhaps," said Miss Montgomerie, "you might have slain one worthier than him you sought to save. As one of your oldest poets sings—'whatever it is right.——"

"What!" exclaimed the younger Grantham with emphasis "Can Miss Montgomerie then form any idea of the persons who figured in that scene?"

Most of the party looked at the questioner with surprise. Gerald frowned, and, for the first time in his life, entertained a feeling of anger against his brother. In no way moved or piqued by the demand, Miss Montgomerie calmly replied.

"I can see no just reason for such inference, Mr. Grantham; "I merely stated a case of possibility, without any thing which can refer to the merit of either of the parties."

Henry Grantham felt that he was rebuked—but although he could not avoid something like an apologetical explanation of his remark, he was not the more favorably disposed towards her who had forced it from him. In this feeling he

was confirmed by the annoyance he felt at having been visited by the anger of the brother to whom he was so attached. Arrived at Hog Island, and equipped with their guns and fishing rods, the gentlemen dispersed in quest of game, some threading the mazes of the wood in pursuit of the various birds that frequent the vicinity, the others seeking these points of the island where the dense foliage affords a shade to the numerous delicately flavoured fish, which, luxuriating in the still deep water, seek relief from the heat of summer. To these latter sportsmen, the ladies of the party principally attached themselves, quitting them only at intervals to collect pebbles on the sands, or to saunter about the wood, in search of the wild flowers or fruits that abounded along its skirt, while the servants busied themselves in erecting the marquee and making preparation for dinner.

Among those who went in pursuit of game were the Granthams, who, like most Canadians, were not only excellent shots, but much given to a sport in which they had had considerable practice in early boyhood. For a short time they had continued with their companions, but as the wood became thicker, and their object consequently more attainable by dispersion, they took a course parallel with the point at which the fishers had assembled, while their companions continued to move in an opposite direction. There was an unusual reserve in the manner of the brothers as they now wound through the intricacies of the wood. Each appeared to feel that the other had given him cause for displeasure and each—unwilling to introduce the subject most at his heart—availed himself with avidity rather of the several opportunities which the starting of the game afforded for conversation of a general nature. They had gone on in this manner for some time, and having been tolerably successful in their sport were meditating their return to the party on the beach, when the ear of Gerald was arrested by the drumming of a partridge at a short distance. Glancing his quick eye in the direction whence the sound came, he beheld

a remarkably fine bird, which while continuing to beat its wings violently against the fallen tree on which it was perched, had its neck outstretched and its gaze intently fixed on some object below. Tempted by the size and beauty of the bird Gerald fired and it fell to the earth. He advanced, stooped, and was in the act of picking it up, when a sharp and well known rattle was heard to issue from beneath the log. The warning was sufficient to save him had he consented even for an instant to forego his prize, but accustomed to meet with these reptiles on almost every excursion of the kind, and never having sustained any injury from them, he persevered in disengaging the partridge from some briers with which, in falling, it had got entangled. Before he could again raise himself an enormous rattlesnake had darted upon him, and stung with rage perhaps at being deprived of its victim, had severely bitten him above the left wrist. The instantaneous pang that darted throughout the whole limb caused Gerald to utter an exclamation, and dropping the bird, he sank almost fainting on the log whence his enemy had attacked him.

The cry of agony reached, Henry Grantham, as he was carelessly awaiting his brother's return, and at once forgetting their temporary extrangement, and full of eager love and apprehension—he flew to ascertain the nature of the injury. To his surprise and horror he remarked that, although not a minute had elapsed since the fangs of the reptile had penetrated into the flesh, the arm was already considerably inflamed and exhibiting then a dark and discolored hue. That a remedy was at hand he knew, but what it was, and how to be applied he was not aware, the Indians alone being in possession of the secret. Deeming that Sambo might have some knowledge of the kind, he now made the woods echo with the sound of his name, in a manner that could not fail to startle and alarm the whole of the scattered party. Soon afterwards the rustling of forms was heard in various directions, as they forced themselves through the underwood, and

the first who came in sight was Miss Montgomerie, preceded by the old negro. The lamentation of the latter was intense and when on approaching his young master, he discovered the true nature of his accident and confessed his ignorance of all remedy, he burst into tears, and throwing himself upon the earth tore his gray woollen hair away, regardless of all entreaty on the part of Gerald to moderate his grief. Miss Montgomerie now came forward, and never did sounds of melody fall so harmoniously on the ear, as did her voice on that of the younger Grantham as she pledged herself to the cure, on their instant return to the spot where the marquee had been erected. With this promise she again disappeared, and several others of the party having now joined them, Gerald, duly supported, once more slowly retraced his way to the same point.

"Damn him pattridge" muttered Sambo, who lingered a moment or two in the rear to harness himself with the apparatus of which his master had disencumbered his person. "Damn him pattridge" and he kicked the lifeless bird indignantly with his foot "you all e cause e dis; what e hell e do here?"

This tirade however against the partridge did not by any means prevent the utterer from eventually consigning it to its proper destination in the game bag as the noblest specimen of the day's sport, and thus burthened he issued from the wood, nearly at the same moment with the wounded Gerald and his friends.

The consternation of all parties on witnessing the disaster of the sailor, whose arm had already been swollen to a fearful size, while the wound itself began to assume an appearance of mortification, was strongly contrasted with the calm silence of Miss Montgomerie, who was busily employed in stirring certain herbs which she was boiling over the fire that had been kindled in the distance for the preparation of the dinner. The sleeve of the sufferer's shooting jacket had been ripped to the shoulder by his brother and as he now sat

on a pile of cloaks within the marquee, the rapid discoloration of the white skin, could be distinctly traced, marking as it did the progress of the deadly poison towards the vital portion of the system. In this trying emergency all eyes were turned with anxiety on the slightest movement of her who had undertaken the cure, and none more eagerly than those of Henry Grantham and Gertrude D'Egville, the latter of whom, gentle even as she was, could not but acknowledge a pang of regret that to another, and that other a favored rival—should be the task of alleviating the anguish and preserving the life of the only man she had ever loved.

At length Miss Montgomerie came forward; and never was beneficent angel more hailed than did Henry Grantham hail her, whom scarcely an hour since he had looked upon with aversion, when with a countenance of unwonted paleness but confident of success, she advanced towards the opening of the marquee, to which interest in the sufferer had drawn even the domestics. All made way for her approach. Kneeling at the side of Gerald, and depositing the vessel in which she had mixéd her preparation, she took the wounded arm in her own fair hands with the view, it was supposed, of holding it while another applied the remedy. Scarcely however had she secured it in a firm grasp when, to the surprise and consternation of all around, she applied her own lips to the wound and continued them there in despite of the efforts of Gerald to withdraw his arm, nor was it until there was already a visible reduction in the size, and change in the color of the limb that she removed them. This done she arose and retired to the skirt of the wood whence she again returned in less than a minute. Even in the short time that had elapsed, the arm of the sufferer had experienced an almost miraculous change. The inflammation had greatly subsided, while the discoloration had retired to the immediate vicinity of the wound, which in its turn however had assumed a more virulent appearance. From this it was evident that the suction had been the *means* of recalling, to the neighbourhood of the injury, such

portions of the poison as had expanded, concentrating all in one mass immediately beneath its surface, and thereby affording fuller exposure to the action of the final remedy. This—consisting of certain herbs of a dark colour, and spread at her direction by the trembling hands of Gertrude, on her white handkerchief—Miss Montgomerie now proceeded to apply, covering a considerable portion around the orifice of the two small wounds, inflicted by the fangs of the serpent, with the dense mass of the vegetable preparation. The relief produced by this was effectual, and in less than an hour, so completely had the poison been extracted, and the strength of the arm restored, that Gerald was enabled not merely to resume his shooting jacket, but to partake, although sparingly, of the meal which followed.

It may be presumed that the bold action of Miss Montgomerie passed not without the applause it so highly merited, yet even while applauding, there were some of the party, and particularly Henry Grantham, who regarded it with feelings not wholly untinctured with the unpleasant. Her countenance and figure, as she stood in the midst of the forest, preparing the embrocation, so well harmonizing with the scene and occupation; the avidity with which she sucked the open wound of the sufferer, and the fearless manner in which she imbibed that which was considered death to others; all this, combined with a general demeanour in which predominated a reserve deeply shaded with mystery, threw over the actor and the action, an air of the preternatural, occasioning more of surprise and awe than prepossession. Such, especially, as we have said, was the impression momentarily, produced on Henry Grantham; but when he beheld his brother's eye and cheek once more beaming with returning strength and health, he saw in her but the generous preserver of that brother's life to whom his own boundless debt of gratitude was due. It was at this moment that, in the course of conversation on the subject, Captain Molineux inquired of Miss Montgomerie, what antidote she possessed against

the influence of the poison. Every eye was turned upon he as she vaguely answered, a smile of peculiar meaning playin over her lips, that "Captain Molineux must be satisfied witl knowing she bore a charmed life." Then again it wa that the young soldier's feelings underwent another reaction and as he caught the words and look which accompanie them, he scarcely could persuade himself she was not th almost vampire and sorceress that his excited imagination ha represented.

Not the least deeply interested in the events of th morning, was the old negro. During their meal, at th service of which he assisted, his eyes scarcely quitted he whom he appeared to regard with a mingled feeling of aw and adoration; nay, such was his abstraction that, in attempt ing to place a dish of game on the rude table at which th party sat, he lodged the whole of the contents in the lap o Middlemore, a *gaucherie* that drew from the latter an excla mation of horror, followed however the instant afterwards b Sambo's apology.

"I beg a pardon Massa Middlemore," he exclaimed, "I le him fall e gravey in e lap."

"Then will you by some means contrive to lap it up,' returned the officer quaintly.

Sambo applied his napkin, and the dinner proceeded withou other occurrence. Owing to an apprehension that the nigh air might tend to renew the inflammation of the wounded arm the boat was early in readiness for the return of the party whose day of pleasure had been in some manner turned int a day of mourning, so that long before sun set, they had agai reached their respective homes at Detroit.

END OF VOLUME I.

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